Vol 76 # 23

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December 5, 1925

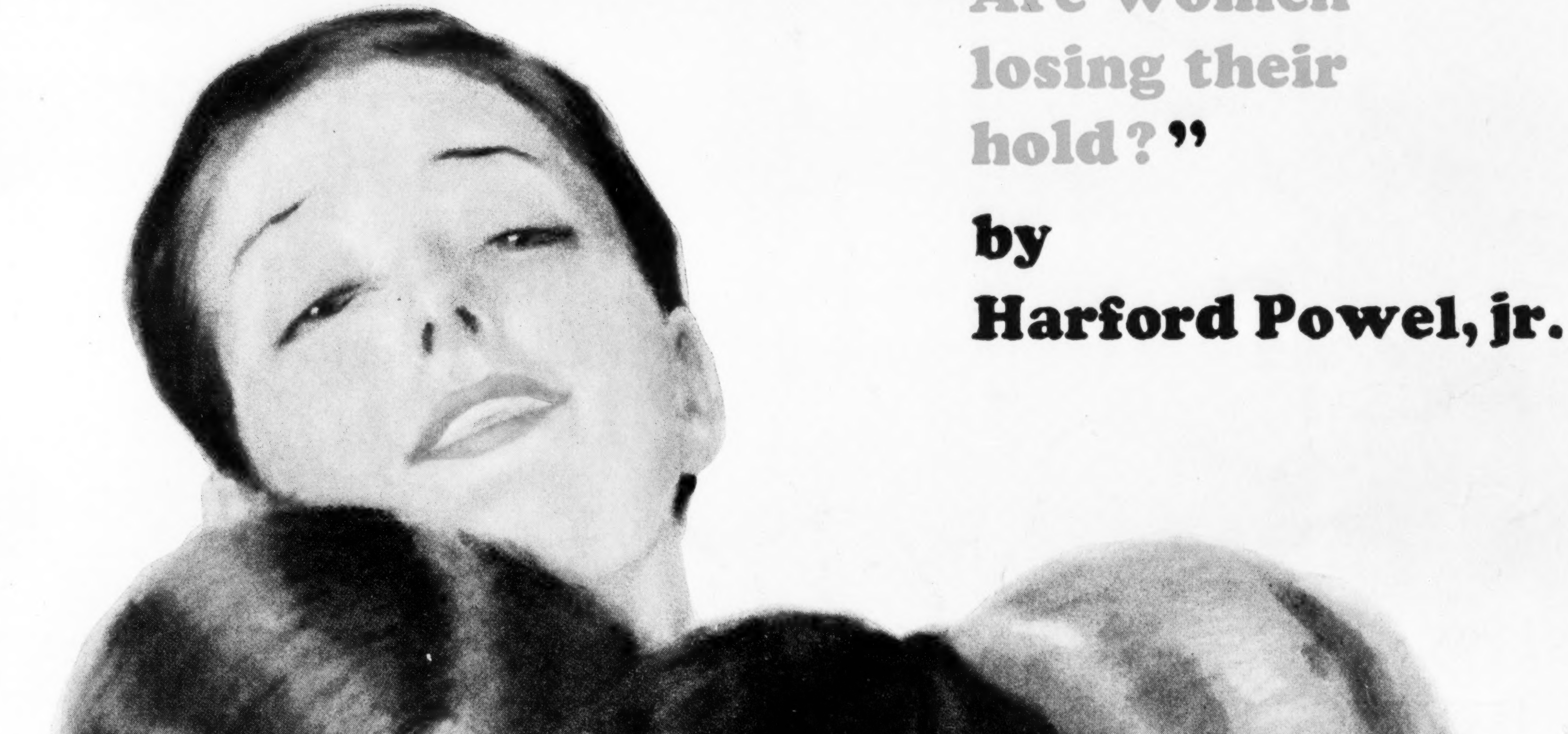
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"Are women losing their hold?"

by

Harford Powel, jr.



and a great story, "SOLITUDE"

by Ben Ames Wi

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Eager Fords on Coldest Days

Easier starting . . . better lubrication . . . How assured:

YOUR Ford is lubricated by the splash feed system and requires a lively, free flowing oil that will *quickly* reach all working parts of the engine.

When the weather is cold, unsuitable oil may congeal and become gummy. Starting becomes a nuisance. The oil circulation is slow and incomplete which results in excessive exposure to wear.

Mobiloil "E" is lively and ready-flowing even in freezing weather. It reaches all parts of your motor instantly and lubricates them thoroughly. But for all its liveliness it has body enough to provide ample protection under even the highest Ford operating heats.

In quality Mobiloil "E" sets a world's standard. It is refined by the foremost authorities on lubrication and generally acknowledged to be the best and most economical all-year oil for Fords.

It was produced for Fords only after an exhaustive study of the Ford engine embracing every factor in its design and every phase of its operation.

Cold Weather Hints for FORDS:

① When starting in cold weather pull out the choke only while cranking. Push it in part way the instant the engine "takes hold." Push it in all the way as soon as possible. When the choke is out, raw gasoline may get into the crankcase and seriously dilute the oil.

② Let your engine warm up thoroughly before driving fast.

③ Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freeze mixture in radiator and keep at proper strength during the cold weather.

④ Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during the cold weather.

⑤ In winter, due to the greater use of the choke, your crankcase should be drained and refilled with fresh oil every 500 miles.

⑥ **Play safe—never use any engine lubricant but Mobiloil "E."**

THE dealer has Mobiloil "E" in 1-gallon or 5-gallon sealed cans and in 15-, 30-, and 55-gallon steel drums for your home garage.

If you should ever run short of Mobiloil on the road, you can buy it for the fair retail price of 30c a quart, wherever you see the Mobiloil sign. (Prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

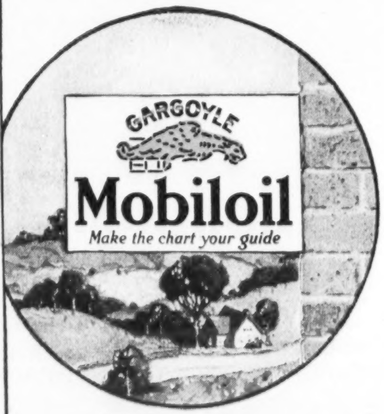
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

This sign points the way to new cold weather protection for your Ford.


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

They say it behind your back

THAT'S when they talk about you—when you're not listening or when you're not present.

And, if you're a sensitive person, these are the things that irritate you most.

He knew—or felt—that he was being talked about. And by two men whom he had regarded as his best friends. The thing began to prey on his mind—made him very uncomfortable.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

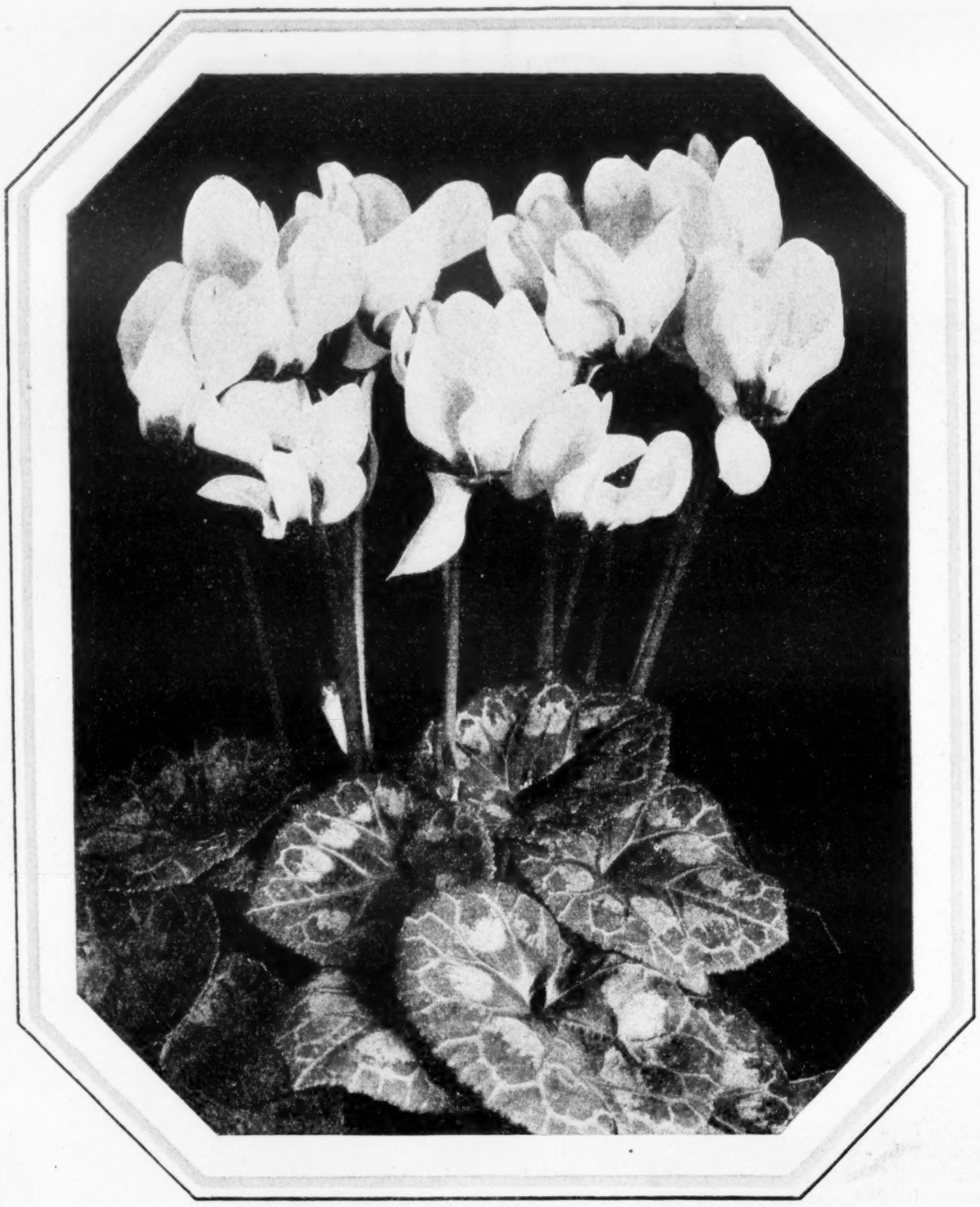
Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



WHITE GARDENIAS
produced now by difficult, scientific "forcing." Gardenias have the acceptability of Orchids at Christmas time. They're less expensive, too.

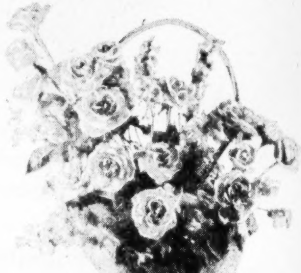
SCARLET POINSETTIAS
add a note of pleasing flaming color to the Christmas table. They bring a lingering touch of charm. They're inexpensive, too.

Say it with Flowers

this Christmas

CYCLAMEN *(above)* and other flowers and growing plants with their beauty and fragrance, will express so fittingly your Yule Tide Messages. Flowers can be sent anywhere in the world. Your florist will help you decide which flowers will be most appropriate. He has them delivered just when and where you want them by a florist in the city of the recipient.

GAY CARNATIONS
in white and red are inexpensive and convey to young and old thoughts beyond the power of words to express.



FRAGRANT LOVELY ROSES
in countless varieties—fragrant and beautiful expressions of the joy of Christmas. At a great range in price, now.

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

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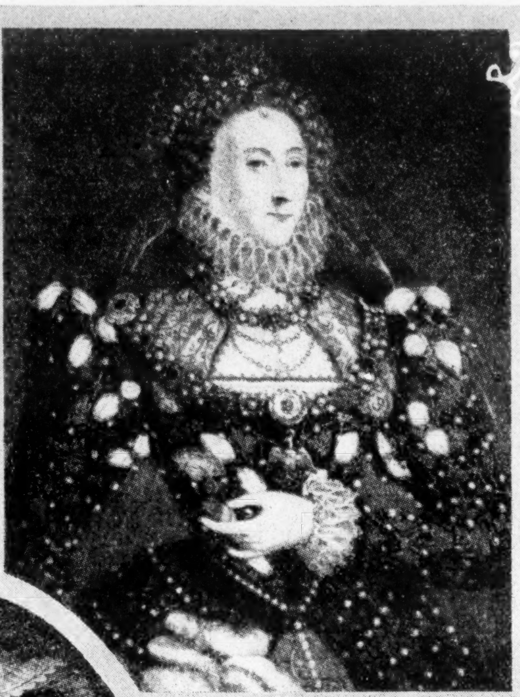
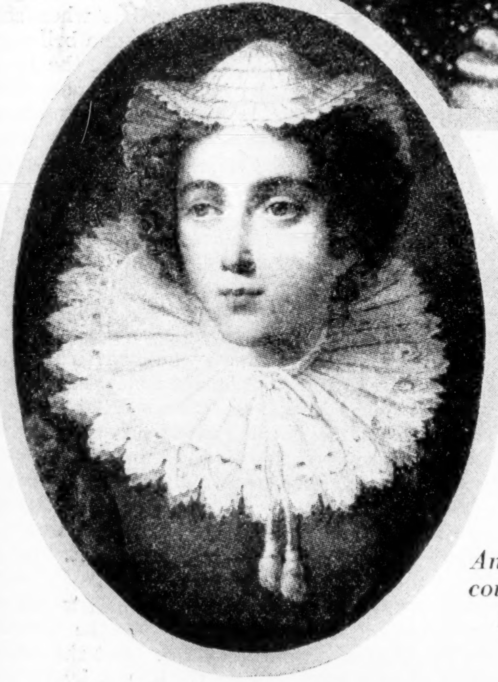
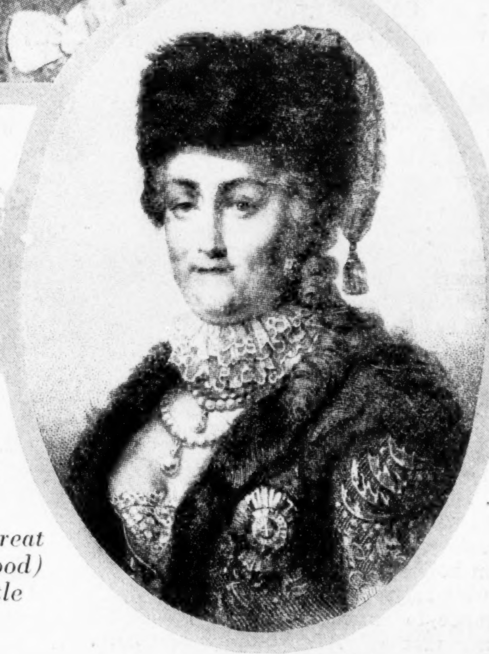


"The spacious times of great Elizabeth . . . echo still"

Victoria, R.-I. What made this little autocrat so great?



An ugly Mary Stuart could have plotted just as shrewdly



Catherine the Great (but not the Good) deserved her title

Are women losing their hold?

CAN you think of any woman alive to-day who could grip human minds and human affairs as did Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard or Queen Victoria? Perhaps women are too comfortable nowadays.

Don't answer too quickly. Read the article; think it over. Then write Collier's your opinion in 300 words or less. $50, $25 and $15 will be paid for the best three letters. Address Letter Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

SHE was a domestic servant for a while, and then—

"Do you know," she said to Lord Nelson, one day on board his flagship in the Bay of Naples, "I have never yet seen a man hanged?"

"Really?" answered the great sea fighter. "And you want the experience? You shall have it. Executive officer!"

The officer came forward.

"Whom have we in the brig under sentence?" asked Nelson. "That Italian traitor, Caraccioli? He'll do very well. Bring him on deck and hang him to the yardarm immediately."

And while the execution progressed, Lord Nelson and this extraordinary woman—she was the daughter of the blacksmith in the village of Great Neston—drank champagne on the quarter-deck. At least that is how the story has come down.

A well-known publisher told it to me the other day, just as I have repeated it. It did not take place in quite that way. But there is no doubt that Lady Emma Hamilton had influence. She was able to make Lord Nelson do what she chose.

Have I laid unnecessary stress on her humble origin? It is easier to describe her beauty. No Englishwoman who ever lived has been fairer than she was. Romney painted twenty-four portraits of her in a single year. She lives in them still as a Bacchante, a starry-eyed nymph, a girl whose power over men could not be denied. The uncanny beauty of these paintings is one of the treasures of the world. She seems in them to be a woman who had some sort of celestial upbringing; who never knew anything but luxury. So it is only fair to her to say that she was a blacksmith's daughter and that her widowed mother was a pauper on the parish.

And she was not young and starry-eyed when she captured Lord Nelson. She was nearly forty, and fat.

It was this woman who made herself a dominating force in politics; who was a principal cause of a bloody war between Great Britain and Spain; who caused Queen Maria Carolina of Naples to "aid and victual" a British fleet in defiance of a treaty existing between France and Italy. Thus strengthened, that fleet (under the command of Nelson) won the decisive Battle of the Nile. Evidently she was a woman who made things happen: a woman who had a grip on affairs, a hold on the actions as well as the memories of men.

Are there any living women who have this quality? Or have things been made so comfortable for women nowadays, as we see them in America, that there is no woman who cares to fight for comfort, for power and for fame?

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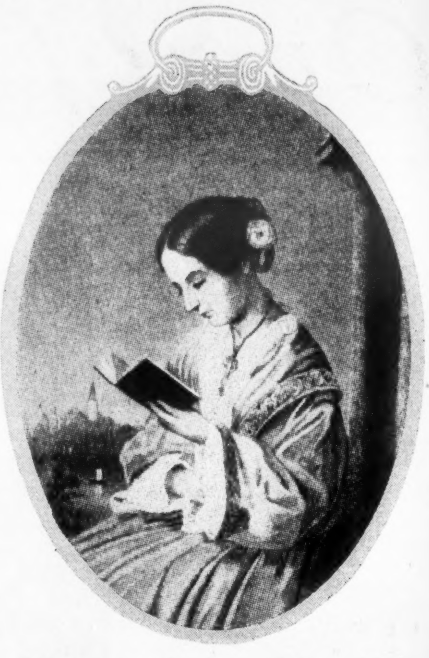
Harriet Beecher Stowe started something with "Uncle Tom"

Susan B. Anthony, venerated herald of Woman Suffrage

Frances E. Willard (W. C. T. U.), nursing mother of Prohibition



Florence Nightingale's gifts: mercy in war, health in peace

It may be literally true that the last *great* woman died in 1901. She was Queen Victoria.

John Galsworthy describes her funeral in the moving paragraphs below:

"The Queen was dead, and the air of the greatest city upon earth gray with unshed tears. Soames crossed Park Lane on the morning of the funeral procession, to the rails in Hyde Park. In '37, when she came to the throne, coaches still ran; men wore stocks, shaved their upper lips, ate their oysters out of barrels; women said, 'la!' and owned no property; there were manners in the land and pigsties for the poor. Well-nigh two generations had slipped by—of steamboats, railways, telegraphs, bicycles, electric light, telephones and now these motor cars. . . .

"And to witness the passing of this Age, London was pouring forth her citizens through every gate into Hyde Park. . . . The 'good old' Queen, full of years and virtue, had emerged from her seclusion for the last time to make a London holiday. . . . Never again would a queen reign so long or people have a chance to see much history buried for their money. After all, more than a queen was going to her rest, a woman who had braved sorrow, lived well and wisely according to her lights. . . .

"Slow came the music and the march, till, in silence, the long line wound in through the park gate. The crowd's emotion gripped him. There it was—the bier of the Queen, coffin of the Age slow passing! And as it went by there came a murmuring groan from all the long line of those who watched, a sound such as Soames had never heard, so unconscious, primitive, deep and wild, that neither he nor any knew whether they had joined in uttering it. Strange sound, indeed! Tribute of an Age to its own death."

But She Had Her Way

WHAT made Victoria so great? She reigned a long time, but other sovereigns—Franz Josef was one—have reigned even longer, and have not given their names to an age. Victoria ruled over a mighty nation, but that alone did not make her great. English history is full of royal nonentities, whose reigns are forgotten, such as George II and William IV.

No. This little, ugly, autocratic old lady, who spoke German in her nursery and with her husband also, had somehow a dynamic grip on people's thoughts and actions which will make *her* age known always as the Victorian Age. She set fashions in living as well as in clothes. She hated what she called the "levity of the upper classes," and men and women behaved with stiff dignity. She loathed divorce, tobacco, classic architecture and simplicity in house decoration; and people adopted her loathings and patterned their behavior and taste on hers. She was often mistaken, but she had her way. What living woman has her way over large masses of ordinary people like you and me?

Do You Know all the 12?

BEFORE you make the obvious answer that there is precious little greatness alive in the world, either in skirts or in trousers, let me put Thomas A. Edison into your mind. And Marconi. And Orville Wright. And Mussolini. It is not hard to make a list of ten living men who have an enduring grip on the world's memory:

Thomas A. Edison
Henry Ford
Guglielmo Marconi
Nikola Tesla
Orville Wright

Benito Mussolini
King Albert
Leon Trotsky
Wilhelm Hohenzollern
Rudyard Kipling

I am selecting these men, not because all of them have the moral virtues that are part of permanent greatness, but simply because in our own time they have had influence. You may not approve of Von Hindenburg either, but you cannot ignore him. He will be remembered. And just now he is having his way. You could add many more outstanding men—Baden-Powell of the Boy Scouts, Gandhi of India, Cardinal Mercier—surely ten or twelve more.

Remembering that the test is influence, try to make a similar list of ten great living women. You start perhaps with Jane Addams. You surely name Mme. Curie, discoverer of radium. And then. . . . H'm. . . . It is not so easy, is it? Will you put down Lady Astor? Are you sure that your grandchildren will know who she was, as they will know who Edison was? Are there any living women writers whose works will live as long as "The Jungle Books"?

Two or three years ago the National League of Women Voters was asked to name the twelve greatest women in the United States. The list that was finally chosen contained these names:

Jane Addams
Cecilia Beaux
Anna Jump Cannon
Carrie Chapman Catt
Anna Botsford Comstock
Minnie Maddern Fiske

Louise Homer
Julia Lathrop
Florence Rena Sabin
M. Carey Thomas
Martha Van Rensselaer
Edith Wharton

Honestly, now, can you identify them all? Do you know why each of them is celebrated? If so, do you feel that they will be remembered as long as the living *men* who can be named on a list of this kind?

No, it is difficult to think of more than two or three women who have any wide celebrity nowadays. But how easy it is to go back and make a list of twelve really *great* women—women who have had a hard, tight grip on human affairs or human minds!

Here are twelve at random:

Cleopatra
Joan of Arc
Queen Elizabeth
Mary Queen of Scots
Catherine the Great
Empress Josephine

Florence Nightingale
Susan B. Anthony
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Frances E. Willard
Mary Baker G. Eddy
Queen Victoria

You know what these women did. It is curious, as you survey the list, to remember that only two of them had great beauty. Only three were brought up in any kind of comfortable surroundings. Only two had the smallest reason to suppose, when they were young, that they could possibly be called to large responsibilities and to important work. Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots were raised as princesses. But two such crusaders as Joan of Arc and Susan B. Anthony were products of bleak poverty. The odds against baby Princess Victoria's ever coming to the throne of Great Britain were not less than 1,000 to 1. Catherine the Great was the daughter of a German officer, but when she saw her opportunity to make a brilliant marriage she rose and studied the Russian language at night, and almost died of pneumonia because she had neither rugs on her floor nor bedroom slippers.

Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Church of Christ, Scientist

Florence Nightingale's parents were well-to-do. They begged her to marry and settle down. She scorned comfort, and wrecked her health in the Crimea, but every modern hospital owes something to her discoveries and her character.

Even Queen Elizabeth, perhaps the haughtiest monarch who ever lived, was brought up in seclusion and spent many months in prison. "This night I think to die," she wailed as she passed through Traitors' Gate into the Tower, shivering from a long water journey in a snowstorm. Such adventures do not break the spirit of people who are born to command. Perhaps they harden it. As a queen she was hard.

And there is one more thing to notice about this list: Five of the twelve women were unmarried. But the other seven had, among them, not less than twenty-six children, a good number of whom became eminent. The woman who seeks greatness need not think that thereby she sacrifices motherhood.

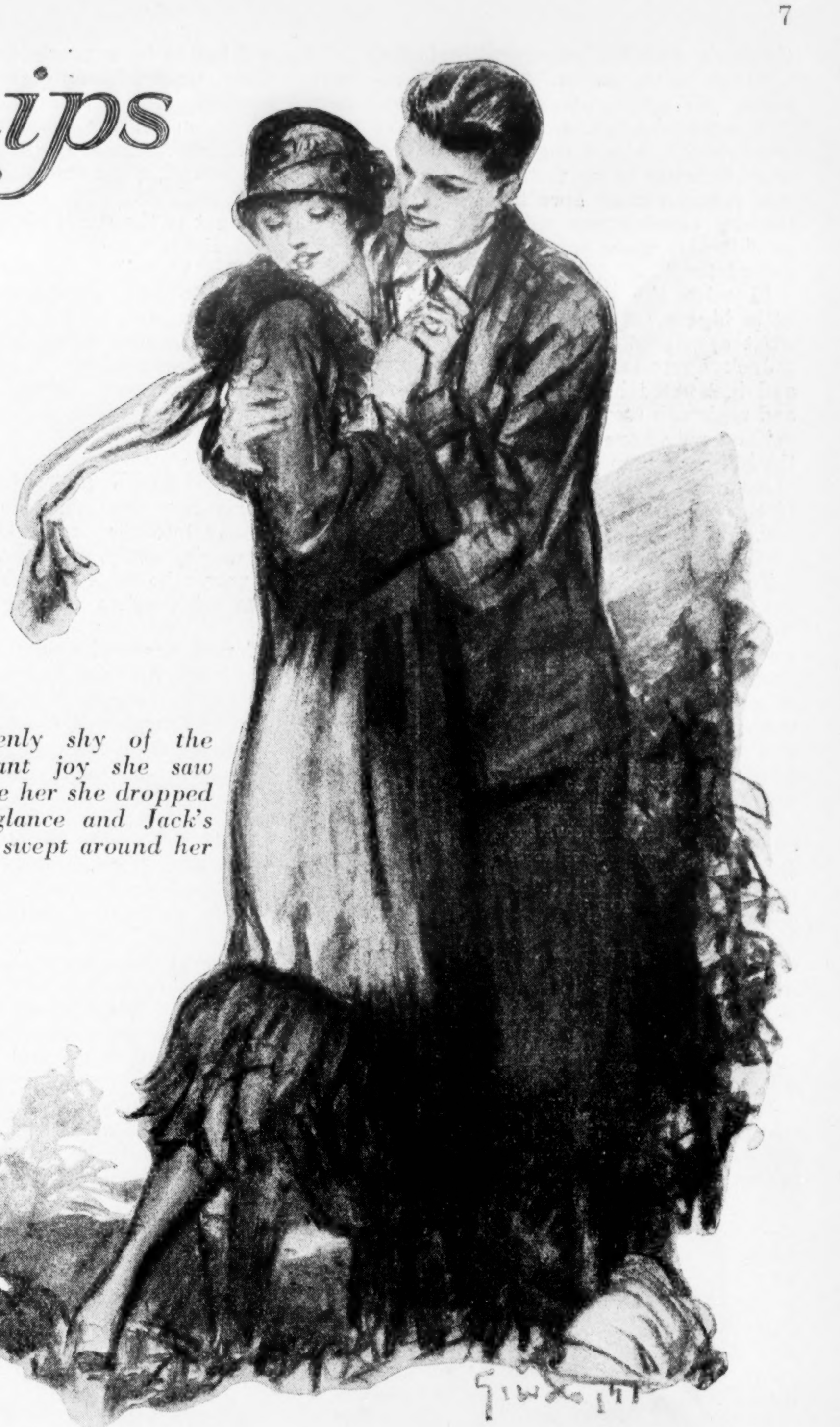
Cleopatra, before she made herself famous, was hardly more significant to the world than a minor Japanese princess is to-day. Yet she bent Julius Cæsar himself to her will, and it is not necessary to tell how she wrecked Mark Antony. The episode of the salted fish still lives in history. Imagine the roar that went up when Antony found that practical joke at the end of his line. Hundreds of miles away, in Rome, sat important men who were literally frightened out of their wits by this dusky barbarian. Horace, greatest of Roman writers, exploded into one of the finest of his immortal odes when the splendid news came at last that she was dead and would never be Empress of Rome. She came within an ace of it when the day of Actium dawned.

Is there a woman alive who wields such a spell? Is there one who could dominate the War Department of any first-class power as Florence Nightingale undoubtedly did dominate the British War Office in her day? Is there a woman who could laugh off the serious speeches of a President of the United States as "hash, hash, hash of the same old kind" and create such a storm that he would be (*Continued on page 49*)

One of those chips

Showing that a young man just out of college with his way to make can do worse than fall in love with a mighty attractive girl

By JAMES KEVIN McGUINNESS



Suddenly shy of the exultant joy she saw before her she dropped her glance and Jack's arms swept around her

"THAT'S the precise idea. I don't want you to have a chance," Miles Forrester grimly informed his son. "You're not on trial any more. You're here to be sentenced." He lifted some papers from his desk and passed them to his son. "Read this," he commanded, "while I clean up some of these other matters."

Jack Forrester read with much less than avid interest.

After twenty minutes or so Miles Forrester looked up. "Read it aloud," he commanded.

Jack cleared his throat ostentatiously, adjusted his tie, threw back his head and suddenly burst forth in oratorical tone.

"Report on Projected Site for New England Factory Unit," he boomed. "The tract is situated on a neck of land, jutting into Long Island Sound, which is known as McKinley Point—"

"Blazes! that's not what I wanted you to read," his father broke in.

"I presumed not," Jack observed.

The older man rummaged again among his papers, presently bringing to light the document for which he was searching.

"I have never been able to get anywhere discussing your conduct with you," Miles Forrester explained as a preliminary. "Your flippant interjections always rouse me to shouting. And when I shout I lose. So I have summed up your misbehaviors in this memorandum, which I will give myself the pleasure of reading to you calmly, on my own ground, without comments, remarks, asides, objections or anything else from you. Do you understand?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"PERFECT," clicked the father, beginning to read aloud:

"John Alden Forrester, son of Agatha Alden and Miles Standish Forrester, aged twenty-five, presumably in his right mind; his escapades, crimes, misadventures, scandals, misbehaviors—"

"It sounds like the sequel to 'Tom Jones,'" commented the culprit. His father boomed on inexorably:

"Item: He has been requested to leave, and in pursuance to such requests from various faculties has left, at least five preparatory schools."

"Six," Jack Forrester corrected.

"Item: He has been expelled from three colleges."

"If you call resigning from Princeton being expelled—"

"Item: His various engagements to designing females have cost his father the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, viz.: for release from the simpering blonde in Philadelphia, ten thousand—"

"If you mean Blanche, she was not blond," dignifiedly protested the younger man. "My influence on her was so much for the better that she allowed her hair to resume its natural color."

"The detectives I had watching her to make sure she didn't reënsnare you after being paid off informed me that she became blond again, at once," Miles Forrester said dispassionately.

"Items, sundry: To loss on three wrecked cars, the first two covered by insurance, the last refused as a risk so long as he was driver, six thousand dollars; to odds and ends of waiters, bellhops, porters, taxi chauffeurs and others maimed in brawls in which he and his friends were engaged, failing accurate accounts, an estimate of forty-eight hundred dollars is made, not including payments of physicians' bills; to—"

"That's enough," Jack Forrester broke in. "I know what you're leading up to; and there are some things I'd just as soon forget. Please pass sentence and have it over with."

"Very well," his father assented. "First, how much money have you?"

"About eight dollars in cash, and perhaps two hundred in the bank."

"Say one hundred and fifty, to be safe. That's plenty. I started life with but three dollars," said Miles Forrester.

He continued: "The sentence is, you're going to work. Not for me: I wouldn't have you. Not for my friends: I wouldn't inflict you on them. For some poor stranger who doesn't know your ways, God help him. If you support yourself decently for a year, I'll reopen my home to you. I will place to your credit in the National Skinners and Tanners' Bank fifteen thousand dollars, as a temptation. You can draw on it any time you wish to. However, if you draw on it in any except a dire extremity—and I'll be the sole judge of what constitutes a dire extremity—that fifteen thousand will be the last cent you'll ever get from me in the world."

"Seems fair enough," the younger man languidly assented.

"Remember, the fifteen thousand may be the last cent you'll ever get from me," cautioned his father again. "I forgot to say, though, that I will consider justified your use of the money in the rare event of your engaging in any legitimate enterprise which doubles the amount of capital invested in it before the year expires."

"I understand you do not want to hear from me for a year. Am I privileged to write to my mother during that time?" the son asked, suddenly serious.

"No!"

Jack Forrester's smile changed to a grim tightening of lips.

"I accept your sentence," he murmured, "but with that last condition, my respected parent, you can take your fifteen thousand dollars and go straight to the devil."

Miles Forrester half rose from his chair, frowning deeply, but settled back again slowly.

"One letter a month to your mother," he conceded softly, "if you give me your word of honor you will return to her such checks as undoubtedly she will send you."

"Agreed," his son responded. "You have my word." He started toward the door. "I hope we shall be friends a year from now, my revered parent. I believe you would improve on acquaintance," he said at the threshold.

The door closed behind him. Miles Forrester, the grim warrior of many financial and industrial battles, stared long through the wide window. Then he dug a handkerchief from his breast pocket and blew his nose loudly as though to convince himself that was why he had need for the linen.

IN ONE of the East Forties is a little French restaurant, undistinguished as to exterior from others of its class.

Only those sufficiently in the know to penetrate past the inner recesses of its kitchen may come by various windings to a good-sized bar, so completely equipped, even for this day, as to be a metropolitan wonder. At the end of the barroom a narrow staircase leads to a lounge-room beneath, wherein those initiated may find wide, deep couches, of the overstuffed persuasion, and there repose until they achieve the overstuffed state of grace themselves.

Jack Forrester was seated on a couch at the far end of the long basement lounge. Beside him was Tony Goodrich.

"That altogether too good-looking young man yonder, in the perfect dinner jacket, is the one I mean, Tony," Jack was saying, his voice pitched low, his gaze surveying with deceptive unconcern the person he was describing. "My respected father has snatched him from his customary job of guarding the wedding gifts from the intimate friends of the families, and set him to watching my course."

"He looks like 'Hearts and Flowers' to me," muttered Tony Goodrich, gruffly and ambiguously. Young Goodrich had, during several preceding autumns, established a healthy reputation for vicious tackling on the scarred sod of Soldiers' Field.

"In a few minutes," Jack went on, "I am going to have Alphonse, yonder, call me a taxi. Upstairs I shall gather my two valises under my arms and, fully disguised by my wearing a common or coonskin coat, saunter toward the street and the taxi. What you are to do is to accost that dear boy of a private detective and prevent his following me. Your mission, as they say in military circles, is to assure my getting away, so that my respected father will not be in receipt of reports of my doings every twenty-four hours for the next year."

"Where are you going?" asked Tony

Goodrich, with not unnatural curiosity.

"That is my secret," his friend replied. He added, after a brief pause, "I'll write you just as soon as I arrive somewhere. Also I shall mail you my monthly letter to my mother, which you will please remail here in New York, thereby causing my respected father considerably more worry than he bargained for."

"I wish the detective bird was a little bigger," murmured Tony, somewhat aggrievedly.

Jack Forrester beckoned the waiter and instructed him to summon a taxi and replenish the glasses.

"You may have the honor of paying the bill after I've gone, Tony," he said. "Last night's farewell dinner broke me. If the elegant young gent tries to follow, you know the rest."

"Consider it done," Goodrich promised.

Ten minutes later Jack Forrester put down a partly unconsumed highball and strolled indolently to the stairway at the other end of the room. He mounted slowly, giving no appearance of concern. The well-groomed detective watched closely and decided that this was no move to depart. In a moment or two he resolved to play safe, so he rose.

Tony Goodrich had settled back in mistaken security after his friend had disappeared from sight. By the time he roused to action his prey was but a few feet from the base of the stairs. Tony dashed the length of the room at top speed and then launched himself in flight parallel to the deep carpet. His shoulder struck the detective just below his thighs, his arms clasped together in stalwart grip. The victim was flung sprawling. Had the Harvard Board of Football Coaches seen the perfect tackle, its members could not have refrained from smiling approval of their handiwork.

"Sorry I had to be so precipitate, old man," Tony Goodrich smilingly apologized when his dazed victim rose.

"I'd sock you on the nose, only I haven't got time," snarled the detective, rising and mounting the stairs three at a leap.

When he got to the street his quarry was not in sight.

"Taxi! Taxi!" yelled the detective. Out of the Sabbath quiet none responded. He turned, starting to run toward Fifth Avenue, when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"I brought my nose along," Tony Goodrich insinuated politely. "If you can spare the time."

JACK FORRESTER gave the taxi driver his last five-dollar bill and walked slowly into the Grand Central Terminal, waving away, as a matter of economy now, the redcaps who accosted him with offers to carry his bags.

By half past seven the next morning he had risen, breakfasted and wandered into the street. The waiter looked at him suspiciously when he signed the check for the meal, an unusual procedure in the small-town hostelry. Jack survived the glare.

The town pattered with life. He turned to his left, walking along a street that widened gradually into a pleasingly broad thoroughfare.

Presently he came to a section obviously dedicated to the sale of automobiles. Several agencies of nationally known cars—cars of middle price, he observed—were installed in buildings close together on either side of the street. He walked up and down inspecting them.

"If I had a coin, I could toss up and decide which one to brace for a job," he mused. Eventually he hit on the expedient of spinning his open penknife on the sidewalk. The blade pointed to the Mayton Eight agency, across the way.

A middle-aged man, portly, gray of hair and florid of countenance, greeted him with easy good-fellowship.

"Where's the wreck?" he inquired.

"What wreck?" Jack countered.

"Don't mean to tell me one of you young bloods in a coonskin coat has arrived here at eight in the morning unless you want me to send out a tow car for a wreck somewhere," the portly man commented.

"Maybe I should have left the coat home," grinned Jack Forrester, "because what I came here for was to get a job."

The florid countenance became quizzical. "Ever work before?" its owner asked.

"Once. For two days. The doctor said it was a touch of sun."

The portly one heaved ponderously in appreciation of this.

"What's your name?"

"John Forrester."

"Any relation to old Miles Forrester?"

"Not at the moment."

"Ha, ha! That's good! Not at the moment." The speaker changed tone suddenly. "Know anything about cars?"

"Driven 'em since I was in knee trousers."

"Come back here," the portly one ordered abruptly. He led the way through a door across an open space to a spacious garage in the rear. In the semi-gloom mechanics were working on one of several cars standing inside.

"This is our used-car stock. Eight cars all told," the portly one explained. "In six weeks the dealers of this town are pooling all their trade-in cars in one exchange, under the management of a salaried man. None of us will have a used-car department after that. Stock we have on hand will be appraised and we'll get credit for it. Most of the agents have given up pushing used sales and are waiting to take what they can get as credit. I've got an idea I can get more by selling these off before the exchange opens. If you want to tackle the job, it's yours. I'll pay you twenty-five a week and a small percentage. If you make good I may be able to find a place for you on my regular sales force. One of my men is taking over management of a Bridgeport agency in two weeks."

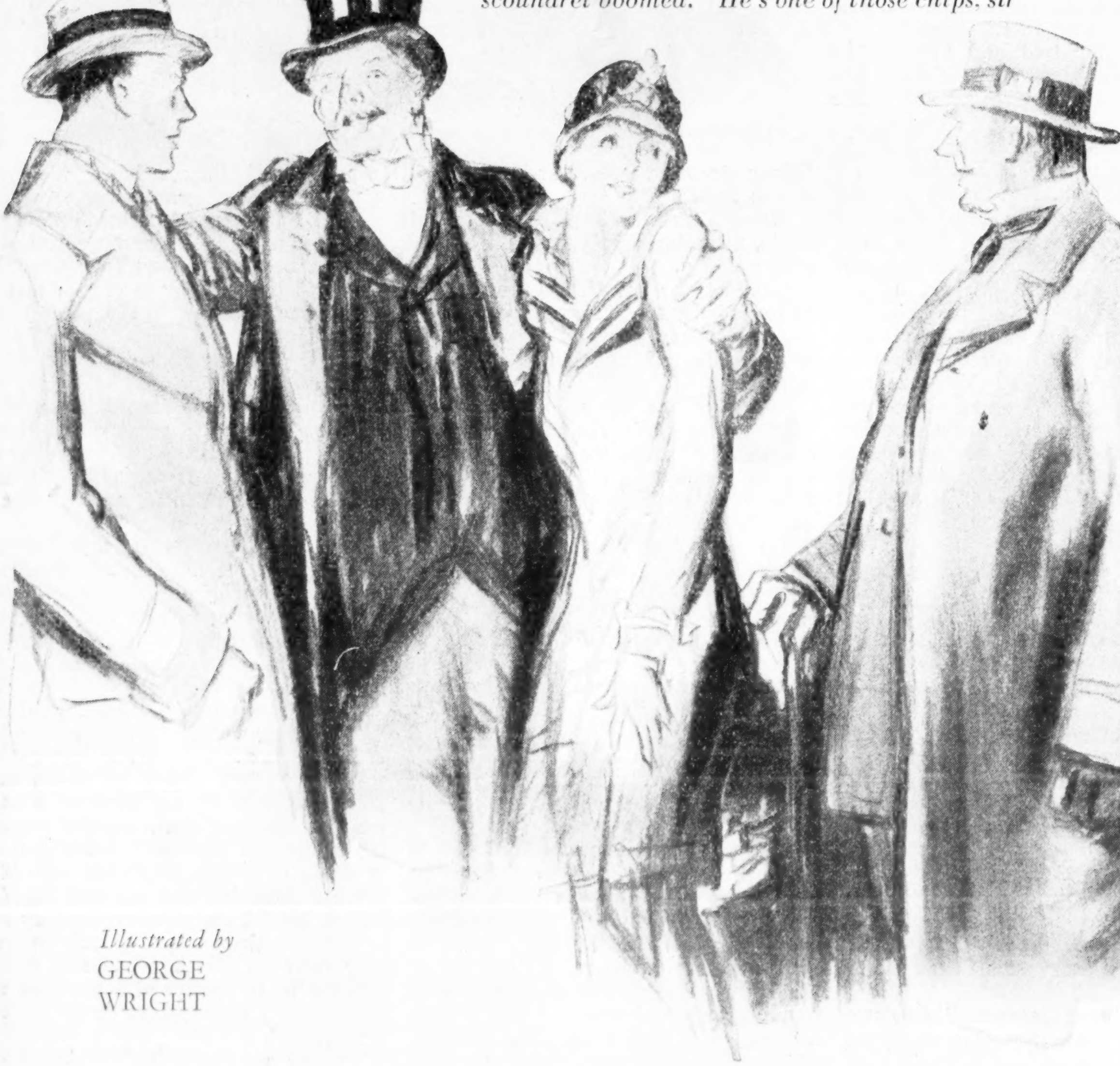
"When do I start?"

"Now!" The portly one started back to the salesroom, Jack Forrester beside him. When they were in the main building again he said, "By the way, my name is Bill—Bill Ford."

"Good name for an automobile man," commented Jack. "Any relation to Henry?"

"Not at the moment," chortled Bill, and walked away, still chortling over his echoed pleasantry.

"Most striking resemblance," the genial old scoundrel boomed. "He's one of those chips, sir"



Illustrated by
GEORGE
WRIGHT

IT WAS Friday before John Alden Forrester made his first sale. Bill Ford turned the prospect over to him: a slim goddess in smartly tailored suit; thin, narrow shoes with cut steel buckles, which gleamed entrancingly; stockings clinging with velvet smoothness to trim ankles; a fair, sweet face bewitching beneath a small, cozy hat, under whose brim showed enough blown wisps to indicate hair blond by natural rather than chemical processes.

"Something between five and six hundred dollars," said a musical chiming by his side.

"We have a Spurred Roadster, for five-fifty. It's a six-cylinder car, twenty-three," Jack informed her. He shouted into the garage. "Hey, Pete. Run that roadster out here, will you?"

"Is it a good car?" Chimes asked.

For just such an opening as this Jack had been rehearsing all week a sales argument which, when delivered, would have conveyed to any prospect for the Spurred Roadster the impression that he would be a fool, once in possession of the car, to trade it on even terms for a new Rolls-Royce.

But before speaking he glanced at the vision beside him. His eyes were caught by hers, deep and cool as some shadowed glen and blue as the violets that would nestle on its banks.

"It's—it's not a very bad car," Jack Forrester stammered.

"Do you guarantee it?"

From the corner of his eyes Jack looked at her lovely, curving lips, at whose edges twitched a wistful smile.

"Well, used cars are never very dependable," he advised judicially.

The Spurred Roadster came noiselessly out of the gloom of the garage—it was being pushed—and shone brilliant in its new blue paint. Its lines were undeniably graceful.

"Isn't that lovely? The color is adorable," gurgled the tailored goddess.

"Paint job should have had at least two more coats," the salesman informed her.

"I believe I'll buy it," the customer decided.

"Better have a demonstration first," Jack objected. "You never can tell about these used cars, you know."

She turned toward him with a smile. "But I don't drive."

"Oh, I'll drive. It's part of my job."

"Would you, Mr. —?"

"Forrester."

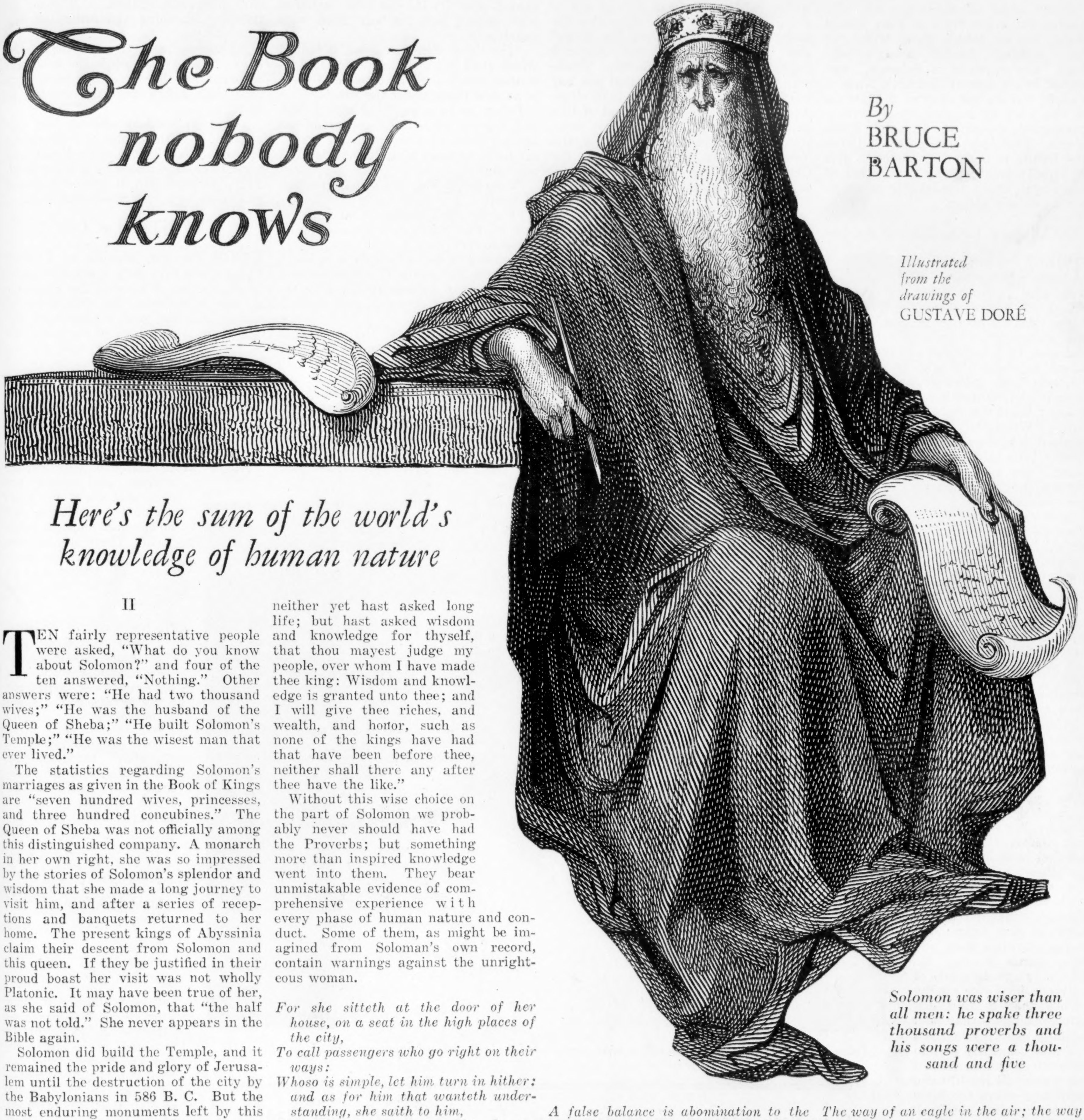
"Mr. Forrester. That would be so kind of you. My name is Pride Wayne."

The shore road was perfect on that day of middle spring, rolling away in graceful curves, around sudden turns of which Long Island Sound glistened with a laughing blue which was the nearest thing nature (*Continued on page 45*)

The Book nobody knows

By
BRUCE
BARTON

Illustrated
from the
drawings of
GUSTAVE DORÉ



Solomon was wiser than all men: he spake three thousand proverbs and his songs were a thousand and five

Here's the sum of the world's knowledge of human nature

II

TEN fairly representative people were asked, "What do you know about Solomon?" and four of the ten answered, "Nothing." Other answers were: "He had two thousand wives;" "He was the husband of the Queen of Sheba;" "He built Solomon's Temple;" "He was the wisest man that ever lived."

The statistics regarding Solomon's marriages as given in the Book of Kings are "seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines." The Queen of Sheba was not officially among this distinguished company. A monarch in her own right, she was so impressed by the stories of Solomon's splendor and wisdom that she made a long journey to visit him, and after a series of receptions and banquets returned to her home. The present kings of Abyssinia claim their descent from Solomon and this queen. If they be justified in their proud boast her visit was not wholly Platonic. It may have been true of her, as she said of Solomon, that "the half was not told." She never appears in the Bible again.

Solomon did build the Temple, and it remained the pride and glory of Jerusalem until the destruction of the city by the Babylonians in 586 B. C. But the most enduring monuments left by this great ruler were not in stone or bronze, but in words—the Proverbs, a rich mine of wisdom wherein every nugget is solid gold. One can only marvel how a man so wise in other ways could have been so unwise about women.

He made a fine start as king. The Lord appeared one night in a dream, asking him to name his heart's desire, and Solomon answered:

"Thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

To which the Lord replied:

"Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth or honor, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king: Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like."

Without this wise choice on the part of Solomon we probably never should have had the Proverbs; but something more than inspired knowledge went into them. They bear unmistakable evidence of comprehensive experience with every phase of human nature and conduct. Some of them, as might be imagined from Soloman's own record, contain warnings against the unrighteous woman.

For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city,
To call passengers who go right on their ways:
Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither: and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him,
Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.
But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.

Most of the Proverbs could hardly be called religious. They are the shrewd guideposts to worldly wisdom, by which a man may make his way through life with most profit to himself and least discomfort to other people:

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.
As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.
A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight.
He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretiship is sure.
As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.
He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

Many of the phrases and sentences have entered into our common talk. Everybody knows them, but not everybody knows where they originated.

Some of the wisest and most memorable observations are set forth in a poetic guise which adds impressiveness:

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:
The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of a sea; and the way of a man with a maid. . . .
For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear:
For a servant when he reigneth; and a fool when he is filled with meat;
For an odious woman when she is married; and an handmaid that is heir to her mistress.
There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:
The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;
The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks;
The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands;
The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

These latter selections are not Solomon's, but come from a man named Agur, son of Jakeh, about whom we know nothing. Another group of sayings, "also proverbs of Solomon," was copied by the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah; and the last chapter of Proverbs is the work of an anonymous writer, presumably a woman and possibly Bathsheba. That lady, who deserted Uriah the Hittite to become the favorite wife of Israel's greatest king and mother of the wisest, was a remarkable personality, as we saw before.

No "Allegory" in the Revised Version

THERE are two other Old Testament books which come to mind in connection with Solomon. The first is the "Song of Songs" which, as the first verse says, "is Solomon's," but whether this means by Solomon or concerning Solomon is a question. It is a poem about a young girl who lived in the northern hills. Solomon saw her on his travels and wanted her for his harem, but her heart was true to her shepherd lover. When the ladies of the court praised Solomon and demanded, "What is thy beloved more than another beloved?" she answered stoutly, "My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand."

She was carried off to Jerusalem, but she slept fitfully. "By night . . . I sought him, but I found him not." In her dreams she found herself wandering all about a strange city, looking for her lover. Finally her loyalty was rewarded. Solomon would not hold her against the hunger of her heart and returned her to her Galilean swain.

This is the story, somewhat involved in the telling but clear enough to anyone who will take time to puzzle it out. When you read the italic type at the head of each chapter, however, what do you discover? That this old-fashioned love song is an allegory of Christ and the church! Nothing could be more absurd. The "Song" is not a religious book in any sense; the name of God does not once occur in it. Its theme is the triumph of virtuous love over all the riches that a king can offer. Simply that and nothing more. When you see how diligently certain annotators have worked to squeeze all the life and humanity out of the Bible you wonder how the Book has lasted so long. Its vitality, in spite of the bad offices of its friends, is the most powerful argument for its inspiration.

Ecclesiastes is the other book commonly attributed to Solomon because the first verse reads:

"The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem."

Modern scholars seem to think that some obscure writer of a much later date wrote the book and that the resplendent Solomon gets the credit—a quite plausible conjecture. It is too bad we cannot be sure about the authorship, for the writer, whoever he was, left us one of the great masterpieces. Frederick the Great called it the "Book for kings" and insisted that every monarch ought to read it regularly. Whenever someone recommends that you buy a current novel which claims to be ultramodern in its cynical appraisal of life, save your two dollars and take down your Bible and read Ecclesiastes again. You will find in it everything that the Greenwich Villagers have ever said, and said much better than they ever thought of saying it.

It is the book of an experienced old roué who has sought pleasure in every conceivable form but has nowhere found satisfaction.

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever.

"The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. . . .

"All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.

"All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

Being, as he says, King over Israel, and having educational opportunities beyond those of other men, the writer set forth to make himself the wisest of all. But

"I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

"For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

He tried to find satisfaction in mirth and wine, and again in achievement—the building of palaces and gardens, the accumulation of property, gold and silver, servants.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

So, disillusioned and old, he continues for eleven gloomy chapters, and then suddenly there comes a change in the tempo. He has found the answer, the one thing that gives satisfaction, the one safeguard against a lifetime of fruitless searching and reiterated disappointments:

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

There are scholars who say that this majestic twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes does not jibe with the other eleven and must have been added by a later hand. True, perhaps, but it makes a grand conclusion to a very wonderful book.

An Epitome of Life

FROM the deep shadow of Ecclesiastes you turn with a sense of relief to the Psalms, filled with the grandeur of the mountains, the fragrance of spring air, the vast stretches of the firmament, and the joy of the Lord. To be sure, there are other notes, for the Psalms are a complete emotional record of human life. In them is love, hope, despair, the bitterest of sorrow, the most exultant delight, sweet affection and bitter hatred, confession of sin and joy in forgiveness. But the major note is cheerful, optimistic believing.

David wrote many of the earlier psalms, and there are some that grew out of his personal experience, but no one man makes a hymn book. There are psalms that were written hundreds of years after David. The man who wrote:

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof

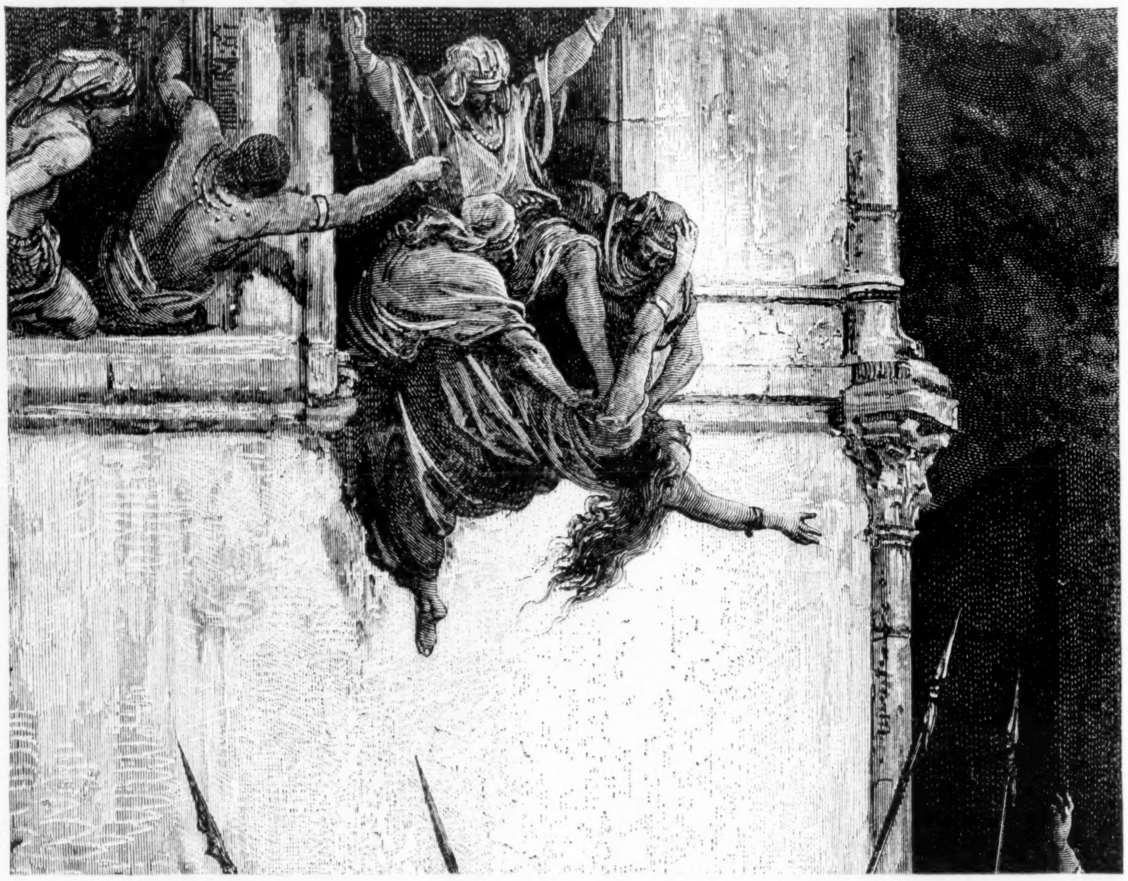
—that man gave a page of vivid autobiography that dates itself five hundred years after David. When another singer wrote:

O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps.
The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven

—thus telling of a time when Jerusalem was captured in a bloody battle followed by a massacre, and the Temple was defiled but not destroyed—we know that that psalm was written in the times of the Maccabees. It may be possible that a thousand years separate the oldest of these songs from the latest.

Of the whole collection, a hundred and fifty of them, which are best worth knowing? First of all, the twenty-third, of course. Nearly every child learns it; every child should. If, in addition to this, you would like to pick three others as a part of your children's education, you will be pretty safe if you follow the number nine—the nineteenth, the ninetieth and the ninety-first.

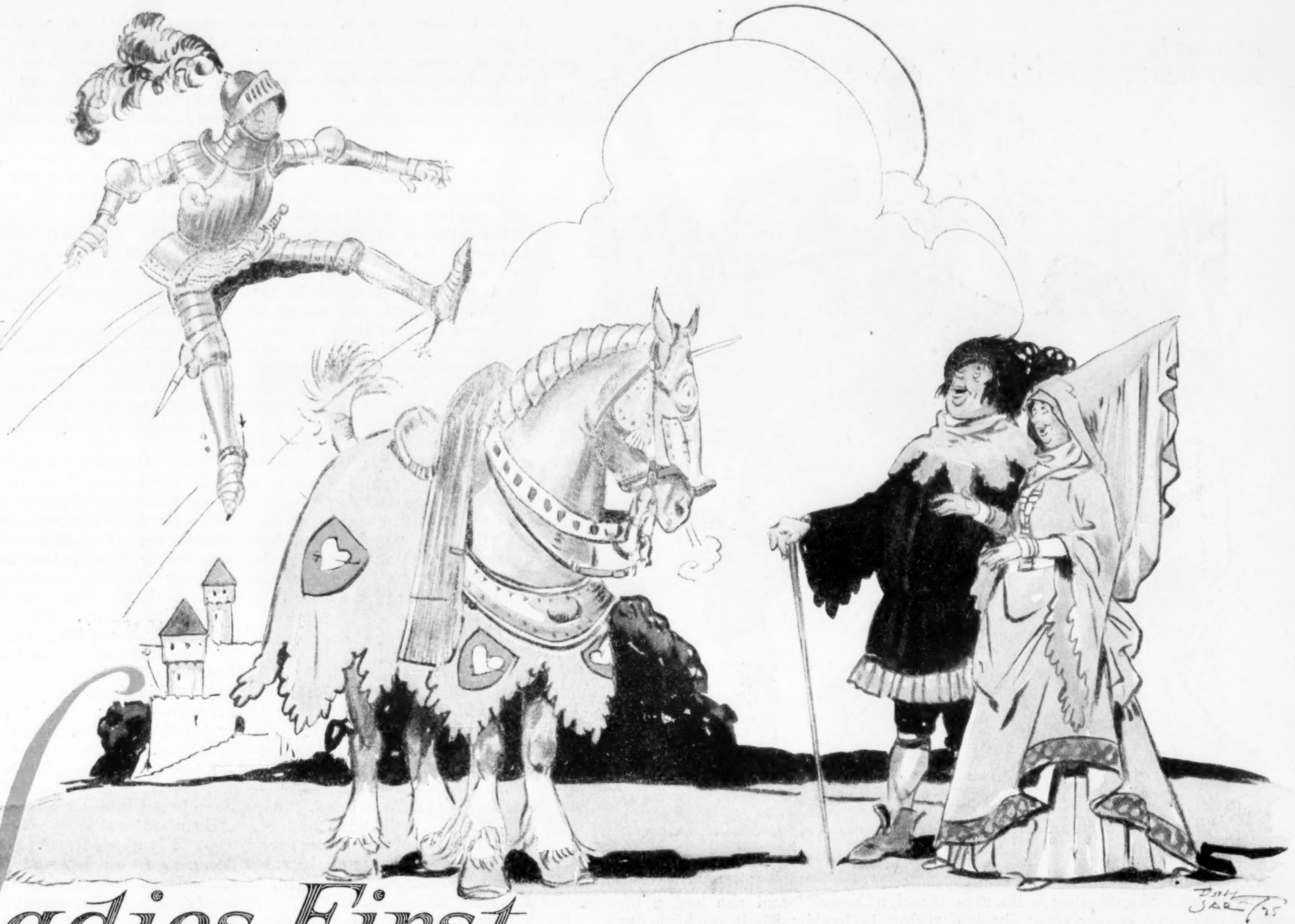
(*Continued on page 34*)



Jehu said, "Throw her down!" And some of Jezebel's blood was sprinkled on the wall

Can you answer these questions WITHOUT your Bible?

1. Who is called the most patient man that ever lived? Was he? *Answered in this article.*
2. Who wrote "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"? *Psalm* 23.
3. What chapter in the Bible discusses good women and bad women and was written by a woman? *Proverbs* 31.
4. Why is a cab driver sometimes called a Jehu? *II Kings* 9:16-20.
5. Who said, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord"? *Proverbs* 18:22.
6. What man in the Bible said he had "escaped by the skin of his teeth"? *Job* 19:20.
7. Why is the name Jezebel a term of scorn? *II Kings* 9:36, 37.
8. Is there Biblical precedent for the modern use of the word "backslider"? *Proverbs* 14:14
9. What Biblical letter-writer caused the beheading of seventy sons of a king? *II Kings* 10:6, 7.
10. What were the dimensions of Solomon's Temple? 1 *Kings* 6:2, 6



He had leaped to his horse's back without touching foot to stirrup, and his parents were proud of him

Ladies First

Don't think that because you read "Ivanhoe" you know the truth about the Middle Ages!

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

But above all others this law be set. A gentle shall wed with a gentle, and a villein with a villein; neither shall the twain mingle, one with the other. And this law shall not be broken. OLD MANUSCRIPT.

IT WAS in the year 1212. Ethylda, beautiful daughter of the great Baron Arbaud, Lord of St. Chilperic, and of the Lady Clothilde, his good spouse, sat on the battlements of her father's castle and kicked her heels against the wall of seven-foot masonry.

Outside wooded slopes fell away to the River Wide and the hunting forest beyond, but within Ethylda could look down over the bailey and across the moat into the lists. She saw Damase, the armorer, in front of the armory, putting a new link into her father's white steel hauberk, and Tormes, the smith, in front of the smithy, nailing a new shoe to the foot of Blanchart, the great warhorse, and in front of the cook house Maget, the poulterer, picking the chickens for to-morrow's pasties; already Guelf, the fence builder, was building the fence, and Ghibelline, the pavilion erector, was erecting the pavilions for the great tourney in celebration of her betrothal.

"Good morrow, fair Ethylda," said a voice behind her suddenly.

"Good morrow, good Thuros," she replied. She did not jump, although she had not heard his footsteps, for nerves were not fashionable among ladies of the Middle Ages.

Thuros leaned against the parapet close behind her shoulder.

"Where," he asked, "is the very gentle seigneur, your father, Baron Arbaud, my lord of St. Chilperic?"

"Pa?" said Ethylda. "Oh, he's down in the village seeing about having those two poachers branded and their ears cut off."

"And where," asked Thuros, "is the very gentle dame, your mother, Lady Clothilde?"

"Ma?" said Ethylda. "Oh, she's up in the great hall beating one of the maids for thieving." She shrugged her shoulders delicately. "'Tis a passing hot day to be a-beating."

"But passing fair for kissing," Thuros suggested. "I guess I'll kiss you now . . ."

"Oh, fie, fie, sir," said Ethylda, without moving. Which was medieval for *boys will be boys*.

And so Thuros kissed her on the back of her neck, and then on the front of it, and on the backs of both hands and on both cheeks and her forehead, and climbed up on the battlements beside her. Ethylda turned about to face him.

Before him Thuros saw the daughter of his lord, slender of course and of course fair of skin, with great blue eyes, for we have said that she was beautiful. Her yellow hair lay in great plaits across her shoulders and was caught with a band that held an agate stone to guard against the fevers. On her forefinger she wore a pearl, although it was no feast day, and her bliaut was of sendal silk laced down so tight with ribbons that a man could span her waist with half an arm an he were near enough.

Before her Ethylda saw Thuros, her father's man, a cunning hand at the meats, and monstrous handsome too in his mantle and trousers of fine blue wool, with his height and his strength and quickness, and the brave scar across his cheek that any knight might have been proud to carry, taken in fair fight against a robber who beset him on the road from Beaugency. Already, in spite of his youth, he was Master of the Roast, having succeeded to the office upon the death of his father Damit—who had the misfortune to trip one day when he was bringing home the great meat cleaver from being sharpened—and none could twist a craftier spit nor wield a wickeder carving knife.

"Well," said Thuros, breaking the silence, "and what about our being married?"

Ethylda shook her head sadly, twisting the great pearl on her finger.

"I fear," she said—and there were tears upon her lashes—"I fear it cannot be. Already"—and she made a gesture toward the lists—"already Pa is making ready for my betrothal to the dark knight Tamborine, nephew and heir to the great Viscount Gallo, who holds St. Remy direct in fief from Doon. You know. . . ."

"But I love you," Thuros interrupted.

"I love you too, as far as that goes," said Ethylda. And indeed no one could have helped loving him, with that pretty scar across his face and such a fine white down on lip and chin.

"Then why—"

"I would not wound you," said Ethylda. "But I am born of gentle blood, and you—"

"A villein. What of that?"

"Oh, tut, tut," said Ethylda, which was medieval for *use your head*. "Shall those of two classes mingle? Can you climb up to be a knight as up a scaling ladder, or I walk down to be a vileiness as I would walk down stairs?"

"It has been done," said Thuros.

"Tush," said Ethylda, which was medieval for *hear the man run on*.

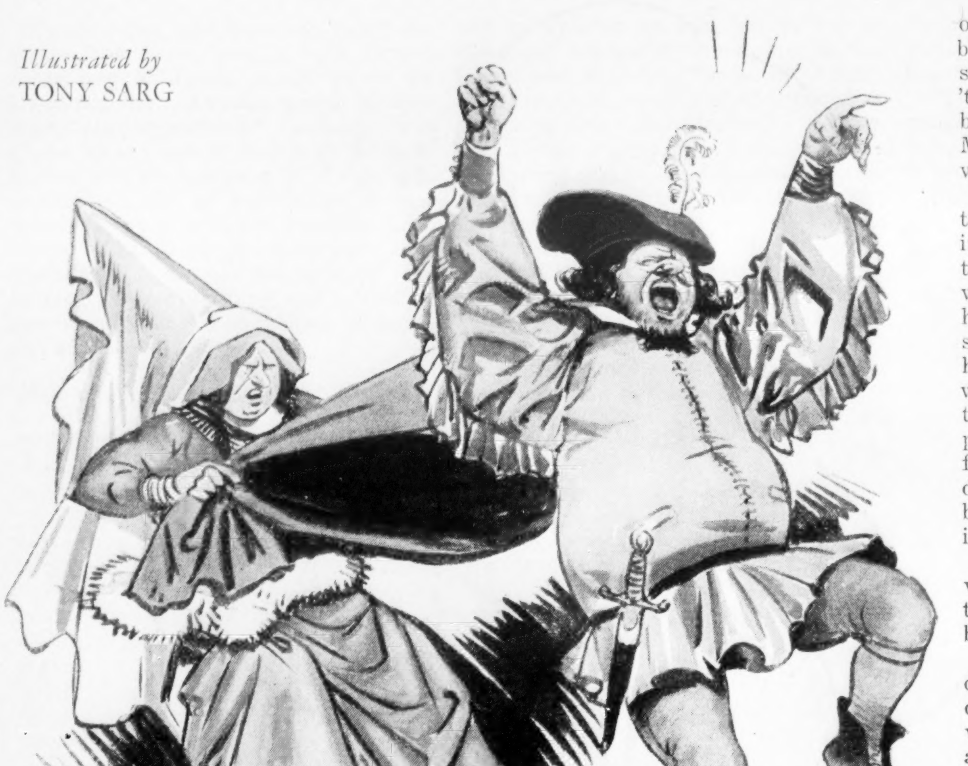
"Aye. And I can prove it."

"Aye?" said Ethylda, unbelieving.

And so they moved over into the better shade from one of the archery towers while Thuros proved it to her, thus:

IT WAS in the year 1192. In the great barony of Dompierre there was at last peace. The Third Crusade was over, and the Baron of Dompierre himself had come back from the wars, covered with glory and the blood of infidels, to join his good wife Amolyn, who during his absence had administered the estate as a good wife

Illustrated by
TONY SARG



"To the hangman with him," the baron cried, beside himself

should, keeping the vassals contented or suppressed and gathering in the revenues to the last copper obol; the incursion of the notorious Viscount Grünback to the north had been successfully withstood, and the rebellious vassal, Durmot, the castellan, had been overcome and executed. To be sure, from time to time, there were small shows of force against them, so that the drawbridge must be hastily pulled up and molten lead poured down upon the heads of the invaders, but these were hardly more than occasions of entertainment for the ladies and the display of boyish valor from Beau, the baron's son.

Beau had just been knighted. He had watched his arms all night in the chapel without dozing, and he had run across the courtyard in full armor and leaped to his horse's back without touching foot to stirrup, and his parents were proud of him. He was popular too among the retainers, and everybody said he was as straight a fair young man, with an eye as quick and a wrist as true, as you could find between Dompierre and the Holy Land.

EVERYTHING was going merrily. There was plenty of grain in the granary and plenty of pigs in the piggery and pepper from India for the hot sauces and swans in the river for the hot swan pies; and for the peasants there was thin wine on every feast day and a new shirt at St. Martin's. Everyone was satisfied—everyone, that is, but Clotty.

Clotty lived not far from the barbican and kept house for her father in as fine a little hovel as there was in the barony; there was a tick inside with feathers in it instead of straw, and there was a hole in the wall that could be uncovered when it was hot, and there was no manure pile in the front yard—you would think anyone would have been satisfied. But not Clotty. Clotty had long golden hair that came halfway to her knees—longer and yellower even than the hair of Lady Amolyn herself—and she had a blue ribbon to braid with it on high days and a blue mantle, and she was very pink and pretty—much prettier than that little dark-skinned runt, the Lady Alieson, daughter of Baron Perrerin of the next castle, who had the misfortune of black hair and eyebrows and the deformity of plumpness, and who, it was rumored, was to be married to Beau, the baron's son. These things, you would think, would satisfy anyone. But they did not satisfy Clotty.

For Clotty's father was Pullier, the hangman, and when Clotty passed people pinched their noses between thumb and forefinger as if they smelled corruption.

It was not, of course, as if Pullier had been any old hit-or-miss hangman that ever slacked a rope at chink of silver. He was a master craftsman in his calling, so that hangmen came from miles around to learn his particular flick of wrist as he kicked the box from under—'twas he held the first hangman's convention. There was dispatch in his method, a straight-from-the-shoulder quality. A Pullier hanging was distinction. "When Old Pullier turned off my great-uncle in '79," people would say proudly, "he never even winked." It grew so finally that folks would not be hanged by anyone else if they could help it—especially not by Golias, Baron Perrerin's hangman, who was as blundering, butter-fingered a fellow as you ever did see. They used to say that they would rather be hanged by Pullier than beheaded by any headsman in the country, though it were Philip Augustus' man himself—and that was a great compliment.

Clotty should have been proud of her father, and in a way she was. Nevertheless it is not pleasant to have noses pinched at one. And since no hangman's daughter was allowed to marry anyone but a hangman's son, and since there was no hangman's son of marriageable age within sixty miles, save only Caignet, son of Golias, a black-browed, doddering youth too stupid to tie a noose knot so 'twould hold, the outlook was not bright for a fair maid of the Middle Ages—or any other age whatever.

One afternoon Clotty was sitting on her father's fence, watching her father's pigs digging up the neighbor's corn patch, and wishing that a hangman's son as handsome as St. Gabriel himself would come by on a white horse and stop to speak to her, when she heard the sound of the horns, and the Baron of Dompierre and all his retinue, with falcons on their wrists, swept down across her father's cabbages on their way to the hunting forest.

Clotty watched them go. "I wonder what Papa will say to that," she muttered. "I bet he'll be mad enough to hang 'em."

And just then she noticed that one of the young men had dropped behind and that now he was tethering his horse to a tree and coming toward her across the wreckage of the cabbage crop.

"Yoo-hoo," said Clotty.

"Yoo-hoo yourself," the young man called back.

And upon that Clotty fell a bobbing and crossing herself as if she would never stop, for she recognized young Beau, the baron's son.

"St. Ambrose and St. Augustine forgive me," she cried. "May St. Jerome, St. Thomas and St. Amond love me and protect me. By the holy ravelings of the robe of St. Anna, mother of the Virgin, I swear I did not know you."

"Well, don't tear your chemise over it," said Beau reassuringly. "There's no harm done. And what may your name be?"

"Clotty."

"Clotty. That's a pretty name." Beau shook the fence a little to see if it was strong. "And a pretty maid who wears it."

"But you don't understand," Clotty cried.

"Don't understand?"

"My father is Old Pullier, the hangman. I am the hangman's daughter."

"What of it?"

Clotty Pullier was shocked.

"Oh, tush," she cried, outraged. "And shall then the baron's son converse with the hangman's daughter?"

"Oh, pish," said Beau, and climbed up on the fence beside her.

AFTER that Beau used to come every once in so often to meet Clotty, the hangman's daughter, in front of her father's trim little hovel, and every once in so often he met her in the woods beyond the toll bridge, and the long and short of it was that presently they fell in love. At first being in love seemed enough, but after a little Clotty thought it would be pleasant to be married besides. And Beau thought so too.

"But what," said Clotty practically, "will your father, the Baron of Dompierre, say about it?"

"Dad?" said Beau. "Oh, Dad's a good sport. Come on up to the castle, and we'll tell him."

It was true that the Baron of Dompierre was a good sport. He had faced a great boar in the forest with only his boar spear in his hand; he had faced a rival in the lists with only his sword and shield and lance and heavy armor; he had fought through four private wars and one public one and almost never killed anyone in anger without feeling sheepish about it afterward. But when his son told him so simple a thing as that he wanted to marry Clotty, the hangman's daughter, the baron fell into such a great big red rage as you never saw, and stamped and puffed his cheeks and grew purple, and swore by the jawbone of St. Sixtus that they should rue it so loudly that all the vassals came running. The Lady Amolyn was every bit as much incensed, only she did not have such splendid lungs.

"To the hangman with him," the baron cried at last, beside himself, "and we'll see how he likes his hangman's daughter. To the hangman with them both!"

And the Lady Amolyn caught hold of the fur on her husband's mantle and waved it like a banner. "To the hangman with them!" she piped.

Four stout men-at-arms seized Clotty and Beau and dragged them off.

THAT afternoon was a quiet one down by the gallows tree. Only a couple of corpses swayed in the breeze in the south corner of a gibbet with accommodations for thirty-two, and old Pullier was dozing with his back against a coil of hemp when the sound of the uproar came to him. That was why he was not quite ready. When the crowd pushed Beau up the steps to the edge of the jumping-off place he was still bending over his supply box, rummaging out his finest rope in honor of the occasion—there were, to be sure, two or three old nooses flapping overhead, rough things that he kept in readiness for emergency cases, but nothing fit to offer to nobility. Beau looked at Pullier's broad bent back.

Beau was quick of wit and will and eye and hand and resolution. He took one step forward. And the next instant Papa Pullier was hanged up as neatly as if he had done it himself.

Strange things happened after that. Beau showed himself wondrous clever with a rope—he had a way of swinging a noose about his head in circles and launching it at one too distant to be at him with a sword that carried his opponents fairly off their feet. Clotty was not a hangman's daughter for nothing, and she was a great help. Before you could say "Saints preserve us!" the gallows tree was full, and the maple trees of Dompierre that afternoon bore such fruit as you never would believe.

The Baron of Dompierre, meantime, and his Lady Amolyn had hurried up to the battlements at the top of the donjon tower, where they could overlook the scene. The baron, for the most part, watched in silence, but the Lady Amolyn made such loud cries and lamentations that she might have been heard all the way to the barbican.

"Look," she cried. "My husband. Look. He's hanging the squires before the seneschal. Oh, that I should live to see the day that a son of mine should forget the laws of precedence."

"Woman," said Dompierre, "be still." But she was not still.

"What will the neighbors say?" she cried. "The squires before the seneschal. There's Perrerin's Miggette, the old trot. She'll have it all over the duchy in a week."

And the Lady Amolyn hid her face in tears against the coping and looked no more.

When she did look Beau was coming up the castle path with an armful of rope, and Clotty was following him.

"They're coming to hang us now," said Lady Amolyn. "Remember, my husband, ladies first."

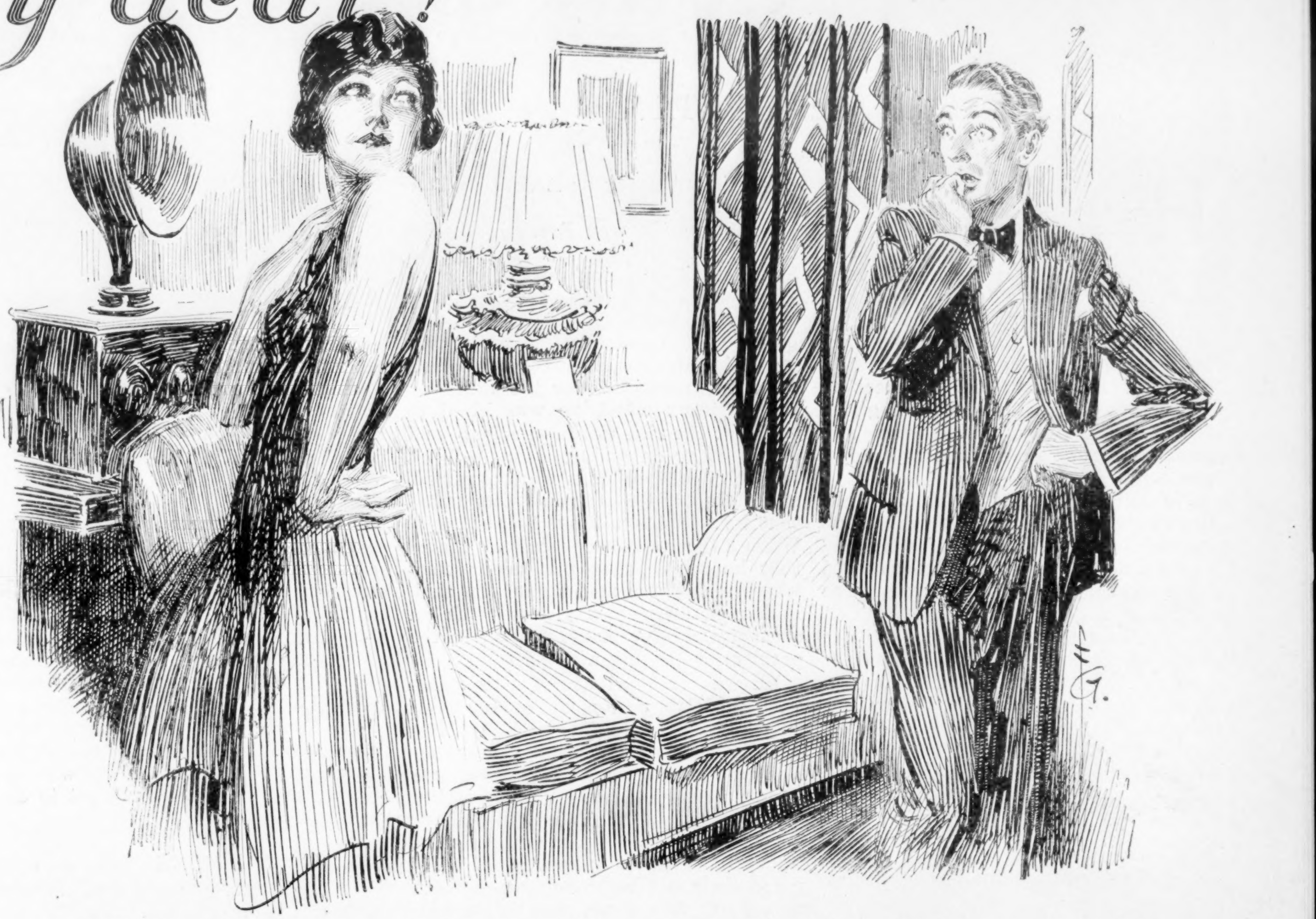
The baron faced about toward the door and clapped his hand to his sword.

"Not while I live," he cried. "I will defend you with my life, and they shall lay hands on you only after I have fallen."

(*Continued on page 40*)

Oh, my dear!

"You can't mention the Weaker Sex any more," says Uncle Henry, "without havin' every man in the room raise his hand an' answer 'Present'"



He throws himself into an attitude of ravishment, clenched hand pressed tight against his face

"THERE'S mighty little milk of human kindness left in the world," complained Mr. Stubbs. "People are gettin' harder an' harder."

"Why wouldn't they?" Uncle Henry exclaimed with considerable bitterness. "Offer a man a lift an' he hits you with a blackjack an' steals the car. Stop to give some fellow pedestrian a match an' he holds you up. Say 'Thank you' to anybody these days, an' they figure you're from the country, an' hand you back your change in Canadian dimes, plugged nickels an' telephone slugs.

"An' *women!* Why, payin' 'em any of the old-time attentions is as much as a man's life is worth. Ask a lady to have your seat in a street car, an' she jabs you full of holes with a hatpin. Take one by the elbow to help her across a crowded crossin', an' she hales you into court on the charge of makin' improper advances. Only this last year four men with squints were shot down in cold blood.

"I don't know but what they were lucky at that, the way women are carryin' on these days. It seems almost impossible to believe that we once had 'em under our feet—that there was a day when females shrank back in terror every time a man lifted his hand to fix his tie or stroke his mustache, fearful that the master's mood had changed. I myself can remember when they were grateful for bein' allowed to live an' had no higher hope in life than the dream of knittin' somethin' that would find favor in the eyes of a male.

"To be sure, china paintin', wood burnin' an' other of their peculiar practices were hard to bear, but while these pursuits were irritatin', you couldn't call 'em vicious, an' a stern word could always hold 'em in check. Sick headaches kept wives busy, an' burnin' brown paper soaked in vinegar was their principal pleasure.

"Now, jes' compare those happy, peaceful times with what we are called upon to endure to-day!

"Women in sport, sweatin' in public on tennis courts an' golf links—women in the trades an' professions—women in politics, actually expressin' opinions of their own! Only the other day I got a letter from down South, tellin' me of a wife that *talked back.* Yessir! Of course the husband shot her down at once, but my correspondent says things have gone so far it's a question if machine guns will do any good.

"It isn't that I resent the way women have come up in the world, 'Lonzo.

"Why, after equal suffrage got to be a law, I was one of the first to swear I'd been for it all the time. My kick is that they haven't rested content with mere *equality.* They've turned on us, that's what they've done, an' are *feminizin'* us. Honest, you can't mention the Weaker Sex any more without havin' every man in the room raise his hand an' answer 'Present.'

Enter the Lizzie

"BARITONE voices have died out, except in a few of the West's wilder an' unsettled places, an' they're fittin' up an expedition to send into Alaska in search of a basso profundo that rumor has reported. The Museum of Natural History has a standin' reward of $1,000 for a plug of chewin' tobacco, an' all the razor manufacturers have gone into bankruptcy on account of men shavin' themselves with tweezers.

"Things are plum' ridiculous. The other day I heard a shrill soprano scream, an' as I dashed around the corner I naturally thought to see some lovely damsel strugglin' in the arms of some low-browed brute. An' it was only a young novelist who had come off from home without his powder puff. If it keeps on, 'Lonzo, somewhere about 20,000 A. D. they're goin' to see the archæologists amazed to discover a fully developed male lower jaw.

"To-day, 'Lonzo, there are about as many male Lizzies as there are tin ones. I suppose it was a type we always had with us, but in other times they had mighty little encouragement to lift their marcel wave above the surface of things. The boys that liked to play in soapsuds an' dress dolls generally passed on into the white-goods department of some store an' confined their public activities to helpin' the ladies of the guild decorate the tree at Christmas.

"Look at 'em now! Encouraged, protected an' developed by women, these betwixt-an'-betweens are all over the place—writin' our books an' plays, designin' dresses, inventin' perfumes, dictatin' the fashion in bracelets an' decidin' what morals will be worn this year. The normal man is helpless. Lift your hand against one of 'em, an' he's liable to scratch your eyes out.

"The truth of the matter is, the average woman has never hit it off very well with the average man. She may love him, but it's rarely that she *likes* him. Between the two stretch centuries of unconscious antagonism bred by male dominance and female helplessness, an' that old relation still colors every contact. No real man ever knew what went on in a woman's mind—most of the time it never entered his head that she had one.

Women Are Wise

"RIGHT now, when women are governors an' members of Congress, etc., the male attitude is much the same. Even while he's listenin' with every mark of respectful attention to what she's sayin' on municipal government, the League of Nations an' the immigration problem, deep down in his heart he's thinkin' that what she needs is a good push in the face. An' don't fool yourself that women don't know it. That's why the Lizzie has been fostered, promoted an' lifted up to the highest an' most important place in modern affairs. He's the answer to woman's long-felt need for companionship an' understandin', now that she is in a position to indulge her likes. Take the momentous occasion when a wife puts on a new dress. The husband gives it a casual glance an' mutters somethin' to the effect that women's styles are gettin' crazier than ever.

How He Does Lay Us Out

"NOT so the Chinless Man, the Fireless Comforter. Throwin' himself into an attitude of ravishment, clenched hand pressed tight against his face, he cries, 'My dear! *Don't* tell me that's a Paquin model! A dream! Such suavity of coloring! But you really *must* change your coiffure. That fullness over the ears kills the line.'

"Same way with books an' plays. In the old days, drama an' literature were written *by* men *for* men. The heroine was jes' part of the scenery. All she had to do was stick around and stay pure until the big, strong hero got through beatin' all the villains to pieces, an' came to put his arms about her in the last act. That was a man's idea of what women ought to like, an' for a long while we *made* 'em like it.

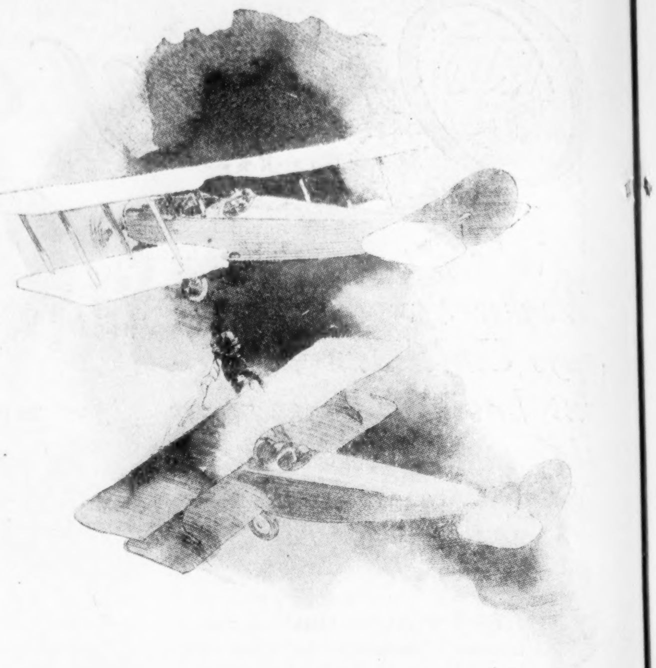
"Now the Fireless Comforters are in full charge of books an' plays, an' what they are doin' to men is a sin an' a shame. Havin' a foot in both camps, they know women's prejudices an' male weaknesses, an' how they do lay us out! Go to a theatre nowadays, an' before the end of the first act the floor is covered with poor male wretches tryin' to reach the nearest exit by crawlin' under the seats. An' there's—"

"Somethin' ought to be done about 'em," interrupted Mr. Stubbs.

"That's what I think," muttered Uncle Henry. "Maybe the Federal Trade Board will rule 'em out as unfair competition."

The spice of life

By GARDNER HUNTING



HE WOULD do almost anything for a hundred dollars.

For instance, once he engaged himself to a motion-picture company for the round sum mentioned, undertaking as his side of the contract to turn himself over in a motor car on a macadam road, to enable the company's cameras to get a hundred feet or so of film that would present to startled fans a wild son of the gilded rich, who are always wicked, coming to grief because of too much wine, women and song.

He actually did it. That is, he turned the car over on the road, and remained inside of it himself. He had to try a dozen ways before he managed the trick, for a car never turns over as easily intentionally as it does unintentionally.

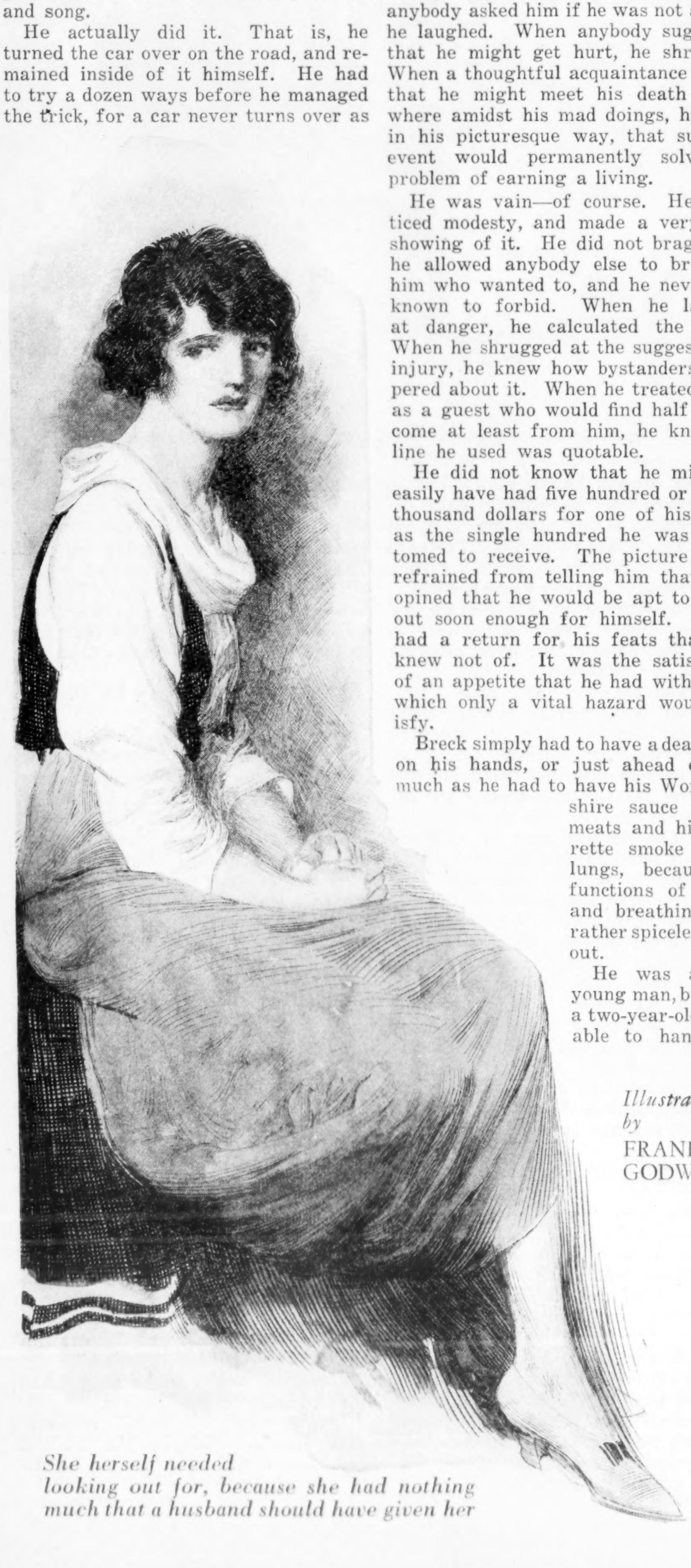
That was the way Breck lived. He had found out that he could get a hundred dollars for an afternoon's work. To him it seemed a very large amount of money, wholly out of proportion to the amount of work involved in getting it. He didn't count the time spent in preparation, or the waits between stunts which he was hired to pull, nor the risk to life and limb, and ability to go on pulling stunts. When anybody asked him if he was not afraid, he laughed. When anybody suggested that he might get hurt, he shrugged. When a thoughtful acquaintance hinted that he might meet his death somewhere amidst his mad doings, he said, in his picturesque way, that such an event would permanently solve the problem of earning a living.

He was vain—of course. He practiced modesty, and made a very good showing of it. He did not brag. But he allowed anybody else to brag for him who wanted to, and he never was known to forbid. When he laughed at danger, he calculated the effect. When he shrugged at the suggestion of injury, he knew how bystanders whispered about it. When he treated death as a guest who would find half a welcome at least from him, he knew the line he used was quotable.

He did not know that he might as easily have had five hundred or even a thousand dollars for one of his stunts as the single hundred he was accustomed to receive. The picture people refrained from telling him that; they opined that he would be apt to find it out soon enough for himself. But he had a return for his feats that they knew not of. It was the satisfaction of an appetite that he had within him, which only a vital hazard would satisfy.

Breck simply had to have a deadly risk on his hands, or just ahead of him, much as he had to have his Worcestershire sauce on his meats and his cigarette smoke in his lungs, because the functions of eating and breathing were rather spiceless without.

He was a hard young man, built like a two-year-old steer; able to handle his own weight in swinging his body about by his hands on bars, or limbs of trees, or rafters, or doorsills, or eaves, like a monkey. He had the color of graham dough, and his eyes were small and uninteresting, about the tint of willow ware. His shoulders were slightly humped, his knees slightly bowed, his feet awkward because they were never properly shod, his hands wide and red and leathery. He had no friends, particularly, and confessed to no relatives. He signed waivers by which the companies which hired him sought to protect themselves from paying damages in case of accident, and said that nobody else but himself was interested in what happened to him. All he seemed to care for was the stunt itself, when one was imminent, and what he would get to eat when it was over.



Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her

LOUISE TIMMONS was a very pretty brown-eyed girl who thought she saw a hero in Breck. She was not one of those young persons who think they are themselves cut out for screen honors because they happen to have curls or to know a director. She was just a nice girl who looked on when Breck was dropped into the stream in place of the feminine star, and admired him as much as she despised said star, for the feat he did and she didn't.

Louise belonged to a large family of girls, from whom one or more could easily be spared. So when Breck noticed her, and found spice in her brown eyes' adulation, it was easily arranged. Of course it took a little time, because there is a certain decorum to be observed, even when one girl or so can easily be spared. But after a couple of weeks they were married. And Louise went to live on the edge of Hollywood with Breck.

For a while she worshiped her hero, and thrilled and worried and gasped and wept at his doings. She even argued that he should adopt a less hazardous calling now that he was married—and having sufficiently demonstrated his heroism. But he did not even seem to hear her arguments. Literally, he did not take them in. He was simply intent on his spice of life, and took no interest in suggestions that seemed to offer flavorless things.

And then Louise found out that he had a mother. She discovered it through a casual remark of his about the place where he was born—it was no farther away than an outlying section of Los Angeles on the side farthest from Hollywood—and where, Breck calmly related, he thought his mother might be living yet.

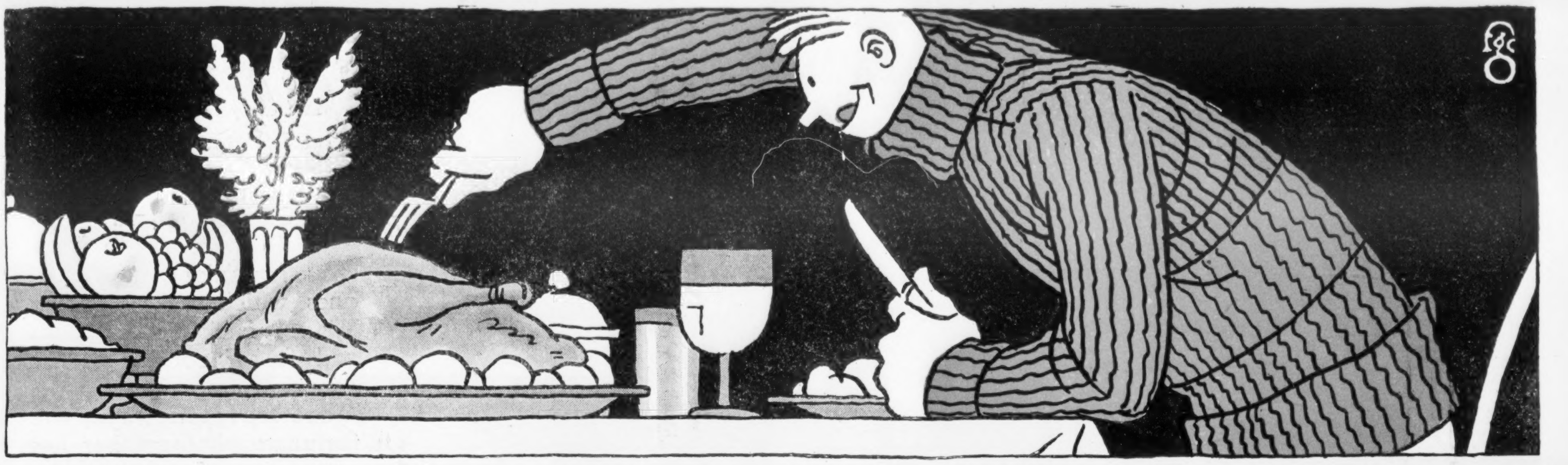
Louise was rather startled at first. Then she thought she could not have understood him. When she found out unmistakably that she had, she felt a queer sort of slow terror rise inside her while she sat and looked at him. His graham-brown face, his little blue eyes, his wide, leathery hands—suddenly they seemed to separate themselves from something she had thought he was. She asked him breathlessly if he was not ashamed to have neglected his mother, and he stared at her. He did not seem interested in that either. And suddenly Louise had a vision of what would be apt to happen one day, when he ceased to be interested in her. And she wondered at once why he was interested now, and in what that interest consisted. And she found no answer—except in the way he was eating his steak—with Worcestershire sauce.

Louise went across Los Angeles to the address he remembered without much difficulty. She found Mrs. Breck there, a broken-down, sickly woman, old at middle age, peevish, inclined to rail the moment she heard her son's name, and still more as soon as she learned that he was married. She looked at Louise sourly and suspiciously, until Louise showed that she had come to try to do something for her. And then Mrs. Breck burst out and told a long, sobbing story of washing and scrubbing and cleaning for other people for a living, of rheumatism and indigestion and poverty as her portion. She did not seem at first to blame her son. Her complaints were just complaints at fate. Her son had done approximately what other sons she knew had done. Of course he ought to take care of his mother, but that had apparently never been among her expectations. Now, however, she looked at her son's wife expectantly.

IT ALL seemed strangely pathetic to Louise, who was a nice girl with clear brown eyes. She began by trying to do something for Mrs. Breck. And that had its logical result. Mrs. Breck immediately began to lean, and Louise immediately found more to do for her. And then, from being sorry for her, and doing things for her, Louise began to feel something more for her. She did not know that it is inevitable that one cares where one serves—that one's heart follows one's investments. She just invested care and kindliness first in Mrs. Breck, and then found herself bound by a tie she had never anticipated.

Meanwhile Breck got a job to drive a car over a cliff into the sea, in the depiction of a criminal's dire end in an attempt to get away with ill-gotten gold. He was to have the usual thrill and the usual hundred. So he was busy again.

It was arranged that Louise should run over and stay with Mother Breck for the time that preparations were under way. He suggested it as if he had never thought of such a thing before, but had come upon it in his mind just when he wanted something of the kind, as one stumbles (Continued on page 48)



Eating to Win

You'll find few champions among those who dine not wisely but too well

By GRANTLAND RICE

"I HAVE just made a useful discovery," a certain football coach remarked during the fall campaign. "It is the close relation between nerves and food.

"During the early part of the season several members of my team complained of indigestion and other stomach ills after eating the seven-o'clock dinner that followed a hard game. So a few of them tried out the system of delaying their dinner until nine or ten o'clock, several hours after the game was over. They found complete relief from any digestive ailments. So I now have them all adopting this plan."

The football players mentioned had all been under high nervous tension a short time before dining, and, like something approaching 98 per cent of the human race, they had no knowledge of the close relationship between nerves and diet.

Some time ago a certain eminent specialist tried an experiment. A bowl of milk was placed in a vacant room and a dog was brought in. The dog drank the milk in peace. A few hours later an operation on the dog disclosed the fact that his digestive apparatus had functioned perfectly.

The next day several dogs were brought in together. There was much snarling, growling and fighting over the milk. Each dog was allowed the same ration the lone dog had been given the day before. But this time the milk was drunk in excitement and anger—and several hours later almost none of it had been digested.

The difference between eating a meal in peace and eating a meal with the nervous system keyed up is the difference between good health and poor health.

During a recent amateur golf championship I happened to have breakfast with two of the semifinalists. They had been under the heaviest sort of nervous pressure all the week. Almost every drive, approach and putt in a hard match had meant their elimination or their continuation in the direction of the title.

Those two golfers were in perfect condition. Neither was over twenty-three. Their hard play through the week, with the long hiking involved, had built up healthy appetites. Breakfast was ordered, but after a brief period of eating I noticed that neither had the same interest in his food. But they continued to eat and after the meal had been finished both complained of indigestion. They were considerably upset, although the breakfast eaten had been extremely simple.

Neither of those players had appreciated what nerve pressure means to the digestive organs. They attempted to eat another healthy meal at luncheon time after the forenoon round, with the same result. During the same tournament, when I stopped by for a minute to speak to Bobby Jones, I noticed that his lunch consisted of crackers and a bowl of milk. Bobby, although only twenty-three years old, is a wise and shrewd youngster. He had been at the game for nine years. Much earlier in his career, some time before he was twenty, when digestive systems are not supposed to count, he had noticed that he played well in the forenoon, but that often his play fell off badly in the afternoon.

And Eating to Lose

HE HAD also noticed that he wasn't feeling quite as spry and brisk, although a hardy, healthy youngster of seventeen or eighteen. He had been a first-class eater through that period. He decided to make the experiment referred to with the crackers and milk, and he found immediate relief.

The digestive organs will absorb almost no food during a period of nervous strain. The entire system is upset, and the only remedy is to let the fluttering nerves subside, no matter what the food craving may be.

Attempting to eat with the nerves in a tangle also has a bad effect upon competitive play. I recall a good many years ago playing golf one forenoon with the late Christy Mathewson, then the brilliant pitching star of the New York Giants.

After the morning round we came in for lunch. "I am not eating lunch today," Mathewson said. "It is my turn to pitch this afternoon, and I made the discovery some time ago that by omitting lunch on the day I worked I had more speed, better control and a clearer head. I tried out both systems—eating and not eating—several times to be sure that I was right.

"I felt a little weak on my first experiment when I went into the box. I didn't expect to last the full game. But I had more stuff that day than I had known for some time, my curve ball was working better, and my head was much clearer all through the game. I was surer of myself all the way.

"Once in a while I take a glass of milk for an early lunch if I have had an early breakfast, but as a rule I don't eat lunch on the day I pitch. There is always something of a nervous strain when you know you are slated to pitch before a good crowd, and I believe this has something to do with the upset that follows eating."

No record has been kept of the eating habits followed by older golfers who have died upon the course in the midst of a round. The few cases that happened to come under my observation, direct or indirect, were all of the same type. In each case the older golfer had played through the forenoon, eating a substantial lunch before the afternoon match.

There is plenty of nerve strain for the golfer who can't break 100. He also has his moments of trial and stress, of excitement, wrath, thrills and suspense. All of this is none too quieting on the nerves. Those men who died on the course all ate heartily when a bowl of milk with a few crackers would have been quite enough.

One of the veterans had just completed a midday meal of lobster and ice cream. He holed a good putt to halve the first hole and, a moment after hitting his tee shot on the second, dropped dead. He was another who had never appreciated the proper team play of nerves and diet.

Rhythm, according to no less a judge than Bob Zuppke, Illinois' famous football coach, is the foundation of competitive success, no matter what the game. And the foundation of rhythm is relaxation. Relaxation is also the foundation of proper digestion. Few are relaxed to any extent just before a hard contest or just after a hard contest. They need the passing of time to allow their jumping nerves to settle in repose.

It so happens that this matter concerns many millions of us. And it is far more important than any but a few of us ever realize. Competition means exercise, and exercise often means hunger or the craving for food. And this is where the greater part of the damage follows. Competitors, above all others, young or middle-aged or old, male or female, should take food with the greatest possible care.

A competition on the field and a competition at the table are two very different things. There have been any number of star young ball players who have eaten themselves from the majors to Class C leagues by attempting to combine the two.

Any nerve strain should be followed by the lightest sort of eating. If football players, fighters, young golfers and others in fine physical condition can be drastically affected by food during the hours of contest, it is easy enough to see how others who are not so well trained may suffer. And this can apply to the nerve strain of business as well as to the nerve strain of sport.

When the nervous system is under pressure the best advice from all trainers who know their job is this: the less food the better, until relaxation finally arrives. Ten thousand people are killed by improper eating habits against two that starve to death or underdiet.

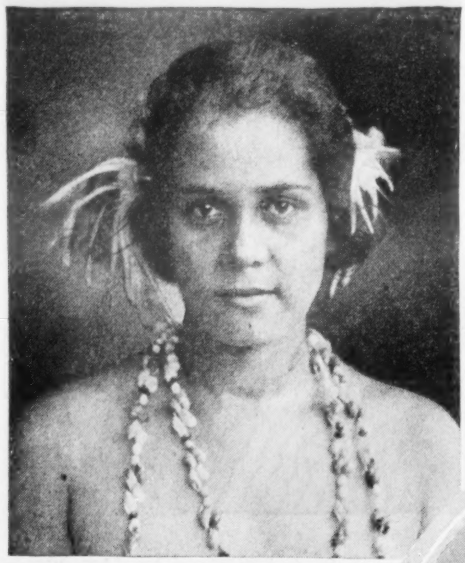
Collier's All-America Football Team

GRANTLAND RICE has seen as many of this year's stars as one pair of exceptionally good eyes could watch. And football coaches and experts in every section—the same men who helped Walter Camp—are sending in their opinions. In an early issue Collier's twenty-seventh All-America Football Team will appear, chosen by the ablest sports authority in the country:

GRANTLAND RICE

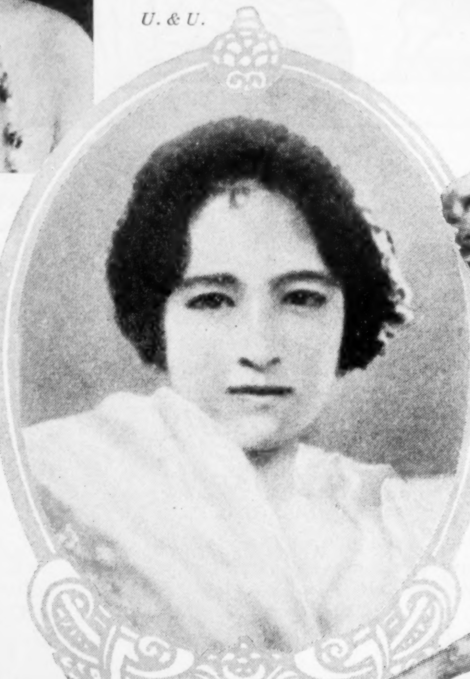
American

NOR Broadway nor Hollywood can justly lay claim to all the fair ones which make America What It is To-day. In nooks and far-off corners of the continent, as well as in the more-traveled ways, the fortunate photographer has come upon fit subjects for a ballad of beauty.



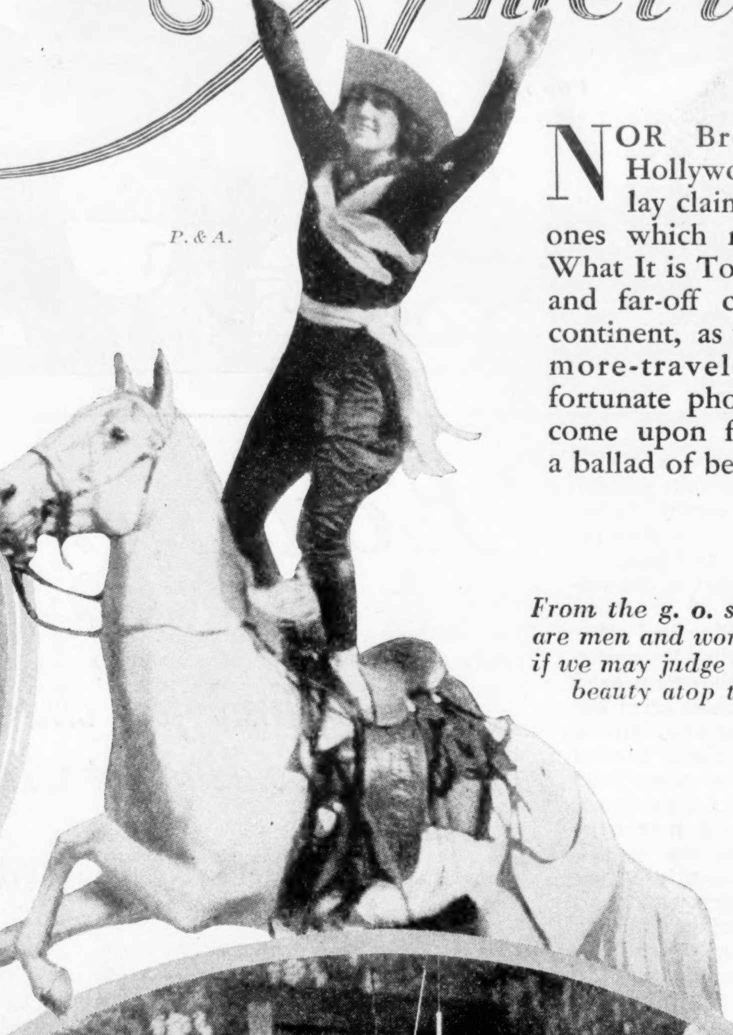
© Salisbury from Galloway

Underneath the South Sea moon, famed by song writers, reign beaded beauties like this. She'd win any beauty contest among the 8,000 citizens of American Samoa



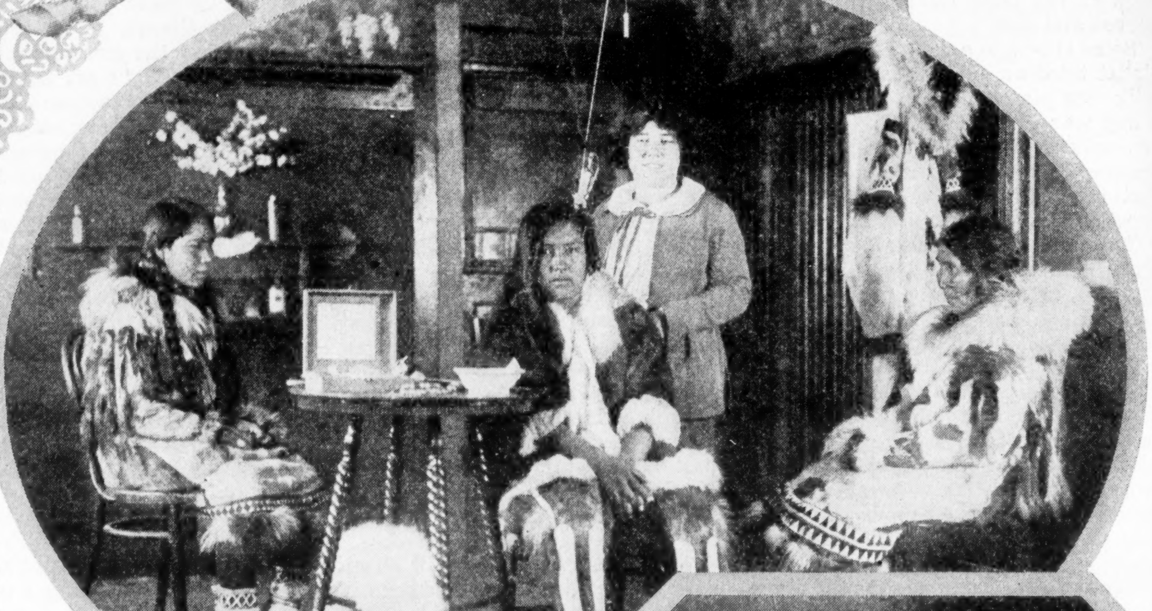
U. & U.

There's no beauty shortage in the 3,141 isles that comprise the Philippines if the alluring lady at the right is a fair example of what the islands offer in the way of really important attractions



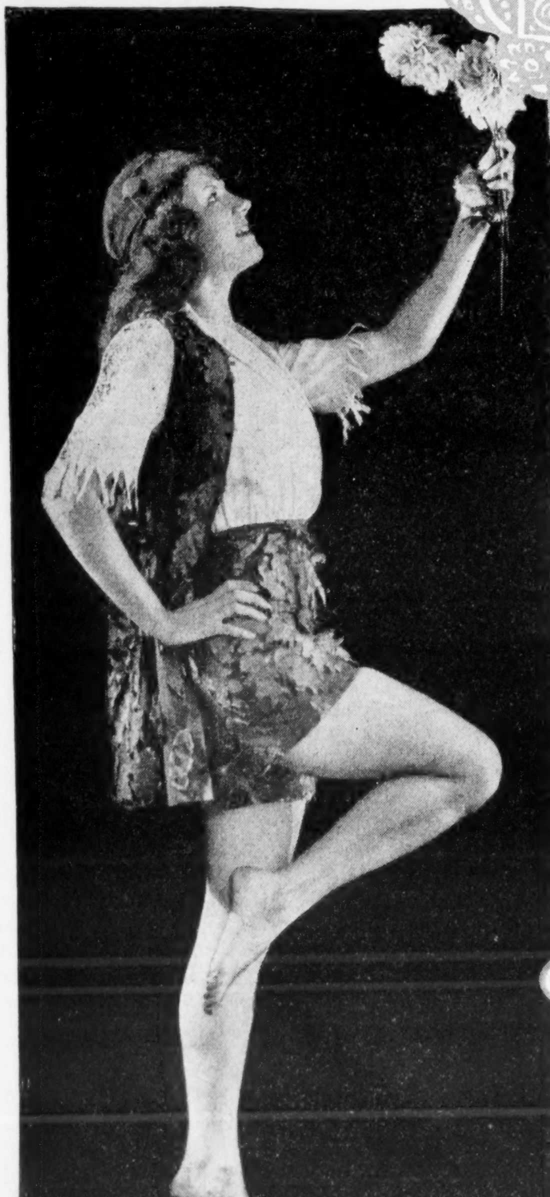
P. & A.

From the g. o. spaces—where men are men and women are knockouts, if we may judge from this energetic beauty atop the r'arin' steed



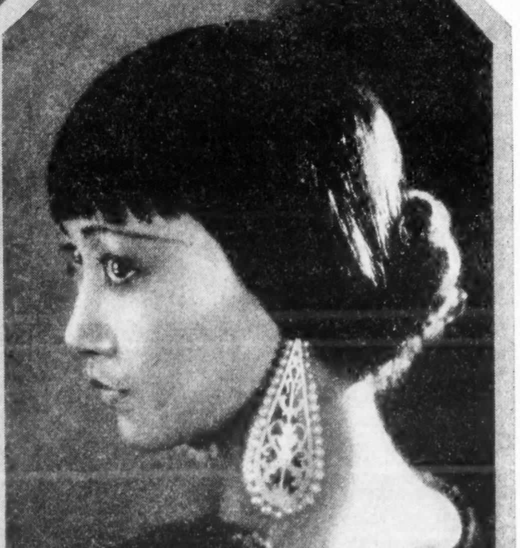
©Kleinschmidt from P. & A.

Now, if Dr. Cook had told us about this arctic beauty parlor we shouldn't have believed him. But you can't get around the picture. Mother (right) doesn't approve, but you know how flappers are



© U. & U.

The leaves suggest that this New York delicacy, Dorothy Knapp of the Ziegfeld Follies, is impersonating The Spirit of Autumn—but the pose of the right foot is reminiscent of a resident of New Jersey attacked by mosquitoes!



United Artists

As charming and delightful an example of the Chinese-American type as any section of the nation boasts is Anna May Wong of the films

Beauties

MISS CALIFORNIA

The rest of the nation wouldn't let California hog all the credit for Fay Lanphier. So they hailed her "Miss America"

The blanket and the kitten don't contribute in any way to the charm of this New Mexico miss (below) but they couldn't spoil it. And she wouldn't pose without them

© Newman from Publishers' Photo Service

© Kadel & Herbert

This real American beauty not only pledged allegiance to her flag but recently aided a drive to place another star on it to represent the Indian people

Salisbury from Galloway

The awning looks like spring-cleaning to American eyes but the young lady above wears it so as to enhance her beauty. She's making San Francisco a fairer place to live in

Ewing Galloway

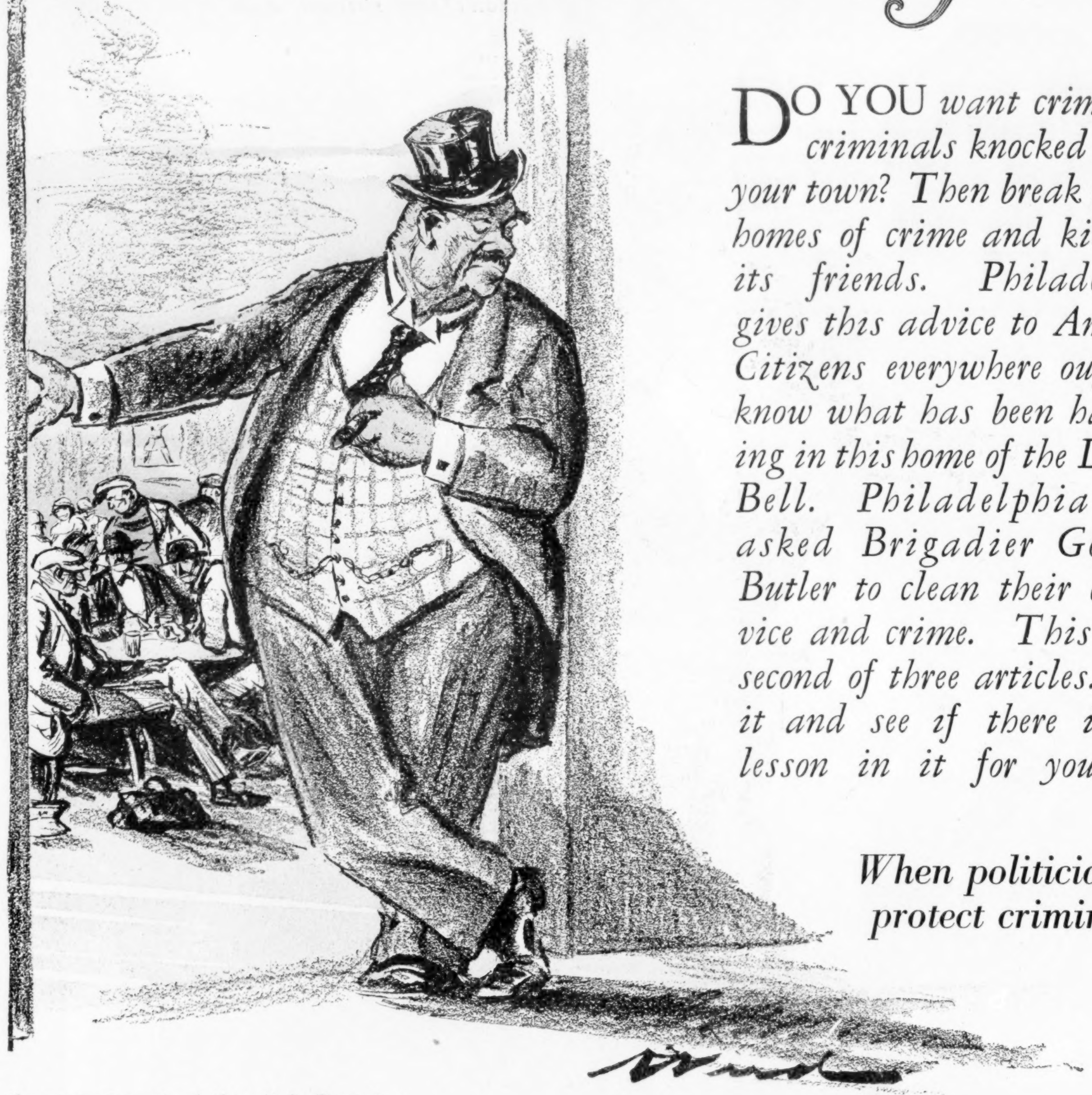
Hawaii does much to atone for the universal ukulele plague by contributing Miss Waikiki to the pulchritude of the nations

© Newman from Publishers' Photo Service

The principal exports of Porto Rico are coffee and elevator operators. Here's one of the products jealously kept at home

Crime in the home of its

DO YOU want crime and criminals knocked out of your town? Then break up the homes of crime and kick out its friends. Philadelphia gives this advice to America. Citizens everywhere ought to know what has been happening in this home of the Liberty Bell. Philadelphia folks asked Brigadier General Butler to clean their city of vice and crime. This is the second of three articles. Read it and see if there isn't a lesson in it for your city



When politicians protect criminals—

THE St. Regis, at Seventh and Race streets, was the hardest criminal joint to smash in all Philadelphia. A man named Irish ran it. He had political pull. "The police can't take me in," he boasted.

All along the streets leading to his hotel he had guards who stood near telephones. Each guard carried a nickel in his vest pocket. He was known as a "nickel man." He phoned to Irish the moment he saw the slightest sign of a raid.

Four thick doors, such as are used on ice boxes, formed the main entrance of the St. Regis. At the door on the sidewalk stood a guard near a push button. It was his job to push that button and warn Irish. One push of that button and the four doors would close. By the time the police could chop their way through them, all signs of disorder within could be removed.

A policewoman, "slumming" with one of the town's chief crooks, found out about the "nickel men," the push-button guard, the four doors and a secret electric switch, hidden behind a curtain in the cloakroom that could be used to throw the place into darkness.

Policemen's wives as well as policemen were used to "get" Irish's place. In evening clothes, with their wives properly gowned, three taxi loads of policemen got past the "nickel men" in the side streets.

Two men in evening clothes got out of the first taxi before the entrance. They walked toward the doorman. The doorman probably heard a thick-soled shoe squeak. He reached toward the bell. A policeman's blackjack settled across his skull and put him in a hospital.

A dozen policemen, even more properly weaponed than they were garbed, passed through the four doorways and began a battle that lasted half an hour. "Shoot to kill," General Butler had told his criminal chasers. There was no shooting that night, but the policemen in white shirt fronts and other detectives who came broke tables, chairs, pictures, furnishings, dishware, musical instruments, heads—everything they could lay their blackjacks on. This was cold, calculated roughness; it was also vengeance for Irish's boast.

But Irish had been *almost* right. At Police Headquarters, while the great Irish stood leaning disconsolately against the wall, the telephone rang. A man who gave the name of Magistrate O'Connor, who serves in Irish's district, said, "Look here! You fellows can't lay your hands on Irish."

"We can't, hey?" answered the head of the detectives. "We've already done it." But Irish got off lightly in court the next day. So did most of the others caught in the raid.

Why? Where does crime find its friends? The answer is easy when you know the conditions Butler found in Philadelphia when he came to "clean up the town."

By personal permission of the President of the United States, granted at the almost frenzied request of Mayor-elect W. Freeland Kendrick and a committee of Philadelphia citizens, General Smedley D. Butler was sent to take over the management of the city's Department of Public Safety and save Philadelphia from a reign of crime.

Butler didn't know that some of the leading politicians of Philadelphia, defenders of vice, were in that group.

He found a maze of politics in the police department. Policemen, who were to be his soldiers in the fight against crime and criminals, had been put into office years before by politicians and had been kept there, in spite of drunkenness and graft. Some policemen on the force were over eighty years of age. The *average* age of Philadelphia policemen was fifty-four years! It still is. It ought, by American police standards, to be about forty years.

Couldn't Fire Bad Soldiers

BUTLER discovered that he couldn't discharge policemen; the Civil Service Commission only could do that, and it was controlled by the politicians who had first appointed the policeman. In his coming battle against vice and crime he had to take the soldiers that were given him.

Butler needed help. He went to George W. Elliott, fire marshal, who knows Philadelphia politics inside and out, and offered him the post of assistant director of public safety. "I'll be like a blind bat in an alley if you don't take this job and help me," the general said.

It is to the everlasting credit of George W. Elliott, as fine a type of young American as can be found, that he answered yes to Butler's plea.

He didn't take the job in a hurry either. He knew what it would mean to go against the politicians. "It'll finish me," he told Butler, "and I want to talk things over with my wife first." Elliott did more than talk to his wife; that famous young fire marshal of Philadelphia not only goes to church but believes in God. He prayed about taking the stormy job—and he took it. The politicians had prepared beforehand to put into that job—of adviser and aid to Butler—a politician who would have turned Butler, if possible, into a groping, bewildered figurehead of an official, a "blind bat." Elliott's acceptance changed all that. Throughout the twenty-three months of Butler's effort to clean up Philadelphia, Elliott was his right-hand man. And right here is a good place to insert a want ad:

Perhaps you know a business man who needs the services of some clean-cut and conscientious young executive, square-jawed, blue-eyed and as honest as daylight. Address "George W. Elliott, City Hall, Philadelphia," and write your letters on the day that Butler leaves the city hall and goes back to the marines. There is a certain congressman named William S. Vare—he is the political boss of Philadelphia—who is ready, so political reporters of Philadelphia tell me, to put Elliott out on the sidewalk as soon as Butler goes, if citizens permit it.

© Harris & Ewing

Congressman William S. Vare is political boss of Philadelphia

Butler started off his war against crime and vice with a bang—and with an army which, in the main, would not fight. It was not an honest army; its soldiers had secret bosses, the politicians.

The Civil Service Commission of Philadelphia consists of William F. Kreider, a politician of the old school; Charles F. Martin, a business man, and Arthur Eaton, another politician.

Politicians have got jobs for most of the policemen of Philadelphia, and Kreider and his two associates help them to hold their jobs as policemen.

"We find no due reason for dismissal of this officer," is the report that the Civil Service Commission frequently makes to Butler. Butler can do nothing more than fine men.

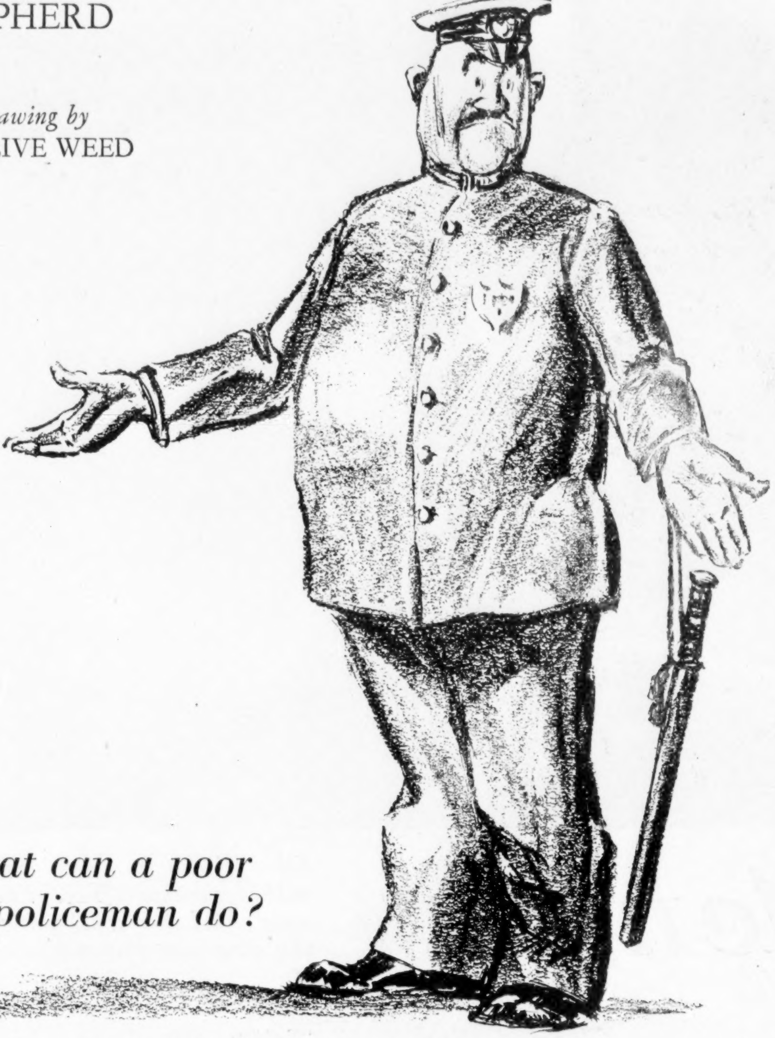
A policeman was found guilty by his superiors of extorting a bribe of $150 from a beer-wagon driver. "We find no reason for dismissal in this case," reported Kreider and his commission, but suggested that Butler punish him. This action forced Butler to keep the extortioner on the force. He's there to-day.

Two policemen were found guilty by the police board of accosting a housewife on the street when they were drunk and of following her into her home. Both insulted her, and after one had left the house the other attempted an

friends

By
WILLIAM G.
SHEPHERD

Drawing by
CLIVE WEED



—what can a poor policeman do?

assault. "We cannot find reason for dismissal in this case," reported Kreider and his commission. Butler had to keep the men and could do nothing more than fine them.

A policeman was found guilty of drunkenness on duty, of arresting a citizen without cause, and with taking to the police station a young lady who rebuked him for swearing and obscenity. "We cannot find reason for dismissal in this case," reported Kreider and his commission. He's still on the force.

Of forty-eight policemen who were dismissed by the Civil Service Commission for offenses so flagrant that causes for dismissal could not be ignored, eighteen have recently been reinstated. There are members of the Philadelphia police force who have been guilty of criminal acts for which they should have been turned over to the criminal courts, but they are still in uniform, and Butler, blocked by the Civil Service Commission, cannot remove them.

Make-Believe Clean-up Wanted

POLICEMEN of this type are often traitors. They are on the side of the vice which Butler is fighting, in spite of their uniforms. They give advanced news to vicemongers, when they can get it, of plans for raids and arrests. That's the army with which Butler started his fight in Philadelphia. It hasn't changed very much in the twenty-three months of his service. He had picked out about 250 men for what he calls his "Unit No. 1." They have a separate building of their own. They make all the raids against vice in the city. Butler says most of them are honest. But "Unit No. 1" is a new development.

"My first job," says Butler, "was to reassure the citizens of Philadelphia of the safety of their lives and property against criminals. Safety came first; civic righteousness—the enforcement of all laws—would be my next step. But I knew that the way to gain the friendship of all citizens was to make them feel safe in their homes or on the streets at night."

Perhaps you wouldn't think that thieves, thugs, holdup men, safe blowers and dope fiends would have friends among the town's political leaders. Butler didn't, at first.

"I thought everybody was honest," he told me. "I thought the political powers really wanted Philadelphia cleaned up. But pretty quickly I discovered that all they wanted was to make the citizens of Philadelphia *believe* that it had been cleaned up."

Butler, to his amazement, discovered that the policemen and the detectives knew the haunts of the holdup men and criminals who were in town. They also knew the criminals personally. The crooks had definite hangouts. The Pekin Hotel, at Franklin Street and Girard Avenue, was one. The Martinique was another. The St. Regis Hotel, run by Mr. Irish, was a third. It was perhaps the worst. A police stool pigeon one night saw a group of the guests of this hotel collect $5,000 to send to a murderer in Canada to pay him for a job of killing that he had done. To the St. Regis every big criminal who entered Philadelphia made his way. There he could live in comfortable rooms, lay his plots with other criminals, have his women; dine, dance and drink. And there, when he got in trouble with the law, his friends could raise his bail money and set him free.

"We must close these hangouts of criminals," said Butler to his associates.

"For God's sake, Director, don't do that!" said the chief of detectives.

"Why not?" asked Butler.

"Why, we know right where to catch the criminals if we let these places keep going. We encourage the hangouts."

Butler appointed a new chief of detectives next day. A considerable number of old-time detectives advised the director to keep these places open. "We can always turn up our man if we know his hangout," they said. Butler demoted these detectives to be patrolmen at suburban points.

"You fellows want to keep criminals in Philadelphia so you can catch them—sometimes," said Butler. "I want to drive them out of Philadelphia so that citizens will be safe and so that we won't ever have to hunt for criminals in our town."

Within a space of eight days the police took 2,571 prisoners. So Butler began his drive on the nests. Irish never opened the St. Regis again after his arrest.

Butler made his raids against the hangouts of criminals desperately; he used "force without stint." To him this was war; Philadelphia was invaded by criminals; it had so humbled itself as to do the amazing thing of appealing to the federal government for rescue from crime. Butler was the rescuer.

Violent crime began to dwindle for the simple reason that the criminals began to leave town.

The little private bell on the door jamb of his private entry began to tingle frequently as Butler started to drive out the criminals who really were a menace to the safety of Philadelphia's citizens. Politicians actually asked him to permit certain criminals to remain in town; they actually asked to have the police keep their hands off certain saloons and dives.

A man who had carried this or that ward for the political crowd would enter the office and tell Butler how much he was in favor of law enforcement. "I'm with you all the way, Mr. Director," such a man would say; he would promise support in law enforcement.

"And, by the way," such a man would say—Butler heard this so many times that he finally ceased to treat such visitors with any great courtesy—"I wish you could have Officer So-and-so put on such-and-such a beat."

Every time that Butler, by means of investigators, delved into such requests he would discover that his visitor had a political if not a financial interest in vice and crime in his district and that the policeman he asked for was in political debt to the visitor; had been so, perhaps, for many years, and would continue to be so after Butler had gone back to the marines.

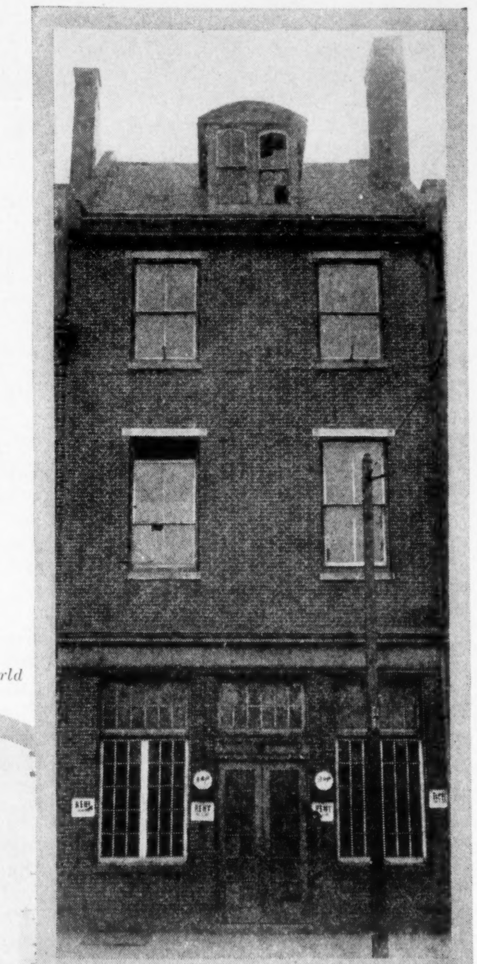
"They were always telling the policemen and the criminals that I would be gone soon," Butler says.

"I discovered that policemen were in the habit of taking about $10 a week from each house of prostitution to allow it to run. For that $1.43 a day a policeman would permit women to scatter the poison of disease.

"As soon as we had closed up the so-called high-toned houses of prostitution which were visited by the higher class of men, I realized that in the houses of the lower order we had nothing but disease breeders. All of the women in these houses that were taken to the morals courts were diseased; there was no exception.

"Most of them came from the coal-mining towns of Pennsylvania. They had been careless about their morals in their home towns, and when they had finally faced disgrace among their neighbors they had come to Philadelphia."

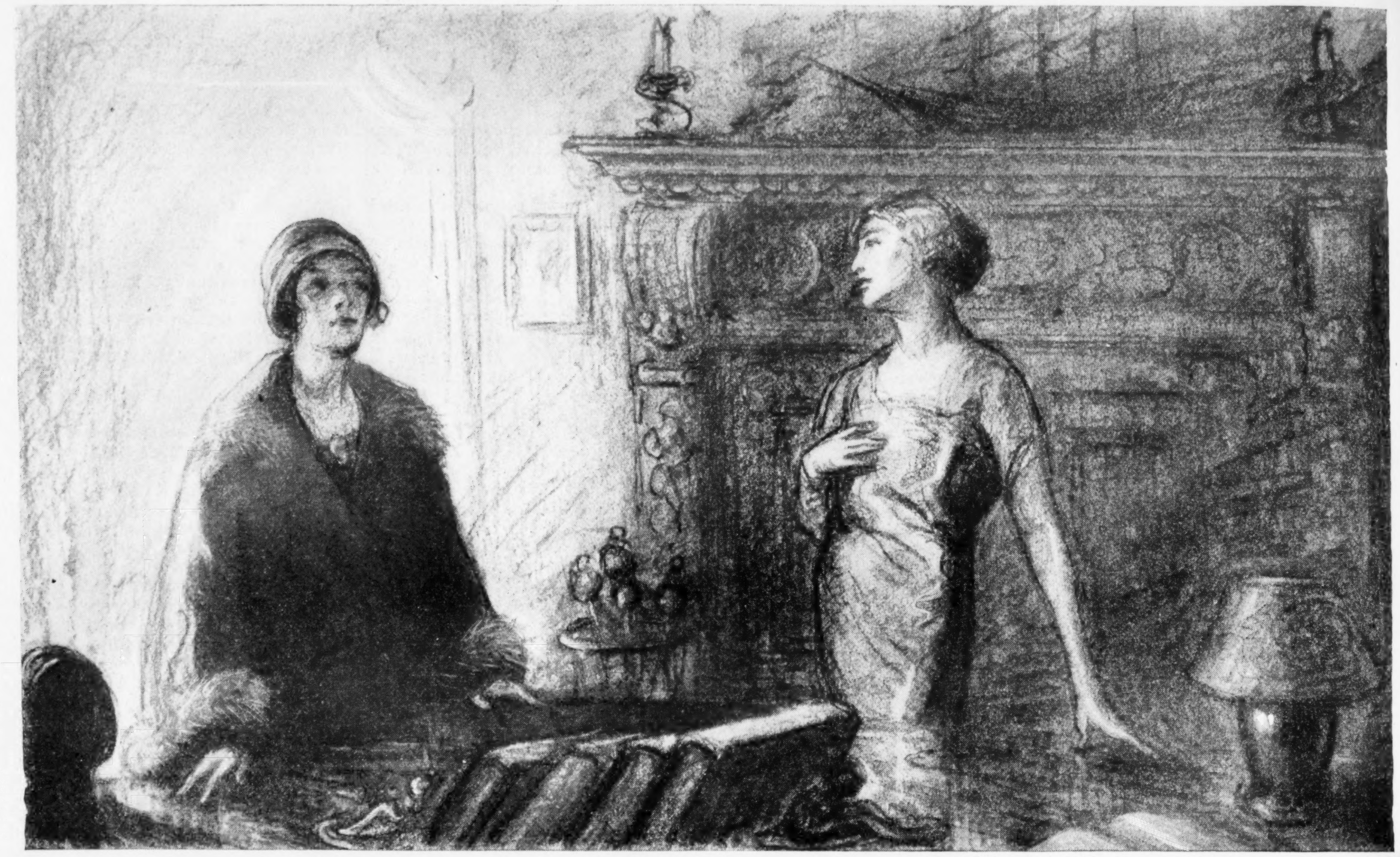
After he had first closed these houses, Butler turned his attention to other problems, dismissing the Tenderloin from his mind. (*Continued on page 38*)



Wide World

The St. Regis, hangout of criminals, now wears "for rent" signs

Wood Street in Philadelphia's Tenderloin, where houses of prostitution were closed seven times in eighteen months



Ellen Willingham's voice trembled with passion: "You knew that your husband was going to see the man you pretend to care for"

Challenge

By
OCTAVUS ROY
COHEN

Here is a short short story, a duel between two women, with a climax that turns upon a single word. Next week: Zona Gale

SHEER curiosity impelled Christine Roberts to accept the challenge of the other woman's card, but before descending to the living-room she took great pains to see that she looked her stately best.

Christine was impressive: tall and willowy and austerely beautiful, provided one did not probe too deeply into the green-gray eyes. She preened herself before the pier glass. After all, her visitor was, under present circumstances, a person of some consequence. She was the wife of Ted Willingham—and there had been a great deal of gossip coupling Ted's name with Christine's.

Ellen Willingham rose as Christine entered the room. She was pretty in a mild sort of way. "Sweet looking," was Christine's instant verdict. Christine liked sweet-looking women: they provided effective contrast to her own regal lines. She advanced with hand outstretched, but there was a queerly hostile look in the eyes which met hers squarely as the hand was ignored. And, peculiarly enough, it was Ellen who struck first: "Do you know where your husband is, Mrs. Roberts?"

Christine was proud of her poise, but it came near to deserting her. She fell back hurriedly on a defense of curtness: "May I ask what business that is of yours?"

"You know perfectly well." Direct little person, this Ellen Willingham; deceptively abrupt. "Your husband has heard of the gossip about you and Ted."

Christine was becoming oriented to the situation. She shrugged one perfect shoulder. "Oh, that! There really is nothing between your husband and myself save a harmless flirtation."

"Precisely. I know that and you know it. But the world doesn't know it. And your husband doesn't believe it."

"What makes you think that?"

"You and Norvel Roberts quarreled just before he left this house an hour ago. You quarreled because someone had just told him of a certain indiscreet episode involving you and my husband. He demanded a promise that you would see no more of Ted. You refused."

Christine's forehead puckered into a frown of annoyance. "Has Norvel been reporting to you?"

"Not exactly. I'm merely letting you know that I am not in ignorance of anything. Even of one thing you did not know."

"And that is—?"

"That when Norvel Roberts left this house he went in search of my husband. And he carried a revolver."

"I knew that."

"You knew it!" Ellen Willingham's voice trembled with passion. "Good God! You knew that your husband was going to see the man you pretend to care for, and you made no effort—"

"I do not pretend to care for Ted. We are merely friendly. And as for Norvel's gun: that was mere masculine theatricalism. Something to impress me. I laughed at him—"

"Of course you did. Naturally! Your husband—an ex-army officer and one of the finest pistol shots in this state—going with a revolver to seek a man who scarcely knows how to handle a gun. And you laughed at him! You fool—"

"For goodness' sake, Mrs. Willingham, I must beg of you to cease declaiming like a cheap actress. I am not interested in where my husband went, or why. Nor do I care to learn that your husband is not quite so good a shot as mine. As a matter of fact, the whole affair is silly and doesn't interest me. As to my friendship with your husband, the sooner society learns to tolerate friendships—"

"Rotten friendships! Ted didn't know until recently that people were talking. Not that he wasn't to blame too, but he had never considered. . . . I hate women of your stamp, Christine Roberts! You play with life and death and you don't play fair. Decent! Technically you're decent—actually you are rotten clear through."

"Stop!"

"I shan't stop. You caused this: playing on a decent, impressionable man and a fine husband. Your whole life isn't worth the little finger of either man. And then when something goes wrong and you have the chance of straightening things out, you laugh at your husband: laugh at him when he flourishes his gun. Can't you see what that would do? Maybe he didn't intend to kill Ted—then. But after you had laughed . . ."

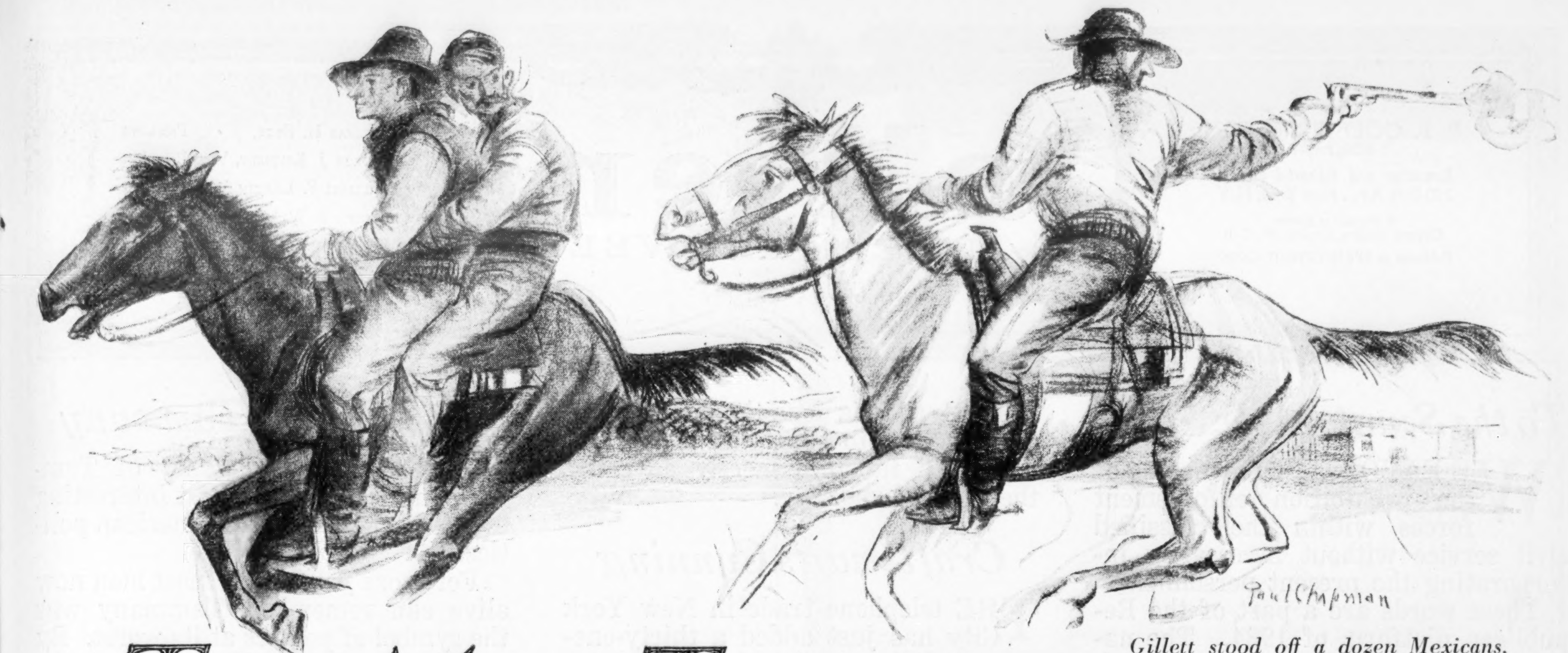
Christine was cold with fury. "I refuse to hear any more of this. And I will not tolerate your presence in this house another minute."

"Your husband left this house with the intention of murdering Ted." Ellen was oblivious to the other's fierce anger. "Perhaps he did not know that Ted keeps a revolver in his desk drawer . . . but your husband is a trained revolver shot. When he went to Ted's office it was with the idea of committing murder."

"Enough!" Christine towered over the other woman. "You forget that you are talking to Norvel Roberts' wife."

Ellen Willingham fell back a step. She met the eyes of the other woman squarely, and spoke in a tense, subdued voice.

"You are wrong," she said softly. "I am talking to Norvel Roberts' widow."



Gillett stood off a dozen Mexicans, and they got their prisoner across

The Man Trapper

The story of Jim Gillett, who kept the peace with a six-shooter and whose business was bagging bad men

By OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by
PAUL CHAPMAN

AS AN influence in the wild and unruly life of the Southwest the six-shooter—not the present-day automatic which heats in action and looks like a monkey wrench, but the old-fashioned Colt pistol, with its definite and certain method of arbitrating disputes, winding up arguments and determining the possession of property—has to be taken seriously into consideration.

Behind these six-shooters, as they blazed back and forth in the cattle wars, Indian fights, personal combats and barroom jubilees, there were many kinds of men. Of these the professional gunman, the insatiable killer, the bandit, the train robber and the cattle thief are frequently discussed, but hardly ever does one read a tale of an industrious peace officer who used his gun always as an instrument of reform and sent forth his bullets, every one of them, as messengers of civilization.

Down in Texas everybody, from the Panhandle to Brownsville and from El Paso to the Sabine River, knows Jim Gillett. They see him to-day, in his own country, west of the Pecos, as a prosperous gentleman who has discarded the four-gallon hat, wears his pants on the outside of his boots, guides the destiny of a bank, ships mild-mannered, white-faced cattle to market and goes abroad himself when he feels like it. There is nothing about him to remind one of gun battles, Indian wars and the sudden administration of border justice, and yet there is probably not a man alive in Texas to-day who saw more of those things and partook more liberally of their delights than this same quiet gentleman.

When Jim Gillett was sixteen years old he was denied the privilege, enjoyed by so many adventurous young men of the 70's, of being able to run away from home and go to Texas. Having been born in Austin on November 4, 1856, he was already an accidental inhabitant of the land of the gun toter, cattle rustler and renegade refugee; and hence, when the spirit of adventure moved him to migrate, all he could do was go farther west in his own state.

This, however, was quite a move. Texas in those days—owing to the hair-trigger eccentricity of its population and the fact that the only mode of travel acceptable to the man of daring was aboard the back of a cow horse—was a good deal bigger and more risky to get around in than it is at present.

He Shows His Stuff

THEREFORE when Jim Gillett, taking advantage of his father's temporary absence from home, decided that he was going to cut loose from the parental fireside and head for the frontier counties, it meant that he was going to introduce himself, without credentials, into the midst of a very turbulent and reckless social group.

Gillett made his first appearance before that group in a rather spectacular and characteristic manner. When he reached Coleman County, a five days' ride from his home, he annexed himself to a group of cow hunters, hung around for a couple of meals and finally, being only sixteen and timid about business affairs, summoned up enough nerve to ask Mr. Cooksey, the boss, for a job. Cooksey, who was a "hard" man, looked the lad over and said, with something of a jeer in his tone:

"What can *you* do?"

"Anything," answered Gillett.

"All right," snapped Cooksey, as he threw his rope over a big, bad-eyed bay, "ride this horse for me and you've got a job."

"Don't do it, kid," advised a tall puncher, "that fellow's an outlaw an' he'll kill you."

"Can't help it," said Gillett. "I need the work."

It took four men to saddle and bridle the horse. Gillett got aboard, dug in his spurs, and the punchers let go. It was the regular battle except that this horse, whose prairie technique had, up to that time, enabled him to rid his back of all comers, was now being "rode." At last, in desperation, the animal went up in the air for three successive, wicked jumps, and at the conclusion of the last one fell to the ground. This was the young man's chance to dismount with the honors of war. But he didn't do so. Disregarding the advice of even Cooksey himself, who was badly frightened, he spurred the horse back to his feet, stayed with him through another series of strenuous endeavors and then, to his undying glory in that particular cow camp, he rode the horse the rest of the day.

For the next three years, in company with men who were twice his age, Gillett hunted cows, fought Indians and led the life of the wild country which marked the extreme western edge of civilization in Texas. Several times he was sold, along with bunches of cattle, from one outfit to another. After one of these transfers he worked with a gang which was gathering stuff for the notorious Horrel brothers, who later became outstanding figures in the celebrated and bloody Horrel-Higgins feud in Lampasas County.

Bad Medicine for Fierce Reds

FINALLY, in April, 1875, Gillett suddenly made up his mind to join the Texas Rangers and, as wanting a job and getting it were simultaneous operations with this youngster, he was immediately accepted when he offered himself for enlistment in the company of Captain D. W. Roberts.

As we look at it to-day there is something romantic in the idea of a boy of nineteen becoming a peace officer in Texas in 1875. To that boy himself, however, there was no romance in it.

Before he had been in the service thirty days Gillett found out that hunting cows and hunting Indians were two entirely different branches of endeavor, but he also soon learned—and so did his superiors—that he was as good at one as he had been at the other. He rode as fearlessly and as cheerfully against a Comanche war party as he ever had into the middle of a herd of longhorns, and in the space of a few months he became known as one of the best scouts and trailers in the force.

Just Dying to Fight

ON ONE occasion Gillett, with three companions, rounded up and captured twelve men in Bandera County in one week, and, shortly following this exemplary clean-up, made in the name of law and order, he went on a hard ride with Captain Coldwell and five or six other rangers down to the Rio Grande and jailed fifty progressives who were organizing themselves into a band for the purpose of conducting raiding operations along the river.

At the conclusion of this last expedition—and after having put in a little of his spare time in making a single-handed capture of an exceptionally dangerous individual who had been recommended to him by his captain as a citizen whom it would be better to kill first and arrest later—Gillett, with several others of his company, under Lieutenant Reynolds, was sent into Kimble County for duty.

At that time Kimble County, because it abounded in game and fish and was conveniently covered with heavy timber, was more popular with the banditry of Texas than any other county in the state. Among these outlaws, as outstanding characters whose deeds had qualified them for the gallows, were three men, Dick and Dell Dublin, brothers, who were wanted on two or three charges of murder, and one Starke Reynolds, who had gained much fame as a successful all-around criminal, cattle thief and stage robber.

In October, 1877, Lieutenant Reynolds and his men entered Kimble County and made camp on the North Llano River. As soon as their horses had rested they began scouting. Every man they picked

(*Continued on page 36*)

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To the Senators the Spoils

"WE FAVOR . . . the placing of the prohibition enforcement forces within the classified civil service without necessarily incorporating the present personnel."

These words are a part of the Republican platform of 1924. The national lawmakers who meet next week will do well to recall this promise made to the American people on the eve of the last Presidential election.

The Congress is reputed to be the "driest" in history. Three fourths of all the members are counted prohibitionists. The fact is that many are dry in name only.

Charles Curtis of Kansas is the majority leader of the Senate, the representative of a dry state and the spokesman of the party which promised to put prohibition enforcement on a merit basis. Yet Senator Curtis believes that "the head of the prohibition-enforcement division could be assisted by consulting senators." In other words, he wants the spoils.

Hiram Bingham, one-time Yale professor turned Connecticut politician, believes that senators are competent to make recommendations as regards all appointments. Senator Edge of New Jersey is quite sure senators would not abuse the privilege of selecting prohibition directors. Many other conspicuous senators are of the same mind. They want the patronage. They have forgotten their party platform.

Other men differ. Borah, Capper, Lenroot, Norris, Glass, a former secretary of the treasury, are conspicuous among those who say plainly that prohibition enforcement agents should be selected solely on merit and that politics should be completely ignored.

The present disregard of the law, the bribery, corruption and violence which result from the injection of spoils politics into prohibition enforcement, are our national shame.

Under the best of conditions federal enforcement would be difficult: with dishonest incompetents in office it is impossible. Congress should lose no time in putting prohibition enforcement under the merit law. The majority party promised it before election. Until it is done those legislators who pretend to be dry while putting spoilsmen in office merely advertise their own hypocrisy.

Craftsman's Cunning

THE telephone trade in New York City has just added a thirty-one-story building to its other downtown tools. It towers above the rivers looking out into the sunset, housing nearly every sort of human activity, and enshrining the skill and faithfulness of men capable with their hands. Judging each other shrewdly, as such craftsmen do, the bricklayers picked Matthew Mahoney as their best, and he set the last brick before a crowd of civic and business dignitaries. The stonecutters nominated George Bain as their ablest, and he placed the bit of granite that finished the job.

Times and methods change. The scale of our cities and our structures alters incredibly between generations. But the true triumph of progress is not in skylines or statistics but in the known and honored skill of such folks as these.

Three Billions for Fun

BEGIN now to save money for next summer's vacation. A line-up of government figures leads to a reasonable conclusion that the American people spend about $3,000,000,000 a year for vacations. That's perhaps 5 per cent of our national income—a nickel wind-up for a 95-cent run.

The country has liberated itself from the conviction that the secret of success is ten hours a day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. The nation was chopped out of the woods and shoved over the mountains under that formula, but that was another day and another way.

The average vacation is two weeks, time enough to find out how a man three states away plants his corn, regulates motor traffic and catches fish; time enough to find out that there's a national mind, a national ambition and a national struggle. It is the best safeguard the country has against sectionalism and provincial conceit. It's cheap at $3,000,000,000.

The Rise of Tammany

THE present ascendancy of Tammany is one of the most interesting events in the history of American politics.

For more years than most men now alive can remember, Tammany was the symbol of politics at its worst. By a swift revolution in sentiment the symbol has lost its ancient meaning. Tammany is now respectable, more popular than ever in its long history.

The cause of the change is encouraging. Tammany has acquired a new reputation because it evinced a new character. Its success and popularity have been founded on achievement and on honest achievement, just as its earlier ill fame grew out of the corruption of its former leaders.

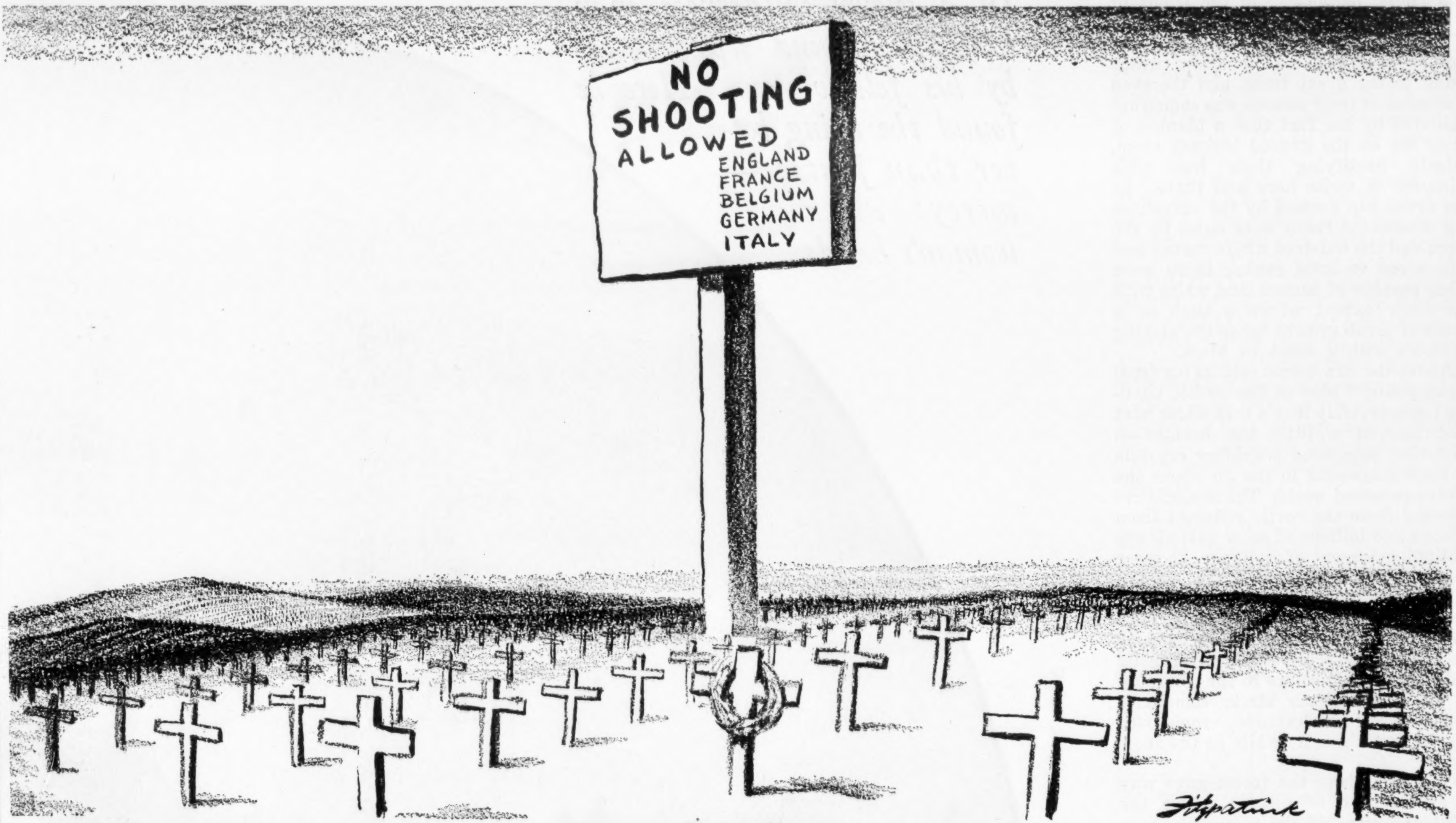
For as many years as the Republic has endured the Tammany organization has played its part in New York politics. On the whole, it has been neither better nor worse than other political bodies. The Republican machine in Philadelphia, the Democratic ring in Boston or Chicago or San Francisco have been essentially the same. Tammany has had a nationally known name but New York politicians have not differed from their fellows in other sections of the country.

By one of the accidents of history Tammany in later years has fallen under the domination of public-spirited men. Governor Alfred E. Smith in particular has led Tammany as Theodore Roosevelt guided the Republican party during his reign. What Governor Roosevelt did to "Tom" Platt's Republican machine Governor Smith has done for the Tammany of Croker and Murphy.

In each generation a brilliant leader has served the public through a political organization which had previously been discredited. To each man and to each party the voters of all faiths responded when the issue was clear and the cause good.

Tammany became a by-word and a curse when its leaders were concerned only to enrich themselves. It is now prospering because idealism rather than private gain is the dominating motive of its effective leaders.

There is hope for America in this.



Posted

Who Flouts Our Laws?

By NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS

Governor of Wyoming

IF THERE is any problem confronting our nation to-day more serious than the growing tendency to disregard of the law, if not indeed to derision and even defiance of it, I do not know what it is. And if our people have any obligation more grave than that of curbing this disregard of law it has not come to my attention.

My eleven months' experience in office has convinced me that this condition is the outgrowth of a two-fold neglect of duty—neglect of citizens to take interest in their government and neglect of parents to take interest in their homes. It is not for me to discuss here the waning influence of the home upon the growing generation, but I may properly say a word upon the declining interest in the affairs of government.

We are taught that ours is a government of the people—yet how many there are who think of the government as something apart from themselves—an institution in which they have no share and for which they have no responsibility. Too many even of our native-born citizens do not seem to realize that the great glory of our country is that here for the first time in the modern world the blessings and privileges and—quite as important—the obligations of self-government were won.

Every citizen, no matter how important and engrossing may be his private business, is under an obligation, which cannot finally be escaped, to support and defend the government. To evade this obligation means only to delay the reckoning and to make the final accounting all the heavier.

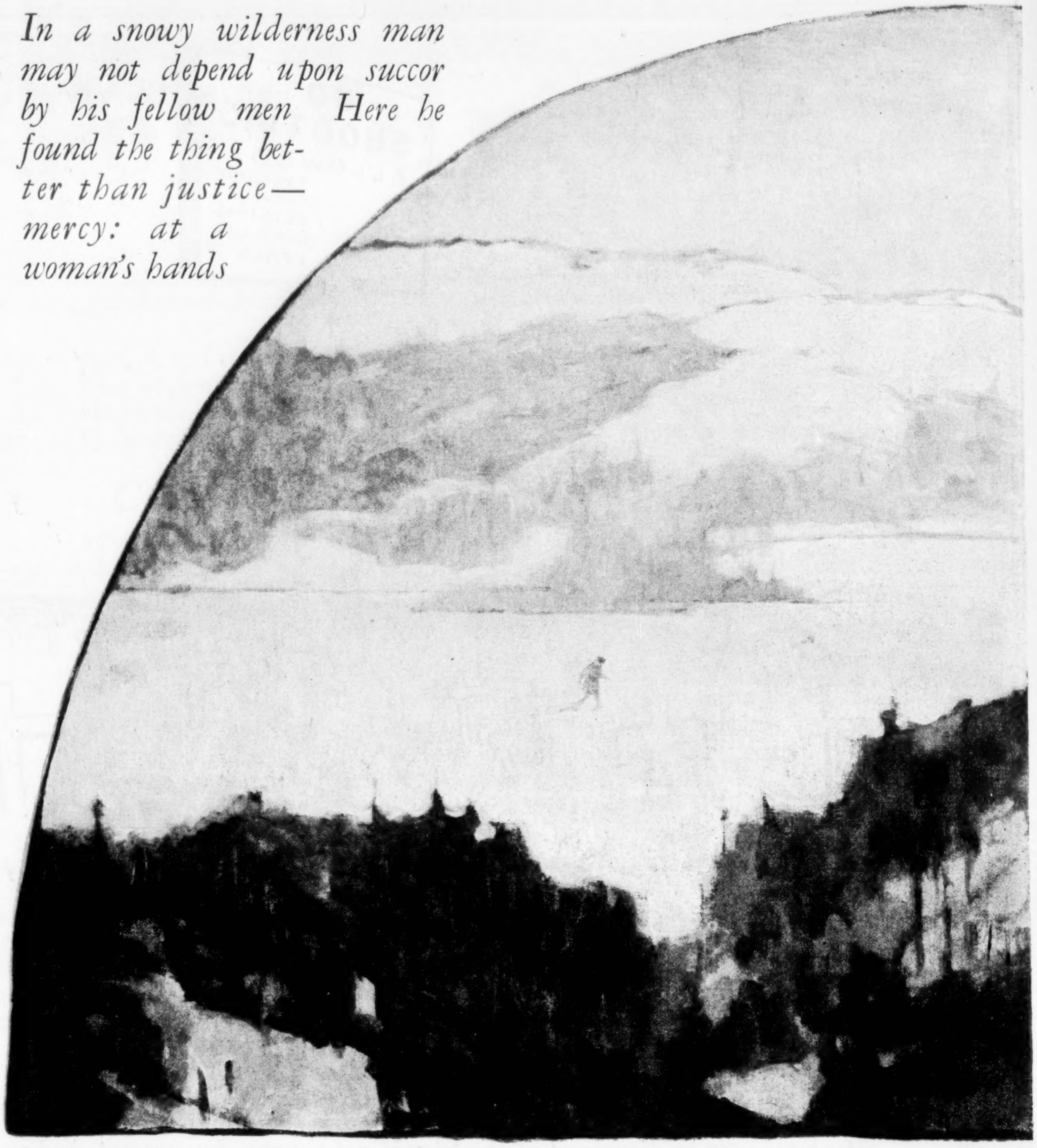
To me it seems strangely inconsistent that men and women who nobly offer their lives and the lives of their children in defense of the government in time of war, so often fail in time of peace to support that same government by giving adherence to its laws and patriotically participating in its affairs. Fathers and mothers who can rise to such sublime heights of self-sacrifice that they willingly send their sons forth to die gloriously, if need be, on the field of battle, surely should not fail to teach those same sons, by precept and example, to serve their country in time of peace, not only by allegiance to its laws but also by active devotion to its ideals. It has been well said that a country that is worth dying for is surely worth living for.

A conviction has been forced upon me, not only that it rests entirely with the people whether or not the laws shall be obeyed, but that the whole tone and standard of the government, whether local, state or national, is likewise in their keeping. Of this fact I am absolutely certain: that no agency or combination of agencies, no executive, no enforcement or prosecuting officer can go beyond the bounds of public opinion and public support in enforcing the law.

In exactly the same manner the activity, the intelligence, the loyalty and the idealism of any governing body will depend upon what public opinion demands. For without doubt the most potent of all governing forces is public opinion. These government ills which we most deplore can usually be attributed to the lethargy and indifference of the people, or, in other words, to feeble and uninformed public opinion. If there is ever such a thing in this country as domination by a minority it is only because the majority, carelessly and unpatriotically, abdicate their authority as sovereign citizens of a free republic.

If we want honest, efficient, loyal administration of public affairs, we may have it—but only by the development of a public interest in government, so enlightened that it will give support and encouragement to officials who are faithfully doing their duty, so vigilant and strict that it will not tolerate any betrayal of trust.

In a snowy wilderness man may not depend upon succor by his fellow men Here he found the thing better than justice—mercy: at a woman's hands



SOLI

THE lonely reaches of the wilderness, motionless in the bonds of winter, extended to the utmost horizon. The black blur of the forests was mottled by snow which clung to the great trees, and the even blackness of their masses was somewhat palliated by the fact that a blanket of snow lay on the ground beneath them, faintly modifying their hue with glimpses of white here and there. In the great cup formed by the surrounding mountains there were miles by the score and the hundred where spruce and pine stood in solid ranks; there were other reaches of barren land white with the snow except where a bush or a patch of scrub growth broke the glaring surfaces with a speck of black.

Above the sun blazed cold as ice from a sky pellucid blue at the zenith, shading imperceptibly into a cold white mist that blurred a little the horizon—a mist that suggested sparkling crystals of frost suspended in the air above the winter-prisoned world. The sunlight rebounded from the earth, reflected from billions and billions of snow particles in a blinding torrent of radiance, no more to be endured by human eye than a glance from the sun itself. Against the mountain flanks there were scars, bare slopes of rock swept clean by wind or slide, and these scars assumed fantastic and unbelievable colors in the interplay of light, sometimes black, sometimes gray, sometimes crimson, sometimes purple, sometimes as white as the snow itself.

Here and there the forest gave way to an expanse of swamp where the pointed plumes of the tamaracks rose above the level of the surrounding cedars, and here and there stood the stark trunk of a tree long since dead, waiting the completion of those processes of decay which, eating at its roots, would level it to earth again. A tree three hundred years in the growing, condemned to stand like a skeleton at the feast among its still living fellows, fated to sweep down at last in a single splitting, crashing second, ruining so swiftly the structure centuries had built!

A thread of more even white, now visible, now broken by intervening forest growths, marked where the river ran.

Irregularly it widened; lakes lay with breathless bosoms bound in a scarf of snow. And between the eye and all these things hung the air; a definite thing, a thing to be taken into account; not the forgotten and disregarded air of more kindly scenes, but a biting, needlelike, razor-edged substance fit to wound and maim. This still and cold air was like a faint blue curtain drawn across a gigantic canvas; a canvas which bore a scene that might fitly have been called "Solitude."

THERE was, near the southern end of one of the more extensive tracts of white which might be recognized as the snow-covered surface of a lake, a small spot; a dark spot, appearing black against the snow. This spot was infinitely small.

The lake itself was not large—it may have been as large as your hand—and diverging coves at the northern end suggested this simile. The thumb was not apparent, but at least three fingers of the hand could be seen. This small dark spot, appearing black against the snow, was at a point corresponding to the ball of the thumb. It was very small, no more than a pin prick—so small that the eye swept over it without stopping, had to return and search to discover it again; as hard to see as a flock of geese disappearing in the mist miles away along the shore; as hard to keep within the focus of one's vision as an airplane going straight away from the beholder, a mile in every thirty seconds' time. Even more difficult, perhaps, to see this spot and keep it in view, for the geese move and the airplane moves, though it be so slightly, but this spot did not move at all! Visible now at a certain point upon the frozen surface of the lake, its position an hour later had not perceptibly changed. It was, to all intents and purposes, motionless.

Yet that it was not altogether motionless time at length revealed. Toward midday it seemed to have descended from the ball of the thumb into the palm of the hand which the lake represented; by dusk it had approached the base of the index finger. A little after daybreak the next morning it was apparent that the spot was certainly moving, following the index finger toward its end. Toward mid-afternoon it disappeared, merging in the shadows of the forest which cloaked the lake's end and lay like a slipping mantle up the steep slopes of a ridge of higher ground, perceptible from a distance only as a hair line of snow between the forest in the one valley and in the next. On the third day the spot was for a time visible upon this ridge; then it disappeared once more. But the day subsequent, upon a wide expanse of barren land beyond the ridge, the painfully advancing speck of black again came into view.

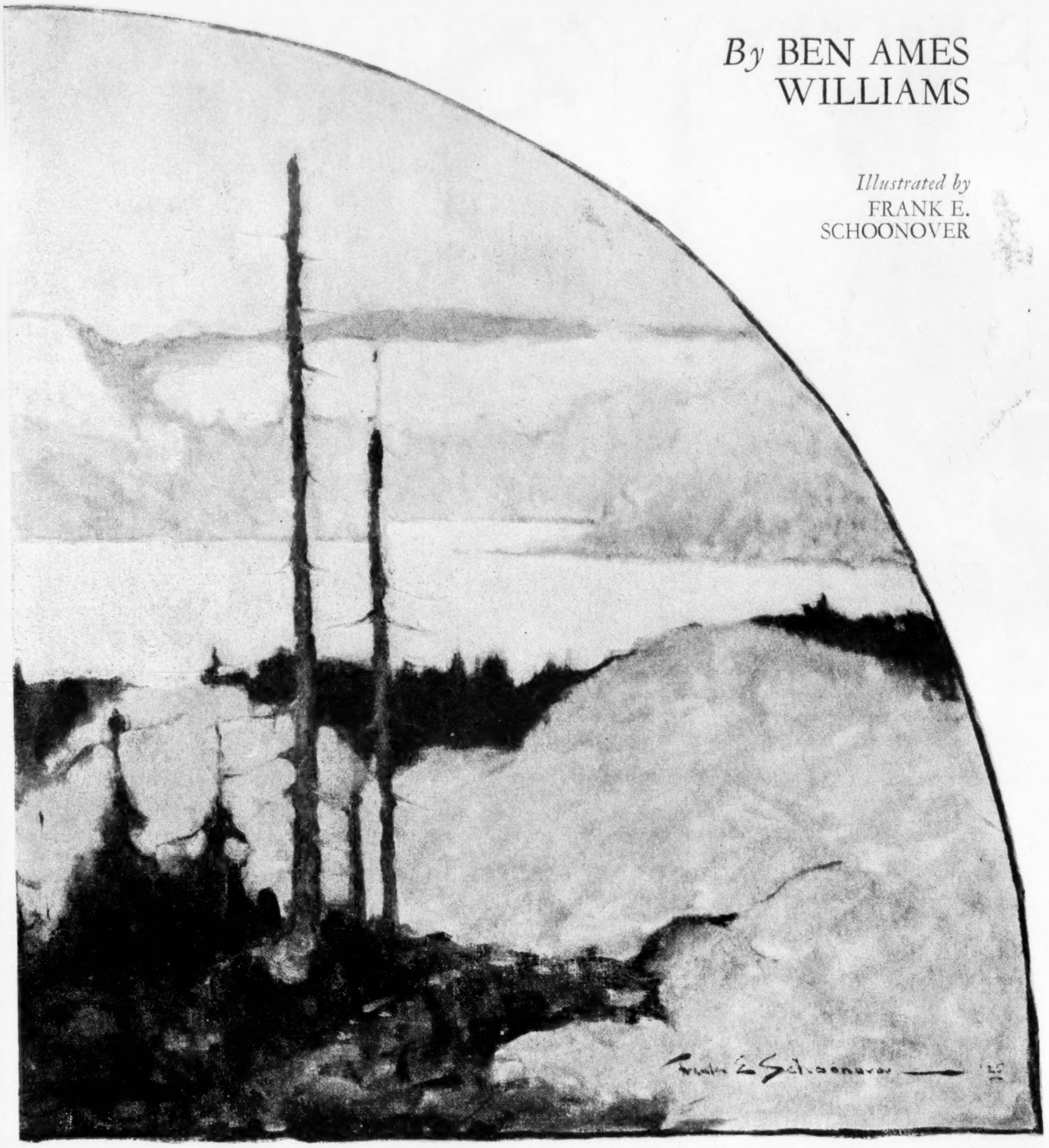
There was a suggestion of persistence about this spot. It did not wander to and fro, as an animal might be expected to wander; instead it moved steadfastly and in a line more or less direct, suggesting that it was guided by intelligence. It became necessary to suspect that this moving spot was a man. The spectacle of a single man set alone in the immensity of this solitude inevitably excited a certain ironic mirth; it was so ridiculous that it was somehow sublime.

THE spot was, in fact, a man—a man alone. His progress across the face of this enormous wilderness was, on any comparative basis, superlatively slow, but as a matter of fact the man seemed to be making what haste he could. A somewhat closer view revealed the fact that he was evidently accustomed to such journeys as this one was. His heavy garments, increasing his apparent breadth, made him seem almost squat; the snowshoes on his feet were like heavy clogs, stumbling through the loose snow; his hood muffled his face, and from its opening there appeared only a red glint of a nose burned by the snowlight. Across his eyes a black band was drawn to protect them from the blinding radiance of the snow. In his hand he carried a rifle in a skin case, shifting the weapon from this side to that, occasionally resting it upon his shoulder. There was a small pack upon his back, but he seemed unconscious of its presence there. A cooking pot and a fry pan hung against this pack. The man himself, concealed within such a mass of accouterments, kept a steady, shuffling pace, threading his way among the inequalities of the ground, moving at times circuitously, yet nevertheless advancing day by day. If you had marked his progress by pin pricks on the map, the tiny holes would have been so near together as almost to overlap; yet a week would have shown a perceptible gain.

The colossal forces, at times inert, at times overpowering, with which he was surrounded, seemed unconscious of this man's existence. He was like a Lilliputian among Brobdingnags, a pygmy among giants; and it was forever necessary that he go cautiously lest even their

By BEN AMES
WILLIAMS

Illustrated by
FRANK E.
SCHOONOVER



TUDE

casual and unstudied movements overwhelm him. Where the giant that was the wind had breathed a gentle sigh, a swath of down timber barred his passage and forced him to a wide detour. Where the giant that was the snow had played at sliding downhill, it was necessary that he pick a cautious way lest he be precipitated into a gulf full of destruction.

He crawled across the sleeping bosom of the giantess who was the earth; he became entangled in the thickets of her hair; he had to go a day's walk out of his way to avoid the precipice that was her chin, and it required another day for him to descend into the ravine formed by her lips and climb out to level ground once more. The fact that the universe seemed to slumber made his task no easier, for one of the colossal forces asleep about him might so easily turn in its sleep. The twitch of one of their fingers was, for the man, calamity; and even in sleep they presented almost insurmountable difficulties to his passage.

The snow itself had fallen in a mood of riot, playing with the wind a game which left them both exhausted, so that the snow lay in the tumbled abandon of a sleeping child, and the wind too was still. But passively sleeping though it might be, the snow dragged at his feet, reared lofty drifts like ridges which he could not pass, concealed pits into which he might by a careless movement be precipitated, slid down from either side in a swift stroke as a sleeping child brushes at a troublesome fly. His way was beset by these perils, by the peril of a tree falling in the still forest, by the peril of a mishap to his own tiny but effective mechanism. A twisted ankle would destroy him.

THE man within his wrappings, inching his way across the face of the universe, felt himself completely at the mercy of these colossal forces among which he picked his way. It was not that they were malicious; it was simply that they disregarded him. He was in their eyes of no account at all; the snow slide that buried him would lie as serenely waiting for the suns of spring as that which he escaped by the most desperate and scrambling haste. The trees, whispering above his head, did not observe his passage past their feet; the mountains never knew he crawled across their flanks; the winds blew over him without feeling that his head tickled their bellies as they passed, and he thought they were huge and reptilian monsters scurrying to and fro above him, whose feet might descend upon him crushingly and lift again without knowing what they had done.

During the day his consciousness of the world about him was not so overwhelming; it was at night, when he made his camp in the forest, that he was most utterly alone. He was lonely because he was so naked and so helpless and so completely disregarded. There is no loneliness like that of one caught up in a throng of persons engaged upon their own affairs; and this was his portion.

When he made his little fire and huddled over it, he could hear the wind rushing toward him from a thousand miles away; he could look up through the interlocked branches of the trees and discover the stars, so like eyes. But the wind rushed past him, and these stars seemed to the man to be looking not at him but just beyond his brow, as though he did not exist, as though his existence were merely a delusion under which he suffered. The great trees over his head brushed together, whispered together; they were full of little murmurous voices, calmly discussing matters beyond his knowledge or understanding.

If he had had a tent he might have shut out the universe, for this is the function of a habitation. Not to shut ourselves in, but to shut the world outside the door. But he had no tent. He was traveling light. He had a little food, and he was able to shoot some game as he advanced; he had matches and an ax and cooking gear, and he had a single blanket. At night he scooped away snow to make walls around his little fire, and he bedded himself, half recumbent, on boughs laid upon this heaped snow; and he woke every few minutes to replenish his fire. But the walls of snow did not shut out the forest. The trees over his head could look down upon him if they chose to do so; it was the more maddening because they did not choose. The stars could see him, but their attention seemed to be fixed on a point just past his brow.

HE COULD not even banish the cold with his little fire; the air, full of icy particles, wreathed itself around him; crystals of ice formed and grew upon his beard and the collar of his hood; cold stole up into his body from the snow; cold stabbed him from above; he had not sufficient food, and he ate sparingly, so that not even when he was moving did warmth fill his veins. He was always in this embrace of the cold, and though he fought against her like a sluggish lover, she still twined her arms about him and he felt her cold breast forever against his own, beseeching him to yield himself to her.

He began at last to permit himself to look forward to the end of his journey. Four days would do it; then three; then two; and finally, huddling shiveringly beside his fire, he saw the dawn of the day that, barring mischance, should bring him to haven.

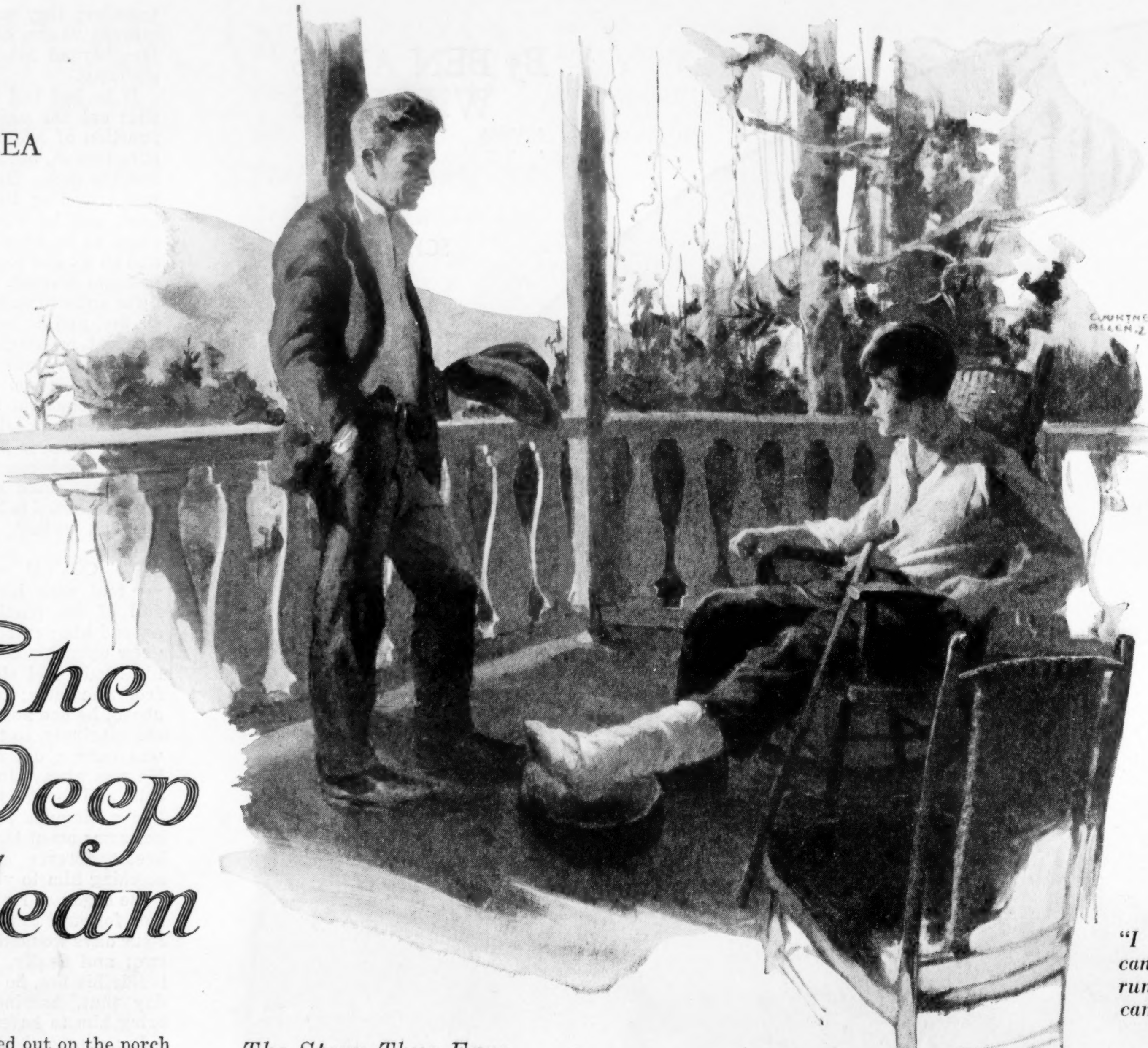
Impatience began to stir in his blood; he was in such haste to be forward that at noon he did not even stop to boil the kettle, but pressed on. A little after noon he came down into the ravine of a brook where once he had set his traps, and as he moved steadily forward he saw now and then a leaning tree, an old windfall, or a great bowlder which marked the location where one of these sets had been. The very familiarity of these scenes comforted him like a home-coming. There was, he knew, no one trapping here now; the man with whom for two winters he had shared the cabin ahead had gone to other fields. But he and his partner had left provender in the hidden cabin; he counted on being able to sustain himself there, to live through the winter. The stout walls would shut out the vastness of the wilderness, and within the cabin he would have memories for companions—would not be so lonely there.

He debouched from the ravine into a wider, where the small stream joined a greater, and so pursued his way, and he came to the dead water above the beaver dam where he and his partner had once taken many beaver. His glance turned that way as he passed, and then abruptly the man stopped and tried to focus his weary eyes. For better vision he removed from his face the dark handkerchief which he had worn like a veil, as a protection against the glare from the snow. Out in the pond a stake protruded through the ice; a stake to which he had secured traps. The thing which had caught his eye was the fact that about this stake there were low mounds of snow. A moment's scrutiny satisfied him that his first glance had told the truth. Someone had been trapping here this winter; had been here, no doubt, before the last

(*Continued on page 42*)

By
JACK
BETHEA

The Deep Seam



"I warn you. He can break you and run you out of camp. I won't interfere"

The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTINE BENNETT, the daughter of a miner in Ivanhoe, W. Va., and the wife of Clem Bennett, a miner who had been blacklisted from mines throughout the South because of crooked practices, goes to Marengo, Ala., ostensibly as the wife of a miner but really with the idea of bringing back to the life to which he belongs Girard Selden, who is working as an obscure contractor at Marengo. Christine is under the protection of Mallory Kent of the company owning both mines.

Selden had been the successful though much-hated young superintendent at Ivanhoe until an unavoidable but disastrous accident in the mine broke his conceit and self-confidence. He resigned and disappeared.

Christine had married to get away from a tyrannical father. After three unhappy years, Clem had deserted her and she had returned to Ivanhoe, purposing to break Selden, who had been instrumental in having her husband blacklisted. Selden had been in love with Christine though he had not declared himself and upon her return took the attitude that he had rescued her from a disagreeable fate.

To be near him in order to further her plans Christine became Selden's secretary. Her plans were frustrated, however, by the accident, after which her feelings changed and she wanted nothing more than to help Selden. There seemed no way and it was not until two years later that she discovered him at Marengo.

Disguised as a boy she gets a job as powder boy with Selden. One day there is an explosion. Christine is hurt and Selden takes her to his cottage. Selden discovers who she is.

Clem Bennett comes also to Marengo to work gambling games with two other crooks, Kriel and Riley, discovers that Selden and Christine are there and sets about trying to "get" Selden. He spies on them with the help of Ensley, the company's special policeman, and one day, during Christine's convalescence and Selden's absence at the mine, goes to see her at Selden's house.

BENNETT moved out on the porch and calmly took a rocker beside Christine's. He did not wait for an invitation but made himself elaborately comfortable, looking at her all the while with pleased eyes. For an instant panic swept Christine. How much did he know? How could he interfere? What would Selden say? Involuntarily she asked a question, trying to keep the paralyzing surprise from her voice.

"What are you doing here?"

Bennett too dropped indirection and some of his blandness. "Does the Continental intend to make Selden superintendent here?"

"I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did."

"I guess you would if you'd think a minute," Bennett answered softly. "You ought to know. You've been working for him."

So he knew that. She was not surprised; his presence had already warned her of that. She answered him shortly: "I don't know what the Continental intends to do. What is your business here?"

"Layovers to catch meddlers. But I ain't going to have no meddlers. I'm fixing to have a jack-pot regular in this camp."

"A lottery! You know Mr. Selden wouldn't allow that if he were superintendent."

Bennett's tone was velvety. "He might if you asked him.

"You don't want to forget that I've been in this camp some time and I'm kind of popular with them too. Suppose I whispered it up at the office that Selden had brought a woman into camp? What would Yearwood say? Now of course *I* know that everything's been all right up here even if you ain't dressed strictly according to form—" he glanced at her man's attire—"but what would the camp say? You'd be pretty well known before it was over."

"What shall I do?"

"You better arrange to see your friend Kent and get him to do a little wire pulling in Birmingham. You get him to put Selden in here as superintendent if they need one."

"Very well; I'll do that as soon as my leg heals so that I can leave here."

A pleased smile again wreathed Bennett's lips at her ready acquiescence. "That's nice of you. That will be all for the time being. I'll be right busy for a while. And when Selden is superintendent you can play your game and I'll play mine, and we'll help each other."

Bennett rose and started to leave.

Christine was openly contemptuous. "Afterward, when he is superintendent, you'll do what you can by yourself. I said I would help you to a certain extent. I meant it. It suits me to have Selden superintendent here, but there our interests separate. Now I'm going to warn you. I won't help you after Selden is superintendent. He can break you and run you out of camp. I won't interfere."

Bennett put on his hat.

"No use in our squabbling over something in the future," he said. "I'll take my chances of making you see my way of thinking when the time comes. Meanwhile you get that leg well and I'll be getting busy myself."

He left without a backward glance.

ONCE in the station at Birmingham, some days later, Christine lost no time in holiday making. She had come to the city on a definite mission, and she would not hesitate. She must be again in Marengo when the issue came and she did not know at what moment it would arise.

From the station she took a taxi to the Miners and Mechanics' Building and was hoisted to Kent's office. She was admitted instantly when her name was telephoned to him. He was standing at the door and closed it behind him after a word to his secretary. "I am not to be disturbed unless I ring, Miss Wilson."

He returned to his desk, drew up an armchair for Christine and pushed forward a footstool. It was not until he was seated at his desk, his hands clasped on its glass top and his tawny eyes regarding her quizzically, that he spoke.

"Well, success or failure?"

"Neither exactly," Christine answered dubiously. "At least, not yet. I've—I've found Mr. Selden, and yet I haven't found him."

"How do you mean? Won't he take his place?"

Christine shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't do anything by talking. I tried and failed. It will require more than words."

"He would not listen to your—appeal?" Kent hesitated over the last word, and his voice was incredulous.

Christine smiled faintly. "I didn't have a great deal of success in that way, but I learned much about him." She leaned forward and asked an abrupt question. "Mr. Kent, would you put Mr. Selden in charge of a mine?"

Kent's answer was prompt: "Certainly. I have already been to the general superintendent about it. I did that immediately I came back from Marengo. Mr. Nicholson said Selden was the most capable field executive we have ever had and that he could go back to Ivanhoe to-morrow—or anywhere else. Why do you ask?"

"I have a reason. Would you give him Marengo?"

"Yearwood is (*Continued on page 28*)

SO SIMPLE IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power:

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"TWO MONTHS AGO my four-year old daughter took her first yeast cake. It immediately satisfied a craving for something that her food did not contain. Her vitality has been wonderfully increased. None of the children's activities seem too strenuous for her. She says she is always warm on the coldest days. She used to be a bunch of shivers. She was called pale face—now her cheeks are rosy red. And she comes in from play asking for yeast, not candy. Fleischmann's Yeast has solved all my worries."
MRS. MILO GRIFFITH, Racine, Wis.

(LEFT)

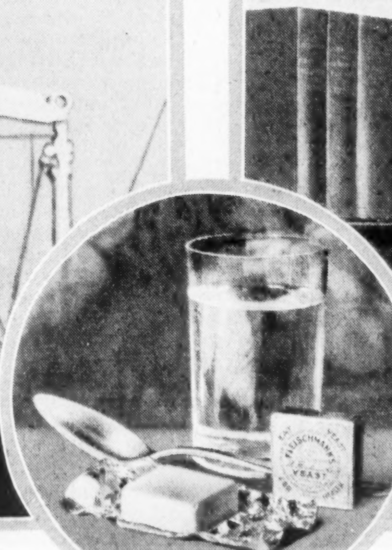
"I HAVE KEPT A HOTEL, most all my life. My son, his wife and their eight children live with me. You can imagine the demands on my time and strength. We prepared and served quantities of rich food. My health became impaired. My stomach was greatly affected. I was miserable. But one day Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended. I began eating it. Soon I began to improve.

"Today I am doing about as much work as I did at forty. I can cook Henry's eggs with one hand, make toast for Virginia Lee with the other, answer questions, and smile at the baby, all at the same time."
MRS. S. VAN SANT, Marietta, Oklahoma.

(RIGHT)

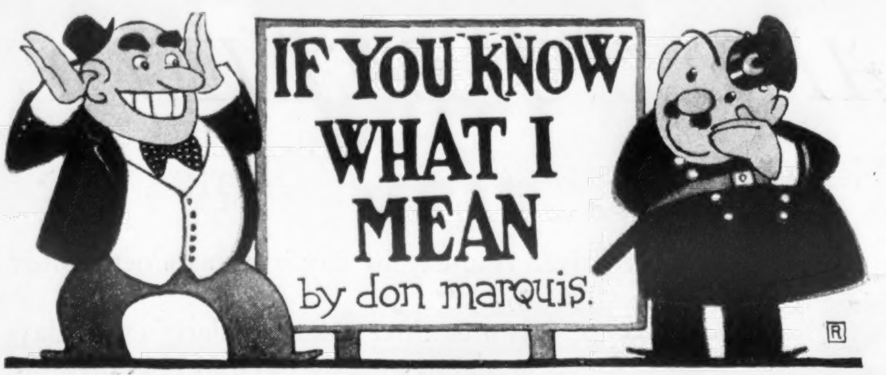
"ON APRIL THE 30TH, 1924, the little town of Ficklin was almost destroyed by a cyclone. For weeks after I was very nervous. This nervousness caused me to suffer from indigestion. Not properly digesting my food brought on chronic constipation and most unsightly pimples. I decided to eat yeast. For several weeks I took one or two cakes each day. I am now free from nervousness, indigestion, constipation and pimples. I feel that I have been rejuvenated by Fleischmann's Yeast."
MRS. G. N. BYRUM, Ficklin, Ga.

"I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleaner—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite, an orderly stomach and improved eyesight—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of Fleischmann's Yeast."
FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD *tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!*

"DURING MY COURSE OF STUDY in medicine about six years ago, I was troubled with boils. As soon as one boil was incised another one would crop up. For two long years I tried to get rid of this malady without success. I was willing to try anything, and on the advice of a fellow-student I began eating yeast—three cakes a day. In less than a month, much to my surprise, my skin entirely cleared up. I kept up the yeast for two more months and my gastro-intestinal tract worked perfectly and from then on I have never had another boil. I have treated successfully cases similar to mine—I strongly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for suppurative skin diseases."
ANTHONY N. MODICA, M.D., New York City.



IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

by don marquis

A MAN asks, concerning a rival: "What has he accomplished?" A woman inquires: "What does she look like?"

No man achieves happiness until he ceases to care much about it one way or the other.

What a man says he believes doesn't amount to anything—wait and see how he brings up his children.

Burning midnight oil not only gets a young man ahead rapidly, but it also helps out the garage keepers.

Mothers must be kind-hearted creatures to let children believe in fathers the way they do.

No man ever got the same amount of praise and admiration for saving a nation or discovering a continent that just any eleven-months-old baby gets the first time he draws himself up on his hind legs.

Men with a knack of getting rich are always able to hire plenty of financial experts at comparatively low salaries to help with the details.

Many persons would try harder to live up to their moral convictions if they didn't suspect their neighbors were putting something over.

Charities begin at home, but considerable news about them seems to leak out over the phone from time to time.

People resort to sarcasm as often to conceal a lack of comprehension as they do to expose a real flaw.

More people would be led astray if they listened to their own talk seriously.

Anyone can become known as a grouch if he refuses to listen to bores and to lend money to incompetents.

The most reassuring thing about modern women is that in spite of all the hullabaloo raised over them during the last few years the vast majority of them go along in a normal sort of way making the right sort of sweethearts, wives and mothers.

DR. A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, president of Harvard University, is quoted as having said recently:

"Students of to-day show far greater interest in athletic competitions and other extra-curricular activities than in their studies. . . . If we could make youth feel that scholarship was worth while we would undoubtedly have more scholars. . . ."

And there is more to the same effect. One feels in reading it that Dr. Lowell intended his remarks rather as a criticism of college faculties and college curricula rather than of the students who are not as much interested as they should be in the intellectual life.

For it is the function of the college to take the student as it finds him, raw and upon the hoof, and interest him in the things of the mind and of the spirit. A complaint from a college professor that his students are not interested is in reality a confession of his own failure to be interesting. The teacher's job is undoubtedly the most difficult job in the world, and the most important.

WE WONDER if it would help the professors any if a questionnaire—this is the day of the referendum and the questionnaire—were submitted to every college student in America, with a view to finding out just how many students are really interested in the subjects they have elected, or are compelled to study? Why do you come to college at all? What do you hope to get out of it? Be honest with yourself in your answer. Why does biology, as presented in your university, interest you? Why does it fail to interest you? What did you think would be done to you when you came to this college, or what did you think you would be able to do for yourself? Are you getting what you expected to get? If you are not, how much of it is your own fault, and how much the fault of the faculty?

There are a hundred questions that might be asked, which will more readily occur to college men than to me, and such a questionnaire might be of value both to students and faculties. I know scarcely anything about colleges, but from the conversation of college men I suspect one thing may be true that many instructors may not be aware of: that undergraduates are frequently more interested in intellectual matters than they willingly (or easily) allow their professors to perceive; that they get more out of the intellectual side of college life than is directly apparent. Is it not a popular pose among many of the students in every college to act and talk as if certain of their subjects were a bit of a bore? Wouldn't some of them rather have their slats kicked in than confess publicly, or even privately, that they feel themselves being quickened mentally by their college contacts?

Is there not frequently a whole group of young fellows who really grasp the essence of a thing presented, but who would rather be keelhauled than betray to the professors or to anybody else anything remotely resembling gushing enthusiasm? Youth is full of fashions and affectations; they are a part of the tremendous protective self-consciousness of the young. It is a part of the business of the instructor to know what is going on behind this outward crust of carelessness—to know without ever seeming to inquire personally or directly.

Ancestors never come back to earth to brag about the kind of descendants who are forever bragging about their ancestors.

A lot of the very same people who are now yelling loudly for light wines and beers never used to touch them in the days when they were to be had legally on so many prominent corners in this fair land of ours.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 26

satisfactory, but even that might be arranged."

Christine exhaled a long breath. "There is one more question, and this is the point of the whole thing: Would you make it necessary for him to take over Marengo?"

"It is possible, although I do not understand."

Christine spoke slowly when she answered. "I—I—found Mr. Selden hardly normal when I reached Marengo and eventually established contact with him. He has been stagnating so long that he has lost his mental balance. Until Mr. Selden has been forced to take charge of a camp, until he is required by stress of circumstances to accept the responsibility of a superintendent, he will never be normal. He thinks that he should have gone with the men who were killed at Ivanhoe, and he still blames himself for the disaster in spite of the inquest and the verdict. I think that if he found himself in some crisis that involved others, where he would be forced to think of someone besides himself, he would come back to sanity. If you offered him Mr. Yearwood's place he would not take it. But if there was an emergency where the safety of the men or their well-being demanded that he take it I don't believe he would shirk."

"And you are asking me to create that emergency?"

"Suggesting, not asking. It depends upon how greatly the Continental values a man of Mr. Selden's capacity."

Kent was speaking again. "You haven't told me of Marengo or just how we are to create the emergency."

"There isn't much to tell. If I might suggest, I'd ask you to come to Marengo with me and see for yourself. Perhaps I could then offer some suggestions."

Kent's acceptance was instant. "That would be fine. I'll be glad to go. When do you return?"

Christine's spirits lifted. "The sooner the better, I think. Every day makes it more difficult to arouse him. I shall be ready the day after to-morrow. Shopping, you know. I haven't been in the city for weeks."

"Then we will go out on the morning train Saturday."

CHRISTINE crowded the hours in Birmingham. In the morning she shopped, replenishing her wardrobe, buying dainty feminine things for the cottage on the knoll. It was a glorious time.

She was on hand early Saturday morning at the squalid depot. Again she was a drab figure. She would wear none of the things she had bought until— She smiled to herself a little wistfully.

Kent was waiting. "Do you remember the other morning?" he asked, and Christine nodded.

"It is different now," she said.

There was little talk between them. Christine was busy with her thoughts and Kent communed with himself, his tawny eyes introspective.

They waited at Kingsland for the Hoodlum, the little train to the mine, and then began their slow run to Marengo. It seemed endless to Christine. She was impatient to set in motion the machinery for the final act of the drama.

The train ran out through the gap, and the tipple came into view. Kent leaned forward and peered through the window.

"There's the pay car."

The Hoodlum jarred to a stop, and as it halted there was a crash of revolver shots from ahead.

Instantly Kent forgot her. "Something wrong!" he shouted. "Stay here!"

He set off at a run and Christine, disregarding his order, kept up with him as best she could.

Into the maelstrom Mallory Kent pushed, followed by Christine Bennett. He shouted for quiet.

"Now what happened?" he demanded.

Wordless, Yearwood pointed toward the interior of the car and gasped. A dozen attempted to tell Kent what had happened. Again he shouted for quiet, and his eyes fell on Selden. He greeted him without surprise.

"Hello, Jerry! What is it?"

Selden told him in a few words. "Bennett and his gang ran a jack-pot gambling game and took over the men's pay checks at a reduction. The cashier refused to cash these checks. Then two of the gang and the company special went blood mad. They pulled their guns, killed a guard and wounded the cashier. Then they took the pay roll."

Kent surveyed the unnerved Yearwood with unfriendly eyes. He was no man to take command of a camp demoralized by murder. He looked down at a touch on his arm to find Christine Bennett.

"Selden!" she whispered. "Now is the time!"

Kent nodded and moved swiftly. The injured cashier was carried to the camp's emergency hospital and the body of the dead guard removed.

Selden, after his first greeting of Kent, whom he had not seen since Ivanhoe days, had drawn a little apart. Kent walked over to him.

"Jerry, won't you take over?" he asked. "The old man is shot all to pieces over this. He isn't fit to handle this camp now. I can see what has been going on here."

Selden drew back. His face was drained of color. The habits of two years were too strong for him. "Kent, I—I can't. Remember Ivanhoe!"

"Damn Ivanhoe! That was years ago and it wasn't your fault. This is your big chance! Take it and whip this camp into shape and nobody will remember Ivanhoe!"

Over Kent's shoulder Selden saw Christine; saw Bennett and saw him approach her; saw her shrink back in startled surprise and caught the glance of appeal in his direction. Selden straightened and his gaze swung slowly back to Kent. "You mean that?" he asked.

"Yes."

Selden still hesitated. "If I take it, it will only be temporary."

Kent dropped his arm. He had been gambling for a man, and Selden's tone told him he had won. "That's all right. I'll chance it," he said.

Again Selden hesitated, oblivious of the milling throng about them. "If I take it, it will have to be with a free hand."

"All Continental camps are run like that."

"I can work it out to suit myself?"

"All we want is results."

"I'll take it." Selden straightened at the words. Then he smiled oddly. "It probably won't be at all like what you expect."

"WE'LL have to go into the mine after them," Kent forecast later that day. His lips tightened. "That won't be a nice job."

Selden raised his head and spoke slowly. "That's the last thing, Kent. That would mean somebody would be killed sure, and I don't want to have any more of that. Not when it isn't necessary, and maybe it won't be here." His jaw lifted. "If we go, I'll lead them myself."

"But—" Kent began, when the telephone at Selden's elbow rang twice.

Selden laid his hand on the instrument. "That's the office call. This is them, Kent. Go in the other room and listen over that phone. You'll want to hear both ends."

Christine saw Selden's manner change as he lifted the receiver. There was a hint of the Ivanhoe Selden in the blandness of his tone as he said, "Hello!"

Selden listened a moment. "This is he." Another pause. "Girard Selden." Again a wait. "I am superintendent. One minute."

With his hand over the transmitter, Selden turned to Christine. "There is a third phone in the other room. Get a notebook and get on it. Record the conversation. It may be useful later."

(Continued on page 30)

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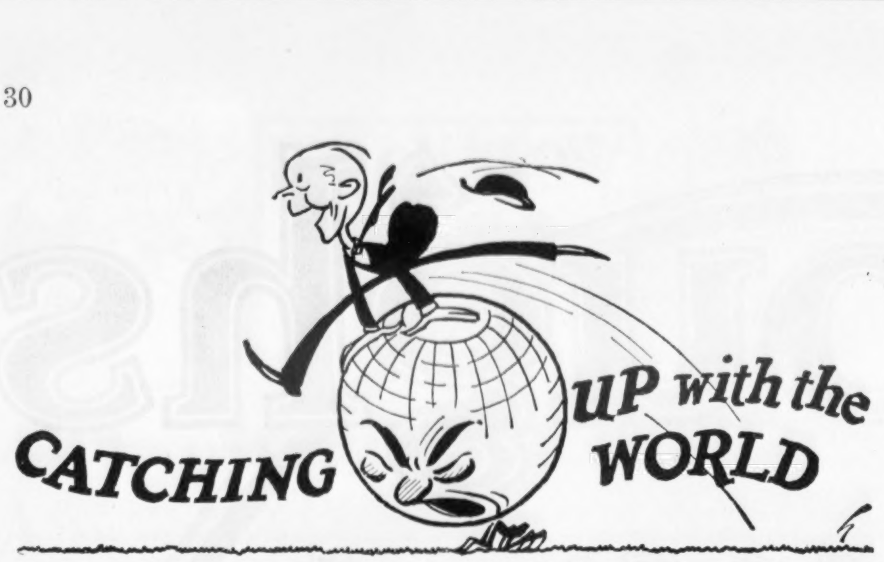


CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

IT USED to be thought that matter was something permanent. Solid ice might melt into liquid water; water might evaporate into vaporous steam; steam might decompose into two different gases, hydrogen and oxygen, but somewhere in the universe the ultimate atoms still existed, however changed in form, and if they were all brought together again the lump of ice would weigh just the same for "Matter can neither be created nor destroyed."

But scientists are not so materialistically minded now. We boys used to think of atoms, when we thought of them at all, as little round hard things, like our marbles.

But nowadays schoolboys are taught that an atom consists of positive and negative electrons and probably nothing else. The hydrogen atom, for instance, is conceived of as a charge of positive electricity in the center, with a charge of negative electricity revolving around it, like the moon around the earth. In the larger atoms there are more satellites, but always the plus and minus charges of electricity are equal.

Now, positive and negative electricities attract each other as do the earth and the moon. The moon would drop on the earth if it were not going so fast that it does not have time to. But if the moon were slowed up, or crowded in toward the center of its orbit by some outside pressure, it would come to ground on the earth. The negative electron is revolving around the positive nucleus of the atom at much higher speed than the moon around the earth, but it too might be crowded in toward the center by sufficient outside pressure. It is thought that in the interior of the sun and stars the pressure is so great that the satellite electrons do get pushed closer and collide with the central nucleus.

Now, what happens when equal positive and negative charges meet? They both vanish. The electricity entirely disappears, just as in bookkeeping an account is closed when the debit and credit sides are equal.

If, then, matter consists of positive and negative charges of electricity "and nothing else," matter is annihilated when the positive and negative charges neutralize one another. The energy of the atom, no longer imprisoned in matter, would scamper in all directions at the highest possible speed, which is the speed of light. It is now supposed that the light and heat of the sun and stars comes from such annihilation of matter, and, as I said in Collier's for August 29th, the sun is estimated to be losing 4,000,000 tons of its weight every second by its radiation.

Hatching New Stars

NOW, what becomes of this radiant energy when it is released from the sun? Does it travel around through empty space forever after, except when it chances to strike the earth or some other sphere and be absorbed?

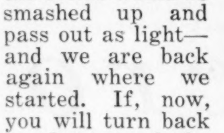
It has been assumed that empty space, or the hypothetical ether which was invented to fill it, allowed light to pass through it without any impedance or diminution. But Professor W. D. MacMillan of the University of Chicago points out that if no light were ever lost in transit there would be no night. For there are a billion or two stars, and if each of them should send us a little of its light, however far away, the midnight sky would be as bright as the noonday sun. So he thinks that some of the light disappears during its long travel—gets caught in the chinks of space, I imagine, though of course he does not use such unscientific language—and somehow reappears in the form of atoms.

So in the course of time a cloud of minute particles of matter would accumulate in the vast open spaces between the stars. A wandering star, passing through this nebulous space, would pick up these scattered particles, and the larger it grew the more it would attract, like a rolling snowball or a prosperous trust. The various stars, caught in the cloud, would form a star cluster, or galaxy, like our Milky Way. When several stars were drawn together to form one big one the internal pressure would become so great that the atoms would be smashed up and pass out as light—and we are back again where we started. If, now, you will turn back to the top of the column and read this over again and so on forever, you will get a good idea of the monotony of the everlasting sequence of the process of the suns, atoms, light waves, living beings, stars and galaxies, born and dying, over and over again, world without end.

Punning in Dreams

IN THIS department, in the issue of Collier's for September 5th, I told of a dream in which a picture of a rooster's wattles was substituted for wattles, the Australian national flower. Miss Rosalie Sherwood of Berkeley, Cal., sends me word of a similar instance also concerning botany and Australia, whence California got her eucalyptus:

"Years and years ago I dreamed that I was in a shed in which I used to play as a little girl in Massachusetts. Only I was not a little girl but a middle-aged man and was discussing politics with two other older men, neither of whom I had ever seen in real life. One was a typical grizzled Yankee, gray chin whiskers and lined face, with a big straw hat on the back of his head, and as he delivered his opinions he finished with a vehement 'By gum!' Whereupon I corrected him with, 'Don't say, By gum! Say, By eucalyptus!'"



This dream is of interest also because it involves a change of both sex and age. Usually the dreamer retains his or her sex, and if the age is altered it reverts to a younger period, rarely older. The favorite age of the dream self is said to be one's early prime—about eighteen to twenty years.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 28

Christine hurried out. Presently Selden heard the click of a lifted receiver; he removed his hand and spoke into the telephone:

"This is Selden, the superintendent. Go ahead and make your proposition."

In the other room, Christine's pencil was flying, but she had no difficulty in identifying the heavy voice that came up from the mine. It was Ben Kriel speaking:

"We want to get out of here without no more trouble."

Selden's tone was bland. "Yes. Then suppose you come out and surrender. I'll guarantee your safety."

Christine caught the sneer in Kriel's voice. "Not much until we know where we stand. We got a proposition to make."

"Go ahead. I am listening."

"We got thirty thousand dollars in here and we'll turn it over to you if you'll give us a pass out of the camp."

"You offer me something I can take any time I choose. I'll give you twelve hours to come out of the mine before I come and get you."

Kriel was triumphant. "You ain't comin' after us till we git good an' ready to come out. That ain't goin' to be 'fore we have a good understandin'. We're goin' to want more'n just yore word for what you'll do."

Selden was calm. "What's your ace card?"

Kriel's reply came up deliberately. "We got that thirty thousand dollars I told you 'bout, but that ain't all we got. We got forty sticks of powder right here in the chain yard. Been in Newell's office for the shootin' to-day. You come down in this mine, and we'll blow you all to hell and we'll fix this mine so you won't work it for six months."

Selden did not answer. He was thinking hard. Kriel's threat was not empty. They could do immense damage to the mine if they were crowded. Underground the man chuckled gruffly. "Makes you think, don't it?"

"I'll give you twelve hours to come out of the mine or I'll bring you." It was the Ivanhoe Selden who spoke.

"Think we're bluffin', do you?" Kriel asked. "Better not call it."

Selden looked at his watch. It was five minutes after six. "I'll come after you at six o'clock in the morning. Better come out and take your chances with the courts. You'll stand a better show than you will with me."

"Don't appeal to me a-tall." Kriel's heavy voice did not shake. "I ain't spreadin' no loose talk. We're all in this, an' we're goin' to stick together. We got about five miles to move round in down here, an' you better bring plenty of help when you come. We gonna start on th' pumps an' then th' hoistin' engines and the dynamos. Better let us go. We'll take our chances after we gits away."

"You're not going to get away, Kriel." Selden spoke pleasantly. "Ensley killed a man and you and Riley helped him. Then you took the pay roll. Now you've trapped yourself and I'm going to have you."

"You ain't goin' to git us alive, an' we'll take plenty of you-all with us when we go. Also an' besides, you won't have no mine left."

WHEN Selden reached the valley the next morning he turned toward the tipple, where he found his men still on guard.

"Heard anything from them?" Selden asked.

"Nary a sign or sound," was the answer.

"They're in there, though," Selden said. "I'll let you know what to do in a little while."

He continued to his office and, early as it was, found Christine busy at her desk. "Did Kent go back to Birmingham?" he asked.

Christine nodded. "He and Mr. Yearwood left early this morning. He said that he thought it would make you feel better if you were left to handle it exactly as you chose."

Selden sat down and picked up the mine telephone.

"Hello!" he said. "This is Selden. Who is speaking?" An instant's wait and then: "Ensley? No, I want Kriel. Get him."

While he waited Selden nodded to Christine. "Get your notebook and get on the other phone. We'll want a record of this." He added, with a grim smile: "It may interest the coroner."

Selden's voice was curt, forceful, incisive. He spoke with brutal directness. "Yes, I'm ready to talk business. You have thirty minutes to be at the mouth of the slope."

Kriel chuckled hoarsely. "Come and get us!"

Selden argued without heat. "You'll come out feet first if we go after you, Kriel. Is it worth that? If you give up I'll guarantee to get you to Birmingham, where you'll have a trial in court."

"I'll try my case right now with a gun in each hand," Kriel answered venomously. "That's the kind of jury I like."

"You'll have a chance to get off with ten or fifteen years."

Kriel laughed derisively. "I guess we'll stick down here for a while until Bennett sees you."

"Oh, so you've talked to Bennett?"

"Sure. He called us last night."

Again Selden argued. "Kriel, I'm talking for your good. Bennett thinks he can do something, but he's wrong, and you're throwing away your chances by listening to him. Don't be fooled. I'm giving you one last chance to come out of the mine. Ask the others what they think."

KRIEL spoke to someone else in the mine. Christine could hear the clatter of the voices, although she could not distinguish the words. Kriel's voice was threatening when he returned to the telephone:

"Better send to Birmingham for some new machinery. You're going to need it. We'll blow up the whole mine and you if you come in here. That's flat. You made me a proposition, and I'll make you one: Are we worth a hundred thousand dollars to the company?"

Selden's answer was prompt. "No, not to the company, but more than that to me, Kriel."

Kriel's tone was calm. Christine shivered at its matter-of-factness. "I guess we ain't comin' out, and it's going to be expensive to the Continental."

Into his voice Selden put every bit of force he possessed. "This is your last chance, Kriel. Come out or take the consequences."

Kriel dropped his diplomatic manner. "You go to hell!" he snarled and hung up.

Christine was breathless when she came into the office. Selden looked at her. "Well, that didn't work," he said. "Now we'll try another way."

He went out, and presently the great siren on the hoisting engine bellowed an imperative summons. Christine looked out and saw the camp gathering about the scales track. She could distinguish Selden's spare figure standing by the scale house looking down on the men. She was drawn irresistibly to the concluding scenes of the drama that had started in Kent's office. There were other women in the crowd that streamed down the knoll and grouped themselves about the scaffolding where Selden stood.

When virtually the entire camp had gathered Selden raised his voice.

"You men know what has happened," he said, biting his words short. "You know that Riley and Ensley and Kriel are in the mine and they've dared me to come after them. They have powder, and they say that they will blow up the mine." He paused and smiled, and Christine found something terrible in it. "I think they will. I'm telling you this so that you will know what

(*Continued on page 32*)

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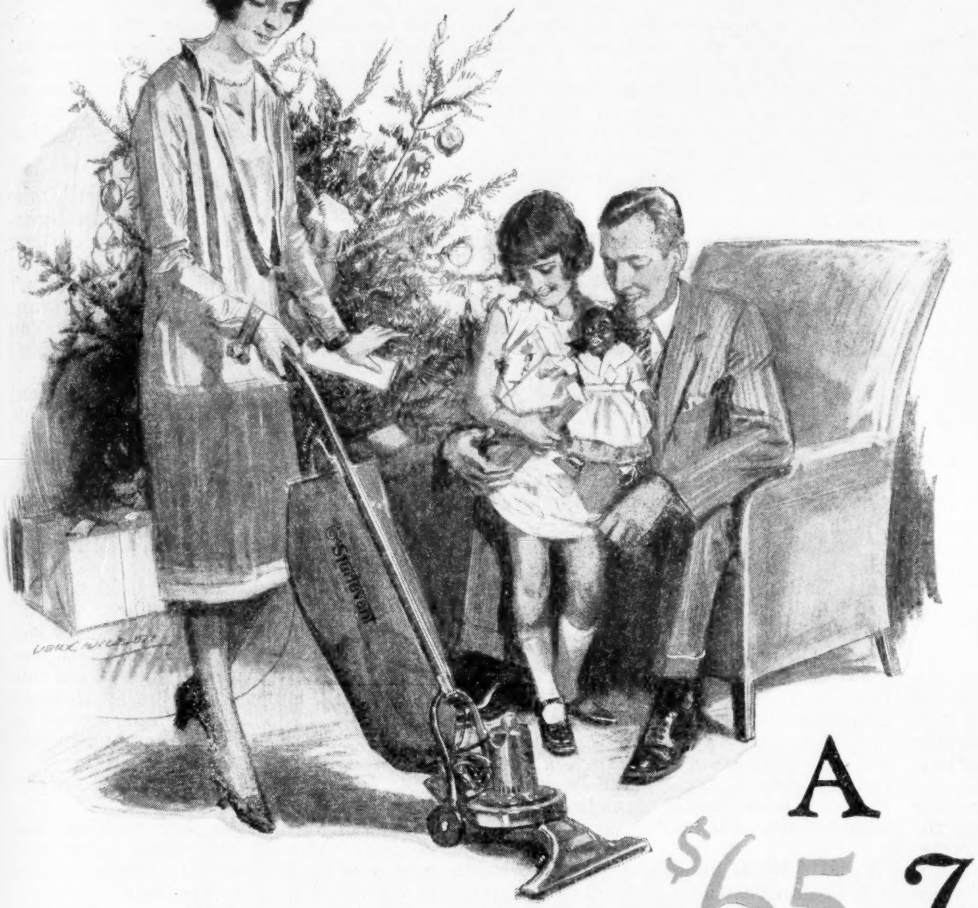

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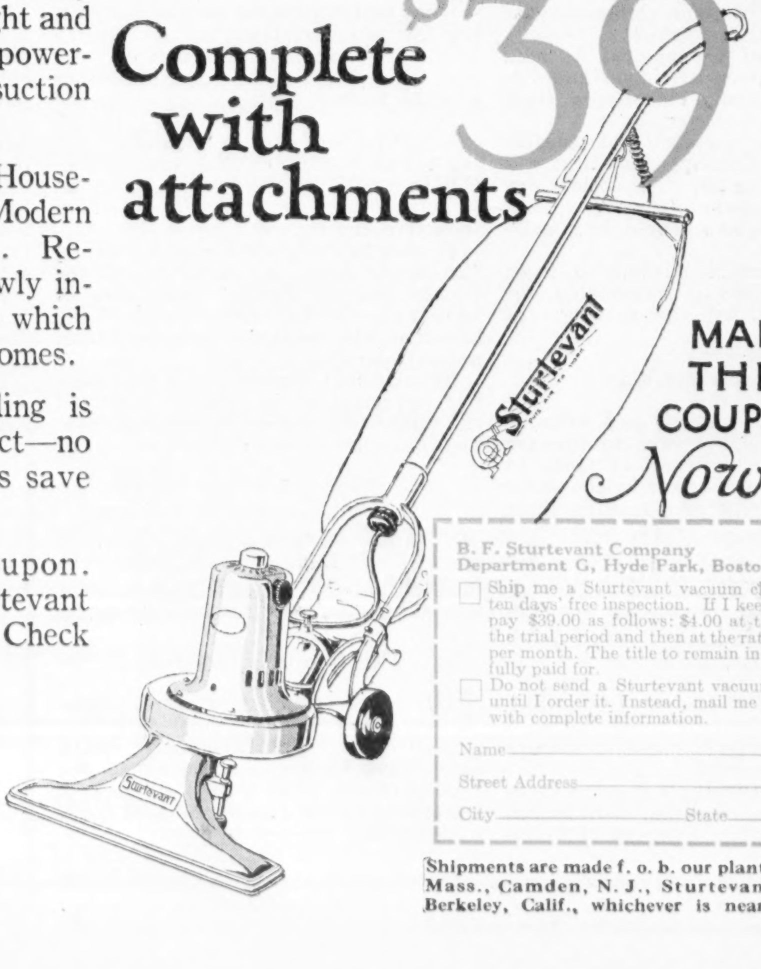

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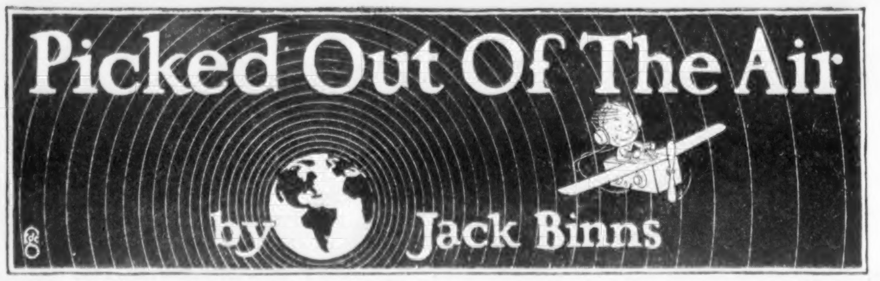


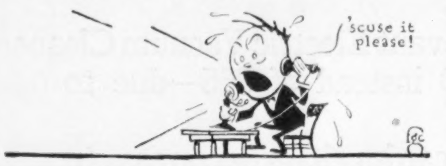
Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Some Don't Need Radio

IN ONE of his famous editorials Arthur Brisbane discussing radio said: "Soon each man's hat will carry an apparatus enabling him to talk to his wife at home—an excellent thing if it helps his wife to keep track of him."

Well, that's true! Won't she be just a teeny-weeny bit suspicious though when he's talking through his hat?


'scuse it please!

We Doff Our Kelly to 'Em

DURING the fourth game of the world's series this year played in Washington, millions of fans burst out in angry denunciation of the "rotten" broadcasting which permitted two voices to clash with each other. Telephone wires were loaded with frantic calls from infuriated listeners. The trouble lasted barely two innings, and was never extreme.

How unjust was that wild howl which went up!

The momentary fault merely emphasizes the wonderful service given day in and day out by the interconnecting chain of telephone wires. The marvel is that only one brief breakdown has occurred.

Let us be reasonable. We should praise the broadcasting officials for the splendid job they have done, and express our admiration for the rapid and efficient manner in which they met the situation when an emergency arose.

Let's Quit Sulking

NOW that the United States Supreme Court has ruled broadcasting stations must pay for the use of copyrighted music, the time has come for the application of some common sense to the dispute.

The Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers won an important victory, and deservedly established their point.

Why not have a round table conference and reach a compromise that will be agreeable to us all. The society can afford to be magnanimous in victory, and the broadcasters should be sportsmen in defeat.

No music should be barred from radio, nevertheless a reasonable fee should be paid for the privilege of using it.

It Tastes That Way

A LADY radio lecturer, as I write, is describing sixty ways to prepare ham. They must use all of them at once in those trick sandwich shops where I do most of my lunching these days.

Yes! But Did He Get It?

"HERE'S another vote for Collier's prohibition census," writes **F. J.** Shannon of Philadelphia.

"It isn't my own vote but through radio I acted as collector. Last night, while listening in to a local station I noticed the absence of usual announcer 'EM.'

"Later in the evening EM burst forth with this: 'Good evedidg, this is EB addoudcing. Folks, I've got the doggddest, bost terrible cold. By the way, have ady of by radio fads anythidg good for a cold? I've takeg bedicide all day add it doesdt seeb to do ady good!'"

Silence Not so Golden

THE silent night rash which broke out in Chicago seems to be spreading to other cities. Somehow I was never in sympathy with it. Progress is made only by overcoming difficulties. Improvements, both in radio transmission and reception, are brought about through efforts to overcome just such conditions as those the Chicago fans are trying to avoid.

The congestion caused by too many broadcast stations is responsible for receivers a thousand times more selective than those of three years ago and transmitters which are steadier on their allotted wave lengths.

The Candy Kids

TWO "Bonbon Buddies" are engaged in the gentle task of creating good will for an ice cream soda concern over a chain of broadcast stations. I wonder whether it was coincidence or design that led them to feature "Follow the Swallow" in a recent program.

How About the Baby?

HERE is the modern way of conditioning a baby for the strenuous life as related by a jumbled radio program. It is sent in by Mrs. Sherman J. Baisden of Brooklyn, who reports it as follows:

"I sat down one morning to sew and turned on the radio, listening for amusement. A very motherly voice came over the air saying: 'After bathing the baby,' and then another voice cut in liltingly with 'dip in hot chocolate and put on wax paper to harden.' Then my radio went dead."

All Right; I'll Bite

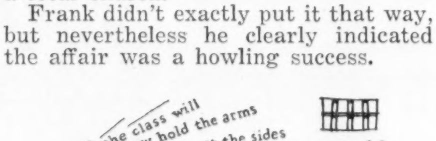
NOW that a chain of radio stations has undertaken the task of instructing the young matrons of the country in the art of cooking, how can we mere males sigh for the kind of cakes Mother used to make?

Try and Get It, Frank

THIS week's award for the best publicity story is a self-collapsing noninductive tuning coil.

It goes to Frank McEniry for telling the world that the inmates of the county jail in Denver were able to hear radio in its infancy when KOA broadcast the baptismal ceremony from a local church.

Frank didn't exactly put it that way, but nevertheless he clearly indicated the affair was a howling success.


the class will now hold the arms straight out at the sides and skip lightly back and forth across the room
yeh?

The Sound Abhorrent

THE sound of splashing water reproduced over the radio during the baptismal ceremony broadcast by KOA must have been embarrassing to the inmate of cell 17 in the county lockup. According to the records he was doing a thirty-day jolt for vagrancy.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 30

I know. I'm going into the mine after them. Somebody will be hurt; they will have the advantage. How many of you men will go with me after them?"

He ceased speaking, and stood looking down on them, a half smile on his face and his eyes inscrutable. It was his bid for the camp. If they would follow him—if they shared danger—there would be that between them which afterward—

For a moment there was no response. The men were sullen. Instinctively their sympathy was against the company and with Riley and Kriel and Ensley. The camp was inclined to believe that Ensley had been justified. Bennett had been busy.

"I never done a thing," he told them, circulating busily among the cabins. "I never done a thing but ask for my money. Ensley wasn't going to let them shoot me for nothing. We're buddies. You going to help them get him for that? You know he wouldn't have a chance against the company. It ain't fair for you to get into this, and they'll want you to-morrow. See if they don't!"

Bennett's words were shrewd. The camp had been, and it was, resentful. Bennett was in the crowd now; Selden saw him skulking in the rear and marked him down. Meanwhile the superintendent waited with the half smile still on his lips. At last he spoke.

"I'm not urging you men to go. I'm asking for volunteers. It will be dangerous. Someone will be hurt. I'm going—alone if I must."

The crowd stirred and men glanced at each other a little shamefacedly. A man had been killed, but the appeal was not there. The camp cared nothing for the death of the guard. Selden stirred them! He was willing to go alone. Courage like that drew them, as Selden had known it would. Pinetop Thompson stood out.

"I'll go with you, I guess, though I ain't hankerin' after th' job. Ain't nobody goin' t' say I stood back an' let the old man tackle somethin' I was 'fraid t' do. I'll go."

A MURMUR ran through the crowd. Thompson was a leader in the camp, garrulous though he might be; under his talk were courage and cool judgment.

Persevering in his plan, Selden spoke to him. "Much obliged, Thompson. Two of us ought to be enough."

But now other men began to speak. There was a chorus of "I'll go 'long."

Selden acted swiftly. "Thompson, pick a dozen of the men you know best, get rifles from the commissary, and join me there."

He waited for their return, marking Bennett in the rear of the crowd, worming his way from one group to another. Christine saw him too and shivered. She knew what he was doing. So did Selden, and when Thompson and his men came back trailing rifles Selden acted to forestall him.

Singling him out with a long forefinger, Selden summoned him by name. "Bennett," he challenged, "suppose you do your talking from up here!"

Bennett gaped back as the crowd turned to look. His pale eyes winked rapidly. He was taken by surprise. Then his cheeks flushed.

"I will, damn you!" he shouted and pushed his way toward the platform. As he mounted the steps, Selden waited, lean and spare, his face dark. When Bennett, having come out on the track scaffolding, would have shouted Selden clamped a hand on his shoulder, smiling coldly down on him.

The superintendent raised his voice and turned to the miners.

"This man thinks he has something to tell you about me," he said. "Perhaps he has, but the time for the telling is not now. I'll make you a proposition: I'll meet the whole camp here on the tipple to-night, and you can hear us both. Right now I want those men out of the mine. I won't allow anything to interfere."

SMILING, he turned on Bennett, who stood speechless. Selden had outgeneraled him. To-night would be too late to help the men in the mine.

Bennett raised his arms. "I won't wait till to-night," he shouted. "I want this thing settled here and now. You know what this man has been doing? He and—"

Without a preliminary movement Selden struck him, the weight of his whole body behind the blow that landed on the side of the fleshy jowl. Selden weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, and Bennett was lifted from his feet and dropped off the tracks to the ground below, where he struggled for a moment and then collapsed limply.

Selden rubbed his knuckles. The camp had flinched at the blow. It had been as surprised as Bennett; there had been no warning. One moment Selden was standing with his hands at his side and then Bennett was flying through the air. Selden's arm had moved so swiftly that the camp's eyes had hardly followed it. He spoke coolly:

"I said I would settle that to-night. I am superintendent here."

He added nothing, but nothing was needed. Already the camp knew that here was no Yearwood. Selden turned to Newell, the mine foreman.

"Get the master mechanic and a crew and come to the fan house," he ordered.

Newell left, and Selden walked to the edge of the scaffolding and looked down at Bennett. The camp breathed sharply and waited, but the superintendent merely stared down at the man who lay breathing stertorously. Selden turned on his heel, but was halted by Pinetop Thompson.

"What about us? Ain't we goin' in?"

Selden turned back. "Not now, and I doubt if you will go in at all. Not until I've tried something else. I'm going to make them come out. Thompson, put your men about the mouth of the mine and hold them there."

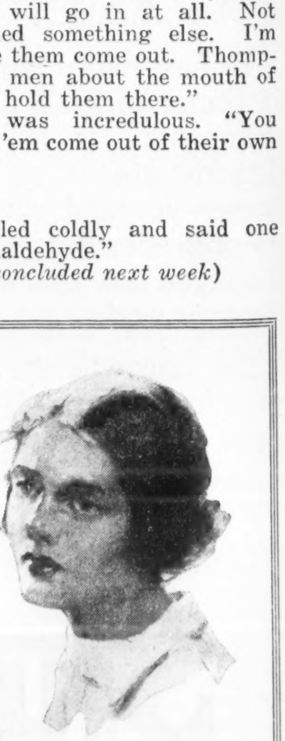
Thompson was incredulous. "You goin' to make 'em come out of their own free will?"

"Yes."

"How?"

Selden smiled coldly and said one word: "Formaldehyde."

(*To be concluded next week*)



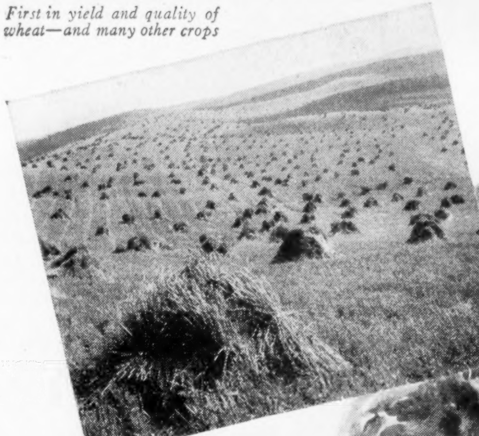
THE BEGGAR'S DIAMOND

It was the one thing she was proud of—unscrupulous, cruel, demanding as she was—her "beggar's diamond" of utter honesty. Perhaps it was enough for the ransom of more than her own soul. . . .

By ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE

In Next Week's Collier's

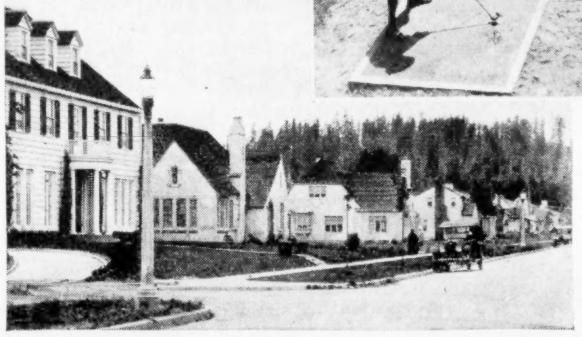
The Pacific Northwest { MONTANA WYOMING IDAHO OREGON WASHINGTON }


First in yield and quality of wheat—and many other crops

Where people play hard, as well as work hard, and enjoy life more

To live next door to beauty like this!

The cities are clean, up-to-date, and beautiful


This is the better Homeland—a finer place to live and bring up children

Almost ideal conditions have made the Pacific Northwest famous for its fine dairy cows

They came and grew with the country!

Nine-tenths of the adult population out here came to the Pacific Northwest *from other states.*

They came in search of larger opportunity and better, happier ways of living.

They stayed because they found them.

They make a better living

These people have proved that this great, rich, swiftly growing country offers a better chance to get ahead. They found that here, as elsewhere, hard work is the price of success. But they found, too, that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

Their incomes are higher than the average for the country. Their bank savings have trebled in 10 years. More of them own automobiles. More than the average own their homes. They have resources that provide 50 per cent more than the national average for the education of their children.

They enjoy life more

The Pacific Northwest is one of the most beautiful of homelands.

The mountains, seaside, woods, lakes and streams are the daily playgrounds of the people. The climate is pleasant and invigorating. In some sections roses bloom almost the year round. The health rate is the highest in the United States.

And all the advantages of modern American life at its best are found here. The cities are clean, up-to-date and beautiful. Schools and colleges are unexcelled. The things that make life finer and better are not lacking.

There is a place for you

The Pacific Northwest is growing swiftly. In the past twenty years population has doubled. Ocean commerce has increased 500 per cent, the number of farms 118 per cent, the value of industrial products 800 per cent.

The Pacific Northwest offers you the opportunity to *grow with it*—to share its prosperity and success.

Send for this free book

What other families like yours have found in the Pacific Northwest is described in the free booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now." It tells the things you want to know about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. It is free. Sign and mail the coupon for it now.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Northern Pacific Ry.
The Great Northern Ry.

FREE
Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog

The Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY NOW

MAIL
this coupon for both

Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information — fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs — an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

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JAMES HOUSE JR. '25

TOM MASSON SAYS —

NO CHAIN *of hot-dog wagons is stronger than its weakest link.*

* * *

A Rhode Island matrimonial commissioner says wives ought to live apart at intervals from husbands in order to remedy the divorce evil. But some of us never see our wives long enough to make such an arrangement.

* * *

We cannot all be perfect. In the new chapel motors provided by the Baptist church there is no compartment for golf clubs.

* * *

It must take a lot of patience on the part of the telephone company to wait until just after they get out a new directory before changing all the numbers.

* * *

The other day we met a woman who hadn't married DeWolf Hopper.

* * *

Salt Lake City is going to spend $75,000 in advertising itself. Suggested slogan: "Meet the wives!"

* * *

Judging from recent news impressions, a church moderator bears about the same relation to moderation that two tomcats on a back-yard fence at midnight bear to each other.

* * *

Speaking of women in general, what is apple sauce for the goose is even more so for the gander.

* * *

The shortage of nuts in Wisconsin has compelled the squirrels to seek the cornfields of Iowa. If they really want plenty of nuts they ought to come farther east.

* * *

They are still burying people alive in India. Here they do it by not referring to them personally in the newspapers.

* * *

Talk about preserving our forests—look at the trouble we have preserving our golf links.

* * *

The trouble with so many nice young girls who want to get into motion pictures is they can't even yearn a living.

* * *

The trouble with the fast worker is that he is too often a fast shirker.

* * *

It is now proposed to have a national farmers' day. Considering that we wouldn't be here at all if it were not for the farmers, why not make it a couple of weeks?

* * *

First they said Ma Ferguson, governor of Texas, was a peach; now they want to impeach her.

* * *

Jack Dempsey says he does not care for the movies. He prefers still life.

The Book Nobody Knows

Continued from page 10

Moses is credited with the ninetieth—the noble chant of an old man who, seeing his own generation disappear and a new generation rise up to take its place, nevertheless faces the future with serene trust.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. . . .
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. . . .
So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

The nineteenth acclaims the firmament and the moral law:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

The ninety-first is a majestic confession of faith:

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

Hebrew poetry does not consist of rhyme nor meter, but balance of thought, a parallelism. One line says a thing and the next repeats it with variation:

In the way of righteousness is life;
And in the path thereof there is no death.

Or the second line is an adversative clause:

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished;
*But he that gathereth by labor shall have increase.**

Thus the balance and rhythm are not in the words but in the thought. Having in mind this distinctive characteristic, you will more readily understand why the Book of Job is called sometimes "the greatest poem" and sometimes "the greatest of all dramas."

Everybody knows Job, "the most patient man who ever lived"—a bit of knowledge based on the remark in the New Testament: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." As a matter of fact, Job was about as impatient as a man could possibly be, and properly so perhaps, for he was the victim of trials quite undeserved. The word "patience" as the New Testament writer uses it does not denote the moral quality of submission with cheerfulness to a hard experience, but mere endurance—"You have heard how much Job endured, and know that in the end he had better fortune"—that seems to be about what the writer means.

Job was a rich farmer, cattle owner and public-spirited citizen who headed all subscription lists and had the satisfaction of seeing his enterprises succeed and his children grow up with good promise. Suddenly calamity descends upon him. He does not know it, but Satan has made a bargain with God to try his soul. The outcome of the trial is to determine whether Job, or any other man, is righteous merely for the love of righteousness or whether he must be bribed to righteousness by prosperity and the promise of heaven.

Job's crops are destroyed, his barns burned, his children taken sick, and he himself breaks out all over with horrible boils. In this condition he is visited by a group of three friends—professional moralists and Pollyannas—and between them and him the dramatic debate ensues. They tell him just where he has been wrong and urge him to confess his sins to God and beg forgiveness. He responds sarcastically:

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

He denies that he has sinned and refuses to tell God that he has because it would be a lie; and he won't lie even to be relieved from all his misfortunes.

His conversation is far from meek, but you can't fail to admire his indomitable courage. In the end it wins. God says to him in effect: "Job, you have talked a good deal of nonsense, and you have been very impatient, but you have helped me to win out in my contest with Satan. He said that nobody on earth loves goodness for its own sake, and I told him that you do. He said I was wrong, but you have proved me right. I am proud of you, and I was never so proud as when you protested that you would not lie even to please me."

It's a grand book. It does not furnish any answer to the perplexing problem of suffering. It does not explain why a good man, Job or any other, should have sorrow visited upon him in a world which is supposed to be under the control of a loving God. What it does proclaim is that God has staked His reputation on His ability to produce human beings who can stand anything that fate or fortune may bring; men who will be good without a bribe.

"Every man has his price," says the cynic; but Job did not have his price. He was stripped of his possessions, he lost his health, he had a fool for a wife, and his friends were no comfort to him. But his head, though bloody, was unbowed. "Even if God does not reward me, and treats me like a wicked man; even if He has made a mistake about me, or forgotten me, or just naturally has it in for me, nevertheless I stand on my record. I am glad I fed the hungry and helped people when I could. I have nothing to repent of, and I refuse to lie and say that I have." That's the substance of it. And then: *The words of Job are ended.* It is a brave speech of a brave man, and small wonder that God responded to it, restored him his property, blessed his sons and daughters, and allowed him to live in prosperity for a hundred and forty years.

"So Job died, being old and full of days." The curtain descends upon the great drama.

Decline and Fall

WE MUST now go back to King Solomon, who has built his Temple and palaces, written his Proverbs, and grown old, his heart being "turned away" by his harem. With a thousand mothers to look after them, the children of a king ought to be properly brought up, but the net results in the Solomon household were not so good. His heir, Rehoboam, was a typical rich man's son, soft, conceited, sure of his own opinion and contemptuous of advice. As soon as it was known that "Solomon slept with his fathers," a rough-and-ready soldier named Jeroboam organized an insurrection, demanding that King Rehoboam lower the taxes and conduct himself in a less arbitrary fashion than his father.

The old men who had been Solomon's counselors urged Rehoboam to compromise, but the hot-headed young courtiers were all for the Big Stick, and Rehoboam sided with them.

"And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him; And spake to them after the counsel of the young men, saying, My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke: my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

It was all very soft for Jeroboam, who promptly persuaded the ten northern tribes to separate and elect him their king. Rehoboam kept only Judah and the little tribe of Benjamin.

"And there was war between Rehoboam and Jeroboam all their days."

The beginning of the end.

All of this took place around 1000 B. C., which is a rough-and-ready date to remember in connection with David and Solomon. From the death of Solomon until 586 B. C., when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Babylonians, the history of the two little kingdoms is a sad tale of intrigue, sinfulness, bad management and steady decline. Sometimes the kingdoms fought and sometimes they were allies. In periods of peace the crown prince of one kingdom was usually named after the reigning monarch of the other, so that the record in the Book of Kings is confusing enough to the average reader. You get the gist of it in verses like these:

"In the thirty and first year of Asa king of Judah began Omri to reign over Israel [the larger kingdom]. . . . But Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him. . . . Omri slept with his fathers, and was buried in Samaria: and Ahab his son reigned in his stead. . . . And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him."

Each king, you see, excelled his predecessor in wickedness and incompetence. We have no time for them in this rapid survey except for a single glance at two of the most dramatic figures—Jezebel, the strong-minded old queen, and Jehu, who slew her. Jezebel was a princess of the proud kingdom of Tyre, and when Ahab, King of Israel, married her, he thought he had achieved a great diplomatic victory. As queen mother her powerful influence lasted after the death of her husband and throughout the reign of her son Joram, King of Israel, and Ahaziah, her son-in-law, who was king in Jerusalem. Jehu was a kind of Cromwell, stern, bloody, unmerciful. He killed both Kings Joram and Ahaziah and raced back to the capital to make away with Jezebel and all the members of the royal family. When Jehu started for a place he arrived in a hurry.

"The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."

Jezebel could have fled, but her queenly pride scorned such cowardice. Instead, she "painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window."

When Jehu drove through the streets she taunted him as a dog who had slain his master.

"And he [Jehu] lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs. And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down: and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses: and he trode her under foot."

With such edifying spectacles the record is thickly dotted. The Hebrew writers were nothing if not honest; they gave us the story in all its ignominy and shame. The kings of Jerusalem make a little better showing than the kings of Israel, but we have to remember that the record is written from the Jerusalem point of view. Neither set deserves a place in our memories. Their doings are significant only as a dark background for the shining words and works of the Prophets, one of the most remarkable successions of men in human history. It was a case of

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Mr. Barton's articles on "The Book Nobody Knows" will be continued in an early issue

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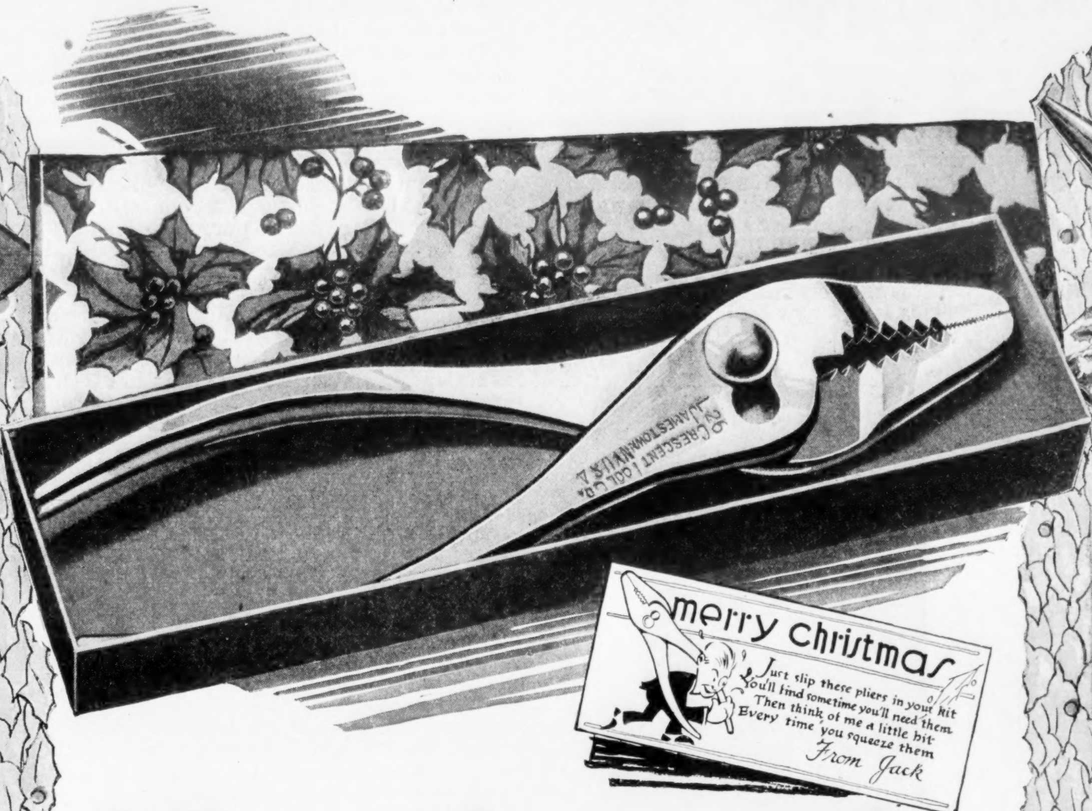
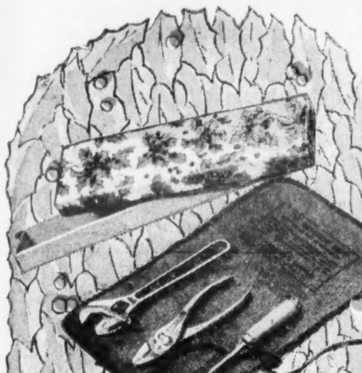
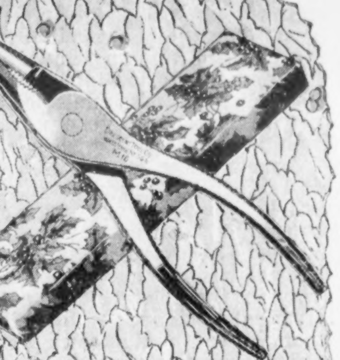
*The two passages quoted above are given as they appear in the Standard American Edition of the Revised Version of the Bible. All the other quotations, both in the first article and this, are from the Authorized Version, in which the poetic principle set forth above is not carried out in the linear arrangement. The only variation in these articles from that text is in the use of italics for the poetical passages.—ED.


merry christmas
Just slip these pliers in your kit
You'll find sometime you'll need them.
Then think of me a little bit
Every time you squeeze them
From Jack
CRESCENT TOOL CO.
JAMESTOWN, N.Y.



The Crescent Kit is a big favorite with motorists. It carries an 8-inch Crescent Wrench, 6-inch Crescent Plier and Crescent All-Steel Screw-driver.

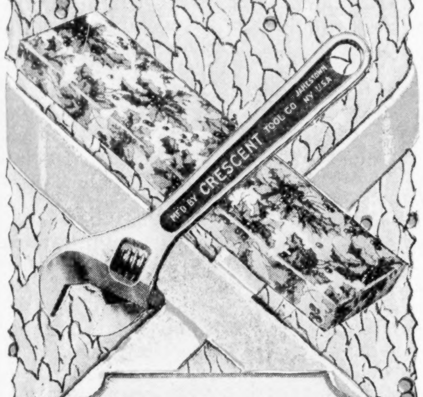
With gift box and greeting card. - - *$2.35*



The Crescent Long Nose Plier is designed for bending wire and for handling small pins, nuts or screws in hard-to-reach corners. Fine for radio or car.

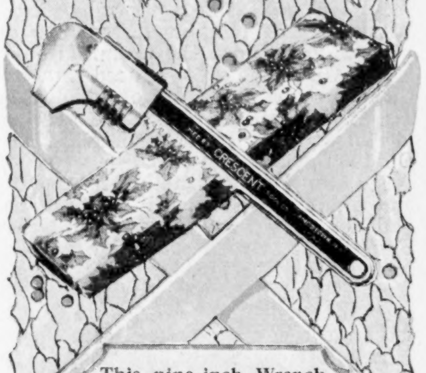
With gift box and card - - - *75c*

When these tools say "Merry Christmas" -they really mean it!


MFD BY CRESCENT TOOL CO. JAMESTOWN, N.Y. U.S.A.

The Crescent Wrench offers a dependable friendliness that doubles the cheer of any greeting.

The 8-inch size in a gift box with greeting card retails at - - *95c*



This nine-inch Wrench opens to 3 inches. It is of the type that one uses in a hundred-and-one different ways.

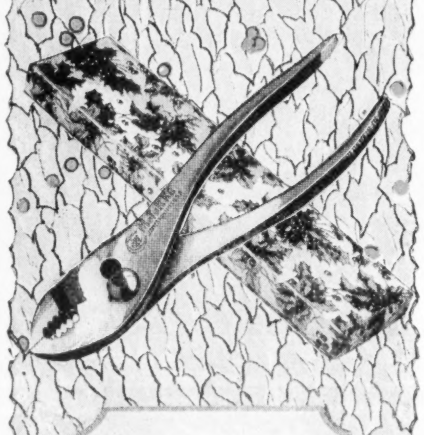
In gift box with appropriate card, it retails for - - - *75c*

THERE is a merry, heart-warming lilt to the holiday greetings that go with the Crescent Tools you buy for Christmas gifts. You will enjoy sending them as much as your friends will enjoy receiving them.

Best of all, though, these tools carry a lasting friendliness.

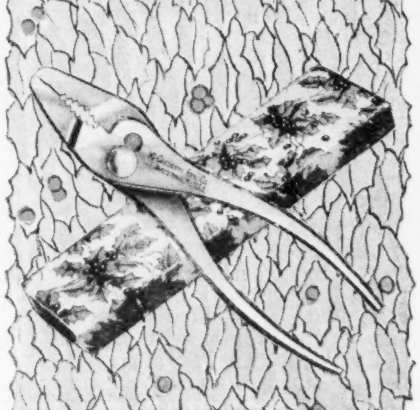
They back up their words with year after year of willing, dependable service. You can buy them singly or make up sets to suit the special hobby of the recipient whether he happens to be a radio fan, enthusiastic car owner, or some other type of amateur or professional mechanic.

Be sure to see these tools and greeting cards at your regular hardware or accessory store.



Motor Kit Pliers, with their bright nickel finish, have a cheerful holiday look about them. They are handy for house or car.

With gift box and greeting card - - *50c*



Thin Nose Pliers are neat in shape, attractively nickeled, and designed for a wide variety of everyday uses.

Retail Price - - *50c*
Including gift box and card.

CRESCENT TOOL COMPANY
215 Harrison St. Jamestown, N. Y.
Originators of the Crescent Wrench

CRESCENT TOOLS

The Man Trapper

Continued from page 21

up in the timber was given an examination; several minor criminals were thus apprehended, and on the fourth day of the scout when the rangers raided Luke Stone's ranch they unexpectedly captured a real prize in the person of Dell Dublin. While this worthy was being disarmed and put comfortably into irons his brother Dick rode out of the brush near by, saw what was going on, hurled a profane defiance at the officers and promptly disappeared.

Chase was given, but the fugitive got away in the thickets and a few days later sent word back to Jim Gillett, with whom he had hunted cows for the Horrel brothers, that at the earliest opportunity he was going to give him a good quirting for being an impudent kid.

Gillett laughed at the message, escorted brother Dell and five other prisoners to the jail in Llano County, and upon his return was assigned to the pleasant duty of going after Dick.

Four days later, having scouted through Dick Dell's best-known haunts, Gillett rode his men past the Potter Ranch and, as it was thought that Dick Dublin accasionally visited the place, decided to drop in and see if he could get any news of his man. As a matter of precaution Gillett's call took the form of a strategic approach. Leaving their horses, he and his men went up on foot. When they were within twenty-five yards of the house old man Potter saw them coming and cried out, "Run, Dick, run; here come the rangers!"

A man on foot broke for the timber. It was Dick Dublin, but instead of stopping to administer the promised quirting to Gillett he even refused to accept that young man's invitation to halt, and disappeared in the woods. Gillett followed, on the run. Catching sight of Dublin through the trees, he again ordered him to halt. Dublin kept moving, and Gillett killed him with his first shot. Sad to relate, however, when Gillett claimed the reward of $700 which had been offered for Mr. Dublin, the great state of Texas refused to pay it on the ground that it had been put up for the return of a captive and not of a corpse.

This left one really bad man, Starke Reynolds, to be accounted for, and a week later Gillett got him.

The rangers were moving camp. With them they had a wagonload of lesser celebrities, ironed together for safekeeping, and they were traveling leisurely along, timing their pace to their vehicle full of prisoners, when at a turn in the road they saw the figure of a lone horseman. The horseman saw the rangers at the same time and recognition was mutual and instantaneous. It was Starke Reynolds, and at once the chase began.

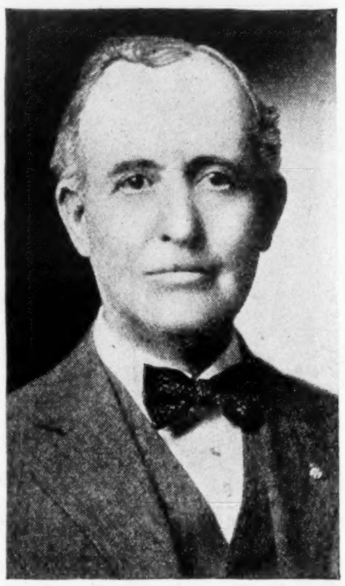
Gillett's horse was a good one, and as he closed up on the outlaw the man looked back, saw that he was followed by only one man, and stopping suddenly, jumped from his horse, whipped out his pistol and, when Gillett was fifty feet away, called out, "Stop, or I'll kill you!"

In Great Demand

HE MIGHT just as well have issued the same command to a cyclone. Gillett kept coming and was miraculously missed by two shots from the bandit's pistol. When he was only a few feet away the man started to run, on foot. Gillett turned him with a bullet that broke the branches from a scrub oak in front of his face, and Reynolds ran back to shelter behind his horse. Gillett rolled out of his saddle, unshipped his rifle and, coolly steadying his nerve so as not to miss, was carefully taking aim at a spot where he knew Starke's head would soon appear, when two of the belated rangers rode up and saved the outlaw's life by accepting his surrender.

Naturally these Kimble County performances, which resulted in turning a criminals' paradise into a safe haven for peaceable settlers, coupled with his previous Indian record and his subsequent connection with the posse that cleaned up the Sam Bass gang, furnished Gillett with a reputation for efficiency that any young man could be proud of. Every criminal in Texas viewed his approach with alarm; every ranger captain in the state wanted him to serve in his command, and at last, in 1879, he was transferred by request to Captain George W. Baylor and sent out into the wide-open, Apache-infested wilderness that lay west of the Pecos.

This was a new country, as the other frontier had been, and the work of cleaning it up had to be carried out in the same way. First the Apache Indian situation had to be taken care of, and no sooner had Captain Baylor and his men established themselves in camp at Ysleta than they went industriously to work to exterminate the celebrated Apache Chief Victorio and his band of warriors.



J. B. Gillett, "the man trapper," as he looks to-day

The story of these Indian fights, which lasted for more than a year and which finally culminated in the total annihilation of Victorio's band and the death of the gifted old chief himself, is too long to be told here. In all of the activities of the long conflict, however, Jim Gillett participated with much credit to himself and much damage to the Apaches, and when it was over he merely took a long breath and immediately began to employ himself in the conversion of renegade Mexicans and bad white men. There was plenty of material to work with, and Gillett was busy.

Up at Socorro, N. M., two Mexican belligerents, Abran and Enofrio Baca, who had been denied admission to an American social affair, took the matter so much to heart that they brutally murdered A. M. Conklin, the editor of the Socorro Sun. The population of Socorro was indignant but slow, and the Mexican murderers made their escape and managed to get down into Gillett's territory with a reward of $500 hanging over each of their heads.

Three months later the young ranger located one of the men, took a detail of three rangers with him, made a bloodless capture, delivered his prisoner at Socorro and received the reward, after which the man was lynched by the grateful citizens.

The other brother was harder to locate and gave Gillett more trouble when he was located. The weeks went by, and finally a man from Saragosa, a small town across the Rio Grande in Mexico, rode in and told Gillett that he thought Enofrio Baca was clerking in the one store in the Mexican village.

Gillett decided to kidnap the murderer and bring him back into the United States. This was a ticklish thing to undertake, as it had to be handled independently and without the official sanction of the rangers, who could not, on such a mission, operate south of the river.

Gillett, however, because of the money and the notoriety that would be his if he carried out the kidnapping successfully, decided to try it; and, as he had to have help, he took another ranger, George Lloyd, into his confidence. Lloyd held the horses outside the store in readiness; Gillett went in, stuck a gun in the Mexican's face, while a lady customer fainted, forced the man to go out and mount behind Lloyd, and then, with the bullets of a dozen pursuers, who were on their trail in two minutes, kicking up the dust around them, they made the ride to the river and across it without damage either to themselves or their prisoner.

After receiving a severe reprimand from Captain Baylor for his violation of international law, Gillett took this second Baca brother to Socorro and had a very exciting encounter with a mob which wanted to relieve him of his prisoner at once and lynch the man forthwith. The lynching part of the program did not meet with Gillett's entire disapproval, but as he had once before—in the case of Dick Dublin—been deprived of the fruits of his efforts by delivering a dead man instead of a live one, he induced the leaders of the mob to postpone the final function until after he had turned his man in at the jail and received a receipt for him. The leaders, who were able to see that this was a reasonable request, granted the same; Gillett got a receipt for his prisoner—which he cashed the next day—and the mob did the rest.

"We Aim to Please"

THE next outstanding piece of work in the way of reform in which Gillett engaged was in the breaking up of the Curly Bill gang. Curly Bill was a cattle thief and bad man, a joint product of the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, whose habit it was to acquire property in either of those jurisdictions and transport it across to Texas, where it would be sold to the highest bidder.

In line with this customary course of procedure, Curly robbed a store at Tombstone, left the proprietor full of bullet holes, picked up a bunch of work stock and, with his accumulated wealth, headed in the direction of El Paso. Word that the outlaw was coming his way was sent to Captain Baylor, and he at once assigned Jim Gillett, with two or three assistants, to the job of making a capture. The posse rode through El Paso, followed the Rio Grande north for a few miles and then cut across the mountains to Mundy Springs, the only watering place within a good many miles. Gillett's judgment in leading his small force to this spring was fully justified. At the water hole they cut the trail of a bunch of horses and, without being positive that it had been left by the Curly Bill party, they followed it back to the south.

The trail led through a wild, rough country—which is now the most exclusive residential section of the city of El Paso—and right up to the gate of a public corral located where a million-dollar federal building and custom house stands at the present day. It was early morning, and when Gillett and his men looked in the corral they saw three heavily armed men gathered around a camp fire cooking breakfast. The opportunity for a surprise was perfect and Gillett grabbed it instantly by cheerfully calling out, "Hands up!"

The men at the fire jumped to their feet, looked at Gillett and his following and seemed undecided what to do. They didn't raise their hands and yet they didn't attempt to draw their weapons. Something in the expression of the gun barrels they were looking into must have told them not to do the latter, and finally one of them said: "Oh, hell, we'd rather be shot than surrender."

"All right," responded Gillett, still cheerful, "take your choice. Stick up your hands and get arrested, or touch a gun and get filled full of lead. We are here to accommodate you."

Slowly the hands of the men went above their heads, and when they were all pointing heavenward Gillett stepped forward and relieved his prisoners of their weapons. It was a bloodless victory, as most of Jim Gillett's had been, but it meant much. It broke up the Curly Bill gang, earned a reward for Gillett and his men and, happening as it did in the heart of the turbulent city of El Paso, the episode called the attention of the leading citizens to the interesting fact that there was a young man in the neighborhood who could arrest men without scattering them all over the street and injuring bystanders. This was a good thing to know and a short time later, when the bellicose element in El Paso went on a unanimous spree and engaged in a free-for-all shooting bee, Gillett was at once thought of and immediately sent for. He reached El Paso with three men behind him during a lull in the hilarity, walked down the main street with a sawed-off shutgun, and at once peace was restored.

None of the tough element of El Paso, not even those who had laughed long and loud at the idea of restraint, cared to fool with Gillett and his men. There was something so casual and certain in the way that he locked up a few minor offenders that the more earnest ones lay off for the time being and welcomed the day when he finally left the town and turned over his authority to a newly elected city marshal by the name of Dallas Stoudenmire, whose story I've already told in Collier's.

For a year Stoudenmire controlled the situation. His reign was a bloody one, and finally when he had eliminated most of the gunmen in the town he himself blossomed forth as the most dangerous and disturbing factor in the life of the community. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do and, in fear and trembling, El Paso's city fathers did it. They asked Stoudenmire to resign as city marshal, and when he did so, throwing his badge down on the table with a perfect avalanche of verbal abuse and threats, they at once picked up the emblem and pinned it upon the bosom of young Gillett, who had been enticed away from the ranger service by a promise of easier work and much higher pay.

Gillett now occupied a position of outstanding prominence. Although he was not yet twenty-five years of age, he was chief of police, or city marshal, of the toughest town on the Mexican border, and in five words his record can be written. He held down the job!

Stoudenmire before him had preserved order by perforating offenders and allowing their relatives to carry them home; Gillett preserved it by looking calmly along the barrel of a six-shooter, or a sawed-off shotgun, and leading his men to jail.

The difference between the two men, for the time being, was merely one of technique, but the final results, when we think about them, are duly impressive. Both men arrived at their logical destination. Stoudenmire was killed in a fight in a saloon, with Gillett on hand a moment later to lock up his slayer, while Gillett held his job as long as he cared to, resigned as an honored citizen, and went into the cattle business. He is still in it and, needless to say, all discreet brand burners and cattle rustlers have always taken great pains to see that his stock is unmolested. Some questionable characters, they say, even take off their hats when they see his brand!

Sergeant Gillett of the Texas Rangers in 1879

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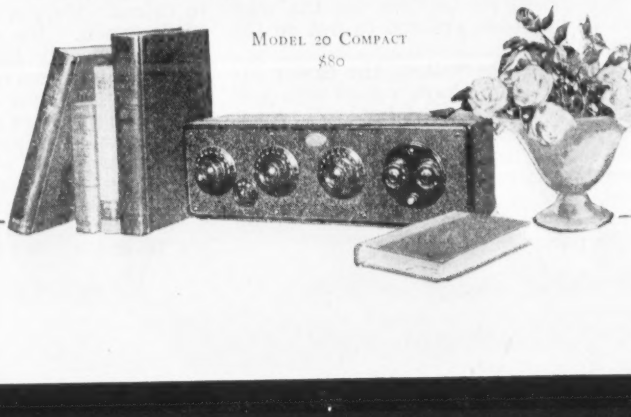

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Crime in the Home of Its Friends

Continued from page 19

But one evening, motoring through the district, he was amazed to see the houses running at full blast. His policemen on street corners were twirling their clubs unconcernedly in the glare of white-curtained windows.

Before midnight every policeman in that district had been shifted to the suburbs; a new set of men was brought in, with orders to raid the places and keep them closed.

"I've changed the patrols on that beat seven times in eighteen months," Butler told me the other day. "Every time the places open up again I have to move in a whole new layout of policemen from other districts."

Butler wouldn't listen to the politicians—there's a political party leader in every one of the forty-eight wards and a division party leader for each division, making some 4,000 city party leaders in Philadelphia who live on political spoils and turn political wheels behind the scenes of city government. But there were other officials who had got their jobs through politics and who hope and expect to hold them by the favor of politicians.

Such officials usually are not brave enough to defy politicians. The political leaders began to get to the magistrates. A magistrate is a local official whose court covers certain territory in the town. If the magistrate dismisses a case brought by the police, that ends the case. Magistrate Frank W. Neff, who sits in the district where the Kilker boys and Moses Weinbeck run gambling houses, almost invariably, so the record shows, turns the gamblers loose after a police raid. So does Magistrate John F. Dugan, according to records. Magistrate Ed Carney went so far as to issue warrants for officers of "Unit No. 1."

Magistrate Joseph M. Perri almost succeeded in helping Rose Hicks, Philadelphia's leading pander, to make good her boast that she would never see the inside of a cell. For over a third of a century this woman infamously was a servant of vice and mysteriously escaped punishment. "Politicians are behind her," whispered Philadelphia. "You can't get her into a cell," boasted the underworld. The other evening General Butler tried to get her into a cell; he barely succeeded. After a midnight raid Rose Hicks and two of her girls were rushed off to the cell-room in the city hall. Assistant Director of Public Safety Elliott waited in the cell-room with a group of reporters. The reporters saw Rose and her girls put into cells. But within a few minutes a "division leader" of an underworld district came to the cell-room and asked to see the charges against the women. He went out. Some time later—the hour was fifteen minutes to two in the morning—magistrate Joseph M. Perri, from an outlying district of Philadelphia, entered the police station and signed papers which took the women out of the hands of the police. They had been in cells—but not over one hour. The mystery of Rose Hicks' immunity was cleared up. Politicians *were* behind her.

Easy Magistrates

NEARLY all of the thirty magistrates almost invariably dismiss arrested proprietors of "speak-easies." Out of 6,080 arrests in speak-easies in 1925, up to the end of August, there had been only 212 convictions in court. Though, at this writing, Butler is raiding an average of thirty saloons a day, convictions are rare.

"I don't know how many thousands of speak-easies there are in Philadelphia," he told me. "We keep smashing them up, but the courts set the accused free. We arrested one flagrant violator three times in six hours, but the magistrate set him free each time."

The time came—and is still here—when Butler's department did not dare to go to the offices of some of the magistrates to seek warrants for entrance to houses of prostitution, speak-easies and gambling houses.

"Someone in these offices would tip off the vicemongers that we were coming," said Butler.

To-day Butler especially trusts two magistrates of the thirty. One of these is Violet Fahnestock, appointed to office by Governor Gifford Pinchot; the other is William F. Beaton. It is Mrs. Fahnestock who issues nine tenths of the warrants for speak-easies. Beaton is one magistrate who is known not to take advice from politicians as to his acts on the bench.

In September, 1924, during his first year, when the magistrates and other officials were not so desperately opposing him, Butler made 440 speak-easy arrests; there were eighty-four convictions. If you don't think Philadelphia has gone crooked in certain official circles on the matter of booze, consider the same record for September, 1925. With 1,081 speak-easy arrests there were only two convictions!

The politicians were on the job.

THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

will thrill you with its adventure, its mystery and its strange romance of a young American girl's fortunes on both shores of the blue Mediterranean.

By
VALENTINE
WILLIAMS

Begin it in next week's Collier's

Now, why should a Philadelphia politician—and remember he's no worse than politicians in most other large cities—protect vice and prostitution against the efforts of a chief of police?

Butler couldn't answer that question at first; he can answer it now, however. Philadelphia is divided, as I have said, into forty-eight wards; each ward is cut up into divisions. The man who can control the most votes for the political crowd in any division is the man who is the political leader of that division. He has great power and an easy living.

The political ability of a division leader—and remember that this goes for politicians in your own city as well—depends not so much on whether or not he can carry an election on election day, but whether or not, on *primary* election day, he can secure the primary nomination on the party's ballot of any man his superiors name.

He must be able to fix it so a certain's man's name will go on the ballot that decent citizens will put in a ballot box some weeks later. If his political bosses say to him, "I want the voters in your division to put Jim Jones on the ballot for councilman," this division leader must obey orders or lose his job, even if Jim Jones be a red-handed murderer.

A division leader in Philadelphia, therefore—and again this applies to such politicians in all great cities—doesn't want a lot of citizens to go to the polls on primary election day. You never hear *him* yelling to citizens in his district, "Go to the primaries." He wants only his own henchmen to go to the primaries to vote for the man that he has been ordered to put on the ticket.

The fewer the voters, the easier his job. In order to have voters who will obey his orders this division leader must grant political favors in his division. He must secure protection, if possible, from the police, for prostitution, gambling, bootlegging and all vice and crime, for these give votes and money to the party leader.

"If the police won't give him this protection, so that he can deliver his division for the gang on primary election day, he goes to his political bosses and complains against the police," Butler explained to me. "Says the police are breaking up his political organization.

"That's why," explained Butler, "a political organization always wants to control a police department. Politicians can keep their organization going at full blast if they're only able to force the police to grant favors to criminals. Criminals have a financial interest in politics which decent citizens never have."

There came a time when Butler took to ordering politicians out of his office. The police reporters cf the Philadelphia newspapers who sit in Butler's private office with him and are not only allowed but are encouraged to hear all his official conversation with all visitors, tell me that the time came at last, after Butler had been in office several months, when his formula for ejecting a favor-asking politician was, "Get the hell out of here and don't you ever come back!"

I have said that Butler's first effort was to drive out known criminals, especially those known for deeds of violence, such as burglary, highway robbery, and so forth.

Crimes of violence have been reduced almost two thirds in Philadelphia in Butler's time, owing to the absence from the city of violent criminals.

"I've talked to more than one chief of police since I took this job," Butler told me, "and I've found out why the burglars and thugs and robbers, after two or three efforts to stay here, finally decided to remain away from the town. It was because the politicians couldn't help them. Politicians are a go-between for thieves and the police. If the politicians can't get the ear of the man in charge of the police, then thieves are helpless. Rough treatment for criminals, downright force, will drive them out of any town, provided they have no political friends.

"If they know that the politicians of a town can't help them with the police of that town, then they stay away from that town."

Stop to think a minute! Have you any little criminals in your town? And if so, in the light of what this enlightened officer of marines says, why are they there and how do they manage to stay there?

Jailed for Fifteen Minutes

AFTER half a year Butler discovered that juries, selected by Sheriff James A. Carey, an old Penrose politician, were not supporting the drive for cleanness and safety in Philadelphia. Criminals were set free by juries—returned to crime. He put detectives on a list of jurymen. He discovered that the foreman deeply intrenched in politics had once been convicted of a crime and sent to prison for a long term.

"How long were you in prison?" this foreman of the jury was asked by the court during the investigation.

"Not fifteen minutes," he boasted. "They took me into the penitentiary with a bunch of prisoners, and when I got in one of the jailers pointed to a side door and said, 'Beat it.' So I came back to Philadelphia."

That jury, collected through political influence, was dismissed before it had a chance to serve. Some of Butler's few trusted detectives uncovered other rotten juries. Butler discovered, beyond any doubt, that some of the politicians that he had kicked out of his office were controlling some of the jury-forming agencies of the city.

"It got at last, around City Hall," said Butler, "so that I couldn't tell what officials were on the side of decency or on the side of criminals."

Butler's first year of service was ending. All the newspapers of Philadelphia, with a fine sense of decency, had stood by him. One editor had standing orders that there must be a story about Butler on the front page every day. But the politicians were pushing Mayor Kendrick not to ask President Coolidge to give Butler another leave of absence from the marines.

In spite of the fact that the town was reeking wet, that grain alcohol was toted through the streets in truckloads and breweries were running night and day, the citizens of Philadelphia suddenly discovered that Butler had made their town safer for them. Robberies had fallen off two thirds. Murder had decreased and murderers were caught. Pay roll robberies, window smashing in jewelry stores and highway robberies had come to an end. In twelve months there had not been a burglary or window smashing along Chestnut Street. The citizens of Philadelphia, seeing that this safety from violence might disappear with Butler's departure, made such a furor, in the form of public meetings in churches and halls, letters to the press and a giant petition to the mayor, that Mayor Kendrick went to Washington at the end of the year and asked President Coolidge to lend Butler to Philadelphia for another year. The President agreed. Only recently, toward the end of the second year, the church people created another campaign for Butler's retention, but President Coolidge, insisting that Philadelphia must protect itself from crime without federal aid, declined the request.

Butler started his second year, January, 1925, still trying to fight vice and crime and not knowing which men in his own fighting line were on the side of vice and which in favor of decency—whether his enemy was beside him, in front of him or behind him.

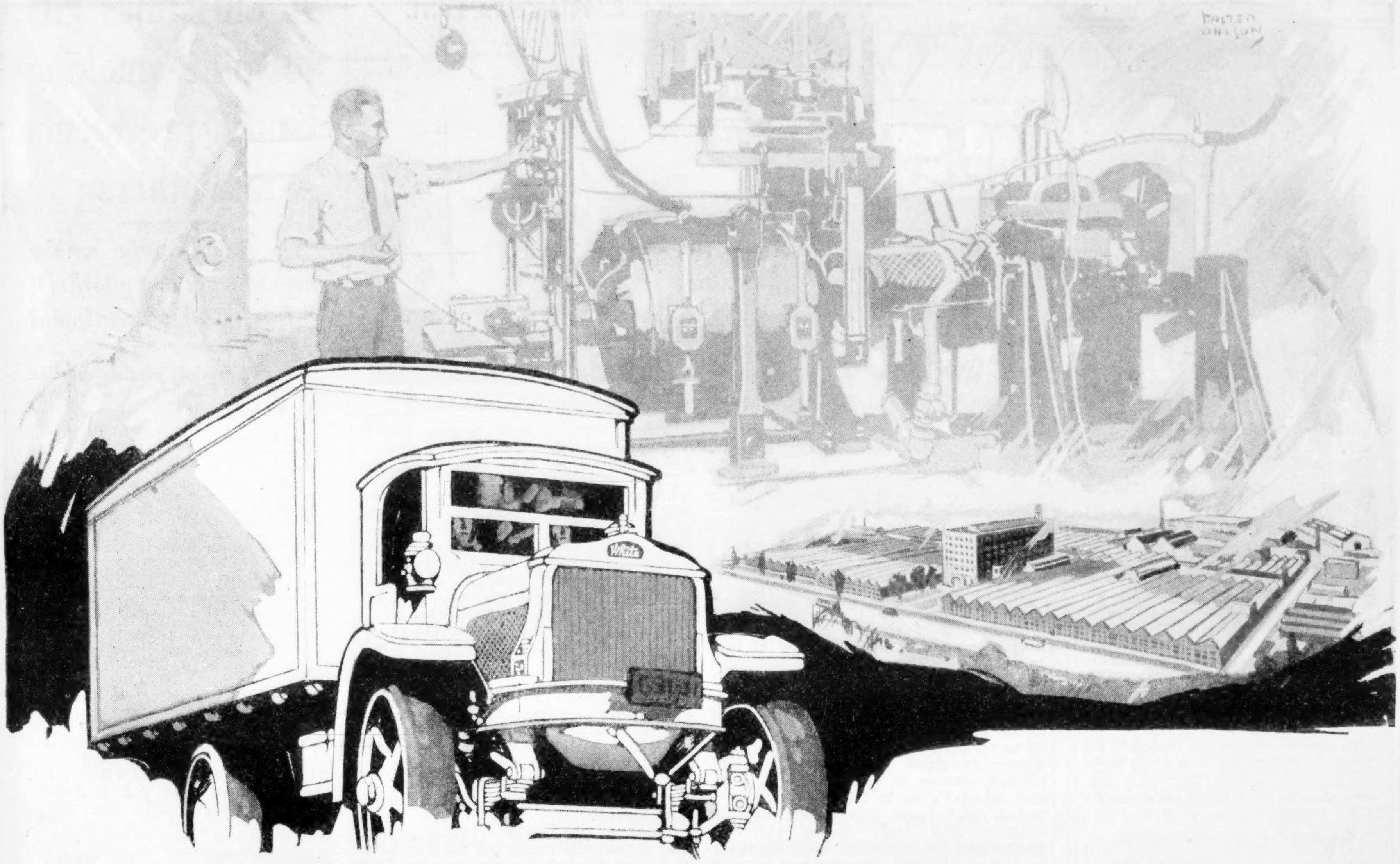
"The politicians wanted me to make Philadelphia safe, but they didn't want me to make it decent," Butler said. "They thought that, if I made Philadelphia safe, the citizens would cease worrying and would not demand decency."

"Folks seem to have an idea that vice and violent crime are two separate things," Butler told me one day. " 'Leave vice alone and take care of crime,' is the advice I've often received from eminent citizens. They don't seem to know that vice, which involves the self-control of the individual, is a general disease and that violent crime is only a manifestation of this disease. Vice is the disease and violent crime is the headache or the sore throat that goes with it. No city can be content with vice these days and expect to be safe from violent crime."

General Butler, wearing his uniform as director of public safety instead of full-dress evening clothes, at society parties in Chestnut Hill—and the story of why he wore his uniform at full-dress parties will be part of an ensuing article—often tried to show his society friends that there was no difference between vice and crime.

"And the main reason why I can't clean up Philadelphia just yet," he said, "is not crooked policemen or crooked officials, but the inability of many good people to realize that hidden and protected vice must be driven out before crime departs."

"Crime Preserved in Alcohol" is the title of Mr. Shepherd's article in next week's Collier's



The unseen guardian of all White Truck Owners' earnings

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No customer ever gets these trucks. No owner would subject them in years to the gruelling tests they are given in weeks. Yet every White customer profits from their operation.

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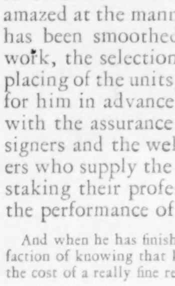

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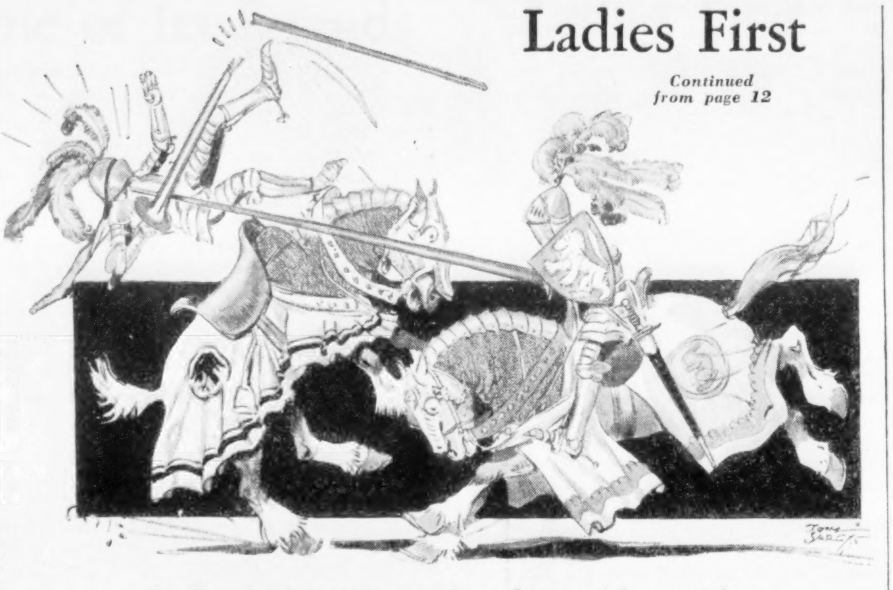
Ladies First

Continued from page 12



Sir Tamborine came rattling down with a crash

"*Fallen?*" repeated Amolyn with a nervous giggle.

"Woman, is this a time for jest?" said Dompierre.

"No, but it's a time for reason," said Lady Amolyn. "Ladies first."

"Only when I am gone—"

"Ladies first—"

Some say that she fell backward over the parapet and clutched at him to save herself. But some say that she jumped off so as to have the last word, and pulled him after her.

When the clutter had been cleared away and the oath of fealty administered to such vassals as remained and when measures had been taken to abolish memory of what had happened, and when Perrerin and his dark-eyed wench had been driven out of the country and their lands annexed, Clotty and Beau settled down together in the castle and were happy almost ever after. Great honors came to Beau in warfare. He fought for the faith at Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade, and received the Clap of Triumph from his sovereign. Clotty was all that a wife should be. She never let the maids get off without tucking in the bedclothes at the foot of the canopied bed where Beau had kicked them out.

But—there was one strange thing about the castle. There was no hangman. Horrocks the Heavy-Handed there was, who wielded the two-edged sword so mightily that it was said he could do two head amputations at a blow; and there was Quirinelle of the questionnaire department, who could work miracles with a sort of squirt gun filled with boiling oil. But hangman had they none. . . .

"AS TO that," said Ethylda, turning the pearl on her finger, "why, we have none ourselves." She stopped suddenly at the expression of Thuros' face. "Do you mean—?"

"I do," said Thuros.

"Then Clotty—"

"Is the Lady Clothilde, your very gracious mother."

"And Beau—"

"Is the Baron Arbaud, my lord of St. Chilperic, your very worthy father. You see. I told you I could prove it."

"Well—Q. E. D.," said Ethylda—which was medieval for *you win.* "I must say that, after what Pa and Ma did, I don't see how they can be too fussy about us. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only, you see," said Ethylda, "only, you see—Pa *did* something."

Thuros sprang down off the battlements and drew himself to his full height.

"He did," he cried. "Aye. And I will do something too. This week comes the tourney, when the dark knight Tamborine, nephew of Viscount Gallo, challenges all comers in the lists to prove his worthiness. Listen, Ethylda. A score of days ago a knight died of a wound in the wood yonder, and because I was kind to him and brought him drink, and because he could not help it, anyway, he gave me all he had: a tall white charger with trappings of scarlet; hauberk and helmet, lance and shield with a brazen boss; a great two-edged sword with gilden hilt, and under a crystal glass two relics—a red hair from the beard of good St. Peter and the very pebble with which David slew Goliath. These arms I will bear. Tête-Bois, the potboy, shall attend me as my squire. And thus I will meet dark Tamborine."

ETHYLDA'S eyes were glowing and her cheeks were pink. Nevertheless she was a practical little soul.

"It sounds well," she admitted. "But think, good Thuros. You are not trained in arms. How can you hope to meet a knight seasoned by a hundred tournaments?"

"Look at me," said Thuros briefly. And indeed she could not help looking at him and admiring the way he held his head so high and the straightness of his legs. "Look at me well. I am strong of arm so that alone I turned over the coals the great stalled ox barbecued in the bailey on St. Ancildus' Day, and I am mighty with the spit, so that with one thrust I can strike it through a sheep from end to end; with the great meat cleaver I can cleave a fore quarter of venison from the ribs at a single blow, and so cunning am I with the carving knife that I can cut a porker in inch pieces and never touch a bone. Shall I then not prove myself master of the lance, the battle-ax and sword?"

"I guess so," whispered Ethylda.

And a moment later she had pressed a stocking into Thuro's hand and disappeared.

The tournament came on Wednesday. Three times Thuros and Tamborine rode against each other, and three times their lances shattered harmlessly. But at the fourth charge they met fairly, horse to horse, and Thuros, by a monstrous clever thrust, impaled Sir Tamborine upon his lance as neatly as a boar's head on a spindle, and upon that gave him such a mighty turn that he came rattling down with a crash as if all the pots in the pastry cook's kitchen had fallen in a heap together. Thuros leaped to the ground, whirling his sword about his head so that he sliced the air into inch pieces, but Tamborine did not rise.

After that Thuros rode round and round the lists while the trumpeters played "Hail the Conquering Knight Advances," and the ladies rained down so many favors from the pavilions that he could hardly hold his lance erect, so heavy was it with girdles and gloves and handkerchiefs and ribbons. At the end of his progress some of the ladies sat all unlaced, with their bliauts flying and their hair loose and not a string to bless themselves with. And so the tournament was over.

After the tournament came the feast. There were tables in the bailey for the rabble and tables in the courtyard for the guests, and for the very particular guests there was a table set in the great hall, with a cover of linen dyed with Montpellier scarlet, and silver

A Christmas gift for pipe-smoking bank presidents —and others

"Us fellows who smoke never forget one another" —this Club's sentiment

What better example of the true Christmas spirit than this letter of Mr. Johnson, a Nebraska bank president:

Larus & Bro. Co.
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dishes and jeweled goblets for the wine, one to every two persons. They talk of that feast still around St. Chilperic. There were roast suckling pigs and little porkers on skewers and roe ribs and boar ribs and fowls dressed in flour and a peacock roasted whole with its head and feet splendidly gilded and a venison pasty a yard across; there were smoking spiced sauces, cinnamon and mace, and pepper sauces.

Everything was ready, but the victor of the morning had not come—though he'd had time enough, in Heaven's truth, to get his helm unlaced and his spurs off. Ethylda had not come either, and people began to raise their brows a little, wondering if she could be so forgetful of propriety as to grieve for fallen Tamborine. Baron Arbaud was growing restless; he kept drumming on the arms of his great canopied chair. And at last he sent out searchers, for he could see that the plover's egg omelet was going to fall unless it was served out immediately.

MEANTIME, in the woods beyond the toll bridge, Thuros and Ethylda were walking up and down together with their little fingers locked in token of betrothal.

"*Oh, joie,*" said Ethylda softly.

"*Oh, garçon,*" said Thuros.

It was at just this moment that Perilis, one of the garbage boys, on his way to empty a bucket of garbage into the River Wide, caught sight of them, and forthwith, letting his garbage bucket fall, he ran as fast as ever he could to Sim, the pan scraper.

"Sim," he cried, "down by the toll bridge, the fair Lady Ethylda and Thuros, Master of the Roast, are walking with their little fingers locked."

Sim dropped the pan he was scraping and began to run.

"Jorim," he shouted to one of the scullions, "down by the toll bridge, the fair Lady Ethylda and Thuros, Master of the Roast, are walking with their little fingers locked."

In five minutes it was all over the bailey. The scullions told the basters and the basters told the dripping catchers and the dripping catchers told the gravy makers. In no time it came to the ears of the seneschal; and as fast as ever he could run the seneschal ran to the great hall, all unbuttoned with excitement, and knelt in front of the canopied chairs where Baron Arbaud and the Lady Clothilde sat watching the omelet fall.

"Down by the toll bridge," panted the seneschal, "your daughter, the fair Ethylda, and Thuros, Master of the Roast, are walking with their little fingers locked."

And hardly were the words out of his mouth, when in came Thuros and Ethylda with him. Thuros was dangling his helm by one strap, and everyone could see that he was the strange warrior.

"Well, Pa," said Ethylda pleasantly. "Well, Ma. You see, we thought we'd be married."

The Baron Arbaud, Lord of St. Chilperic, had always had the reputation of being a reasonable man. He never lost his temper when his horse was mired or when his wife broke the dishes, and he never ordered anyone executed without first asking what he had done. But when his daughter said so simple a thing as that she was about to marry Thuros, his Master of the Roast, he forgot suddenly all about his reputation and his reason and his Papa-in-law Pullier, and flew into as big unreasonable rage as anyone ever saw.

"To the hangman with them," he shouted.

The Lady Clothilde pulled him gently by the sleeve.

"Sh-h-h," she said. "There isn't any hangman."

"And whose fault is that?" he cried.

Whereupon the Lady Clothilde lost her temper for the first time in her married life. "Yours," she said crossly—and you would have thought the baron was going to burst.

"Mine!" he roared. "Mine! By the good Rhine wine, I swear 'tis yours. To the hangman with them. We'll have a hangman. We'll make a hangman. We'll have them hanged if I have to hang them myself. . . ."

No one knows what would have happened next if Thuros had not snatched a great two-pronged meat carrier from a varlet just bringing in a dripping haunch of venison, and thrown it at Baron Arbaud. It went true—both prongs into the carved high back of the great canopied chair, the one prong under the Baron's right ear and the other under his left, so that he was pinned up as snug and straight as a porker in a smokehouse. Thuros seized a second two-pronged meat carrier, and pinned the Lady Clothilde up beside him.

There was an awkward pause. Then at a gesture from Thuros eight strong men-at-arms picked up the carven chairs with the Baron Arbaud, Lord of St. Chilperic, and the Lady Clothilde, his good spouse, still in them, and carried them downstairs to the dungeon.

There was at first a little buzz of gossip up and down the table, but Thuros and Ethylda were equal to the occasion. Thuros turned back his cuffs to keep them out of the gravy.

"Knave," he said to the seneschal, "bring us a couple more chairs."

"The omelet's fallen," said Ethylda. "Take it away. A little of the white meat, please, for me."

Thuros and Ethylda were married and lived happily almost ever after. But for years, if you had gone down to the dungeon and laid your ears against the bars, you could have heard voices, a little hoarse because of the dampness.

"It was your fault."

"I say 'twas yours."

"Yours. . . ."

"Yours. . . ."

The jailers used to nod and cross themselves. "Bewitchment," they whispered. Which was medieval for *incompatibility*.

IT WAS the year 1233. Thuros and Ethylda had prospered. Thuros had fought with Philip Augustus at Bouvines against the Germans and the Flemings under Prince Otto, and had been among the first to aid his king when he had been unhorsed in battle. Ethylda had given birth to a stalwart son, now just reaching knighthood, and had been presented at court. Thuros was a very perfect gentle knight, and Ethylda was his very perfect gentle lady.

And yet when it was discovered that the young noble, their son, was about to marry a barefoot, beautiful swineherd lass—

"To the hangman with them!" shouted Thuros.

"Hush," said Ethylda, "there isn't any hangman. To the torture room with them and roast them over the coals."

"Be still," said Thuros, "There isn't any spit."

And upon that there was a very dreadful quarrel.

"Whose fault is it?" they shouted at each other. "Whose fault is it?"

"Whose grandfather was Pullier, the hangman?"

"Whose father was Damit, the meat man?"

"Whose?"

Meantime the young knight and the beautiful swineherd lass were quietly married at the monastery, and rode away to seek their fortunes and to raise an army to come against St. Chilperic.

When Thuros and Ethylda heard of it, for an instant there was silence. Then Thuros tightened his sword belt two holes.

"My arms," he cried. "My horse. Sound the alarum. Muster the vassals. Let all who do me homage gather with their men. Have out the destrers. Have up the banners. Let the arbalesters wind their bows. We ride to the pursuit."

Ethylda plucked him softly by the sleeve.

"Come on down to the dungeon," she said, "and let's ask Pa and Ma if they'd like to go too."

And that, as they used to say in the Middle Ages, was that.

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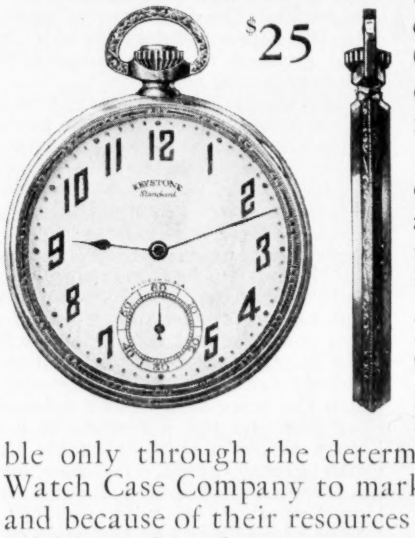

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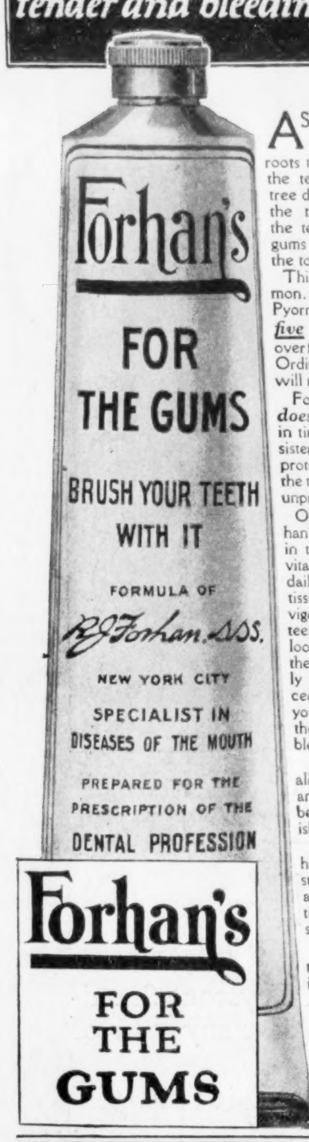

As the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

Solitude

Continued from page 25

fall of snow; must be in the cabin now.

The discovery awoke in the desperate and lonely man a tumult of conjecture. His need was great and instant; he must find shelter and warmth and food. Yet he was under the necessity of avoiding his fellow men, avoiding their accusing eyes, avoiding their rumor and report. The alternatives confronting him were critical and he tried to weigh them in cool blood, but his weariness was too great. His attempts to think clearly, to judge accurately, resulted merely in a more complete fuddling of his mental processes. He was not even conscious that he had moved forward until he discovered that his feet were following an old trail beneath the later fallen snow.

The fact that this trail must lead to the cabin he sought came home to him with maddening force, destroying all his caution, nullifying his inhibitions, as the first sip of water wakes a devil of desire in one dying of thirst. Even though destruction lay just ahead, this man had no strength left to avoid it; he plunged onward more swiftly along the trodden trail.

By the cabin door he kicked off his rackets, threw himself down the tunnellike slope of snow and grasped the latch. Even then, before opening, he hesitated once more, despairingly certain that his own destruction lay within.

But when he opened the door and the man in the cabin turned to look at him, the fugitive suffered such a flood of relief that it was almost more than he could bear. He had been so unutterably lonely; he had striven so desperately to reach the poor comfort of familiar scenes, of a once-known shelter, of a solitude a little less alien than the vast solitude through which he journeyed; he had known despair in the discovery that this goal of his had already been seized upon by another, presumably a stranger; had taken counsel of desperation and chosen to risk destruction for the small portion of comfort he might find within these walls; and then, when all his hopes were at an ebb, fortune had granted him an inexpressible reassurance and relief.

For the man in the cabin, who looked up at his entrance, was his partner, a friend he counted stanch and true.

HIS name was Mat Rullen, this patient and indomitable traveler through the wilderness. A rude, strong man, who had known the rough spots of the North. He had washed gold and he had mined gold; he had worked for hire and he had slaved like a serf for his own ends; he had fought and won; he had fought and been vanquished. He had striven through a long winter to earn the price of a week's debauch; he had won and lost a fortune in a dozen hours across a split-slab table littered with greasy cards. He had loved a woman, his mother, and she died; he had loved another, his wife, and she died. He had loved men and they died or went away from the place in which he dwelt. He had moved restlessly from one camp to another, one post to another.

There was in him a curiously sensitive imaginative streak; it made him the prey of hours of bitter depression, when he was but poor company. It made him draw back when those among whom his days were cast would have gone forward; it made him go forward when they drew back. In the casual encounters of life it had lost him many friends; but one man had understood and borne with him; one man he had served well and loved as we love those whom we serve.

This man was Charlie Day; and Charlie Day it was whose countenance he saw when his dazed eyes learned to see through the gloom within the cabin.

They had met in a barroom brawl; had found themselves by chance back to back while a whirling group of men fought all about them; they had buffeted their way into the clear and struck hands and bunked that night together in Mat Rullen's tent. They worked a placer one long summer; they thawed and dug and washed a winter through; they abandoned that enterprise for this trapping territory and wintered together without a bitter hour; they parted at last when one of his moods of black regret drove Mat to harsh and ugly words —parted in a surface hatred. But that hatred on Mat's part was forgotten now; he only remembered the Charlie Day whom he had loved; and he saw Charlie's face with a great lump of happiness choking in his throat, with eyes so moisted that he could not see the lack of response in Charlie's steady glance returning his.

He said through cracked and swollen lips, "Charlie, old man!" and sat down limply upon the floor, half crawling toward the beautiful warmth of the stove. And Charlie stood by, neither assisting nor opposing him, while he warmed himself back to life again and while he eased off the pack and tugged the heavy parka over his head. And Mat talked to his old partner garrulously, senselessly, rejoicing in the sound of his own voice and in the certainty that there was someone to hear what he said; some human ear at hand attending to his words. He was at first conscious of no lack, no failure on the other's part; he desired merely to talk and to be heard.

"I heard you'd gone outside," he said over and over. "I never looked to find you here. I heard you'd gone outside, Charlie, old man. They said so. They said you'd took the last boat out." He looked at the other more attentively. "Somebody said you'd broke a leg; said you went out on crutches, Charlie; said you went home with a crutch under your arm."

Charlie asked at last, in a stony voice, "How come you here?"

And Mat told him, rambling and incoherently. "Overland," he said. "Overland. From the gulch. I had a placer there, working it alone. I come from there. Two weeks on the way. I pulled out of there and headed for the cabin here. I never looked to find you here, Charlie."

"What made you pull out of there?" Charlie insisted.

Mat made a gesture of despair. "One of those things," he explained. "It was old Willie Beam. Old Willie. He always was an old fool, and too much of a fool this time. He kep' pestering at me, in Nick's place, one night. There was a crowd there, but I didn't want to do with any of them. They bothered me; all I wanted was to be left alone. And Old Willie was drunk. Yes, he was drunk—and making big talk to me and the others; and they laughed at him. But he made me sick, Charlie. He made me sick. I didn't want him bothering. I tried to tell him so, Charlie." His tone was a plea. "I told him to leave me alone. I tried to get away from him, and I started to go out and go down to Dave's. But they laughed at that, and they said Old Willie was running me. So I stayed and he crowed over it. Yes, sir, Old Willie was right tickled because he bothered me."

HE WIPED a hand slowly across his forehead. "I got mad at him—and madder," he said laboriously. "And I talked to him. Yes, sir; I laid him out, talking to him. And Old Willie began to hop. He got mad, his own self. He hopped like a crow. And I was sick of him. And I told him so; and then he dragged that gun of his. Tried to stick it on me. I was too mad to fool with him. And then he was down, and the smoke in my nostrils, and my gun in my hand. And Old Willie down and gasping and dying on the floor—and hard looks for me."

He seemed to shudder. "He had his gun out," he repeated. "Had his gun on me. It was up to him. But they said Old Willie wouldn't harm anybody; said I knew it; said I ought to have took his gun and slapped his face and left him be. I dared them all to take it up, but none of them did. They wouldn't go after their guns, Charlie. They just pulled back from me and lugged Old Willie home and buried him. Folks liked him, Charlie; and they never liked me."

"You hadn't any need of killing him," said Charlie.

Mat looked up at his old partner curiously. "He had his gun on me," he protested. "That's what they said too, but he had his gun on me. There wasn't anybody would take it up with me, Charlie. They just let me alone. Never come near me. Pulled back when I come around. I tried to laugh at it, and then I begun to get lonesome, and nobody can stand that, Charlie. I couldn't talk to them. They'd say, 'Sure, you had a right to. If you wanted to,' they'd say. 'If you wanted to,' they'd say. But he had his gun on me, Charlie."

He sat a moment silent, squatting on his hunkers, warming his hands about the stove, embracing it with his whole body, bathing in its heat. "They wouldn't talk to me, Charlie," he repeated. "They wouldn't even listen to me. The story went down-river. It went around. Nick told me it would go all over. 'They'll know about you anywhere you go,' he told me. 'You better go outside,' he said. 'There won't anybody hook up with you here.' And I said to him, 'He had his gun out,' I said. 'I had a right to drop him.' And Nick just spit and says, 'Sure, if you wanted to,' he says.

A Bill Grimm story by
H. C. WITWER
The KNIGHT BEFORE *Christmas*

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Next Week's COLLIER'S

So I couldn't stick it there, Charlie. And I hit out for the cabin here. Figured to stay here the winter and make a stake of fur maybe and go outside in the spring."

He suddenly beamed with recollection. "But I never looked to find you here, Charlie. It's great, finding you. We can work together this winter now."

His wits were returning; he had the wit to expect an answer from Charlie, agreeing to this plan. But no answer came, so that he looked up at his old partner querulously; and Charlie met his eyes and said at last, steadily enough, shaking his head:

"No, Mat; you can't stay here."

Mat Rullen seemed not to hear this; he muttered, "Like old times, together here, Charlie."

And Charlie said again, more steadily, "You can't stay here."

There was silence then for a time while Mat chewed this and savored its bitter flavor. "Can't stay here, Charlie?" he repeated at last.

Charlie Day shook his head. "Why not, pardner?" Mat asked gently.

"Moll's here with me," said Charlie.

"Moll?"

"She's here with me," the other repeated; and Mat fell silent again, to chew upon this for a while.

She had no other name, this Moll. But Mat knew her. A woman. A woman impossible in any other surroundings save those which for years had been the background of his life—a woman large, ample, mild and beneficent: stalwart as a man, strong as a man, and as tender as a woman too. Not a promiscuous woman, but an itinerant.

She had come north with a man by the name of Sladen, a small man, a weakling, ill, who nagged at her unceasingly, fretted at her in an ill-tempered and irascible way. In spite of which she lived with him and took care of him, cooked for him and tended him till his cough disappeared and his flabby muscles hardened and he became able to hold his own with men. And one day he told her he was sick to death of her, and Moll left him. She ran for a season a rude boarding house, till one Wally Hurd drank himself into dementia and became her charge; for him she gave herself fully, sleeping neither night nor day so long as he needed her solicitude.

THERE must have been much of the mother in this woman, this Moll. To her, it was evident enough, men were children still; she cared for them, humored them, disciplined them in mild ways, gave them what they desired, all with the same large, impersonal and benign generosity, always forgetful of herself, seeking only the need that she might fill. Men spoke of her with scorn —until they fell ill and needed her. She was unlovely—had too much the appearance of a man for beauty's sake—but there was in her broad countenance something eternal and calm and full of peace. Yes, Mat remembered Moll.

His eyes searched the cabin. "Where's she at?" he asked.

And Charlie Day explained. "She went out yesterday morning on the south loop of traps," he said. "My leg's bad still; I can't cover much ground. She does the heft of it."

"Here with you?" Mat asked uncertainly.

"She took care of my leg," Charlie replied, as though this would explain all to the other. "Staked me then and fetched me in here. Freighted our grub and all up the river before the freeze. I could get around now if I had to, but she's willing. Works more'n a man would. I let her." His eyes shone with a curiously petty light. "Might as well, long as she wants it so," he explained.

"The south loop?" Mat repeated. "She's due back here any time."

Charlie nodded. "So you got to move along," he repeated.

"I figured on staying here," Mat urged helplessly. "When I see you, I figured you'd want me. I can get along with Moll."

"We got only just enough to carry us," Charlie insisted. "Need what we've got."

"I can take some grub we left here," Mat insisted, clinging to straws.

"We allowed for that when we outfitted," Charlie told him. "Figure on using all there is. There ain't room for you here, Mat. You better hit for outside."

Mat sat for a moment very still; then a long shudder ran through his body and he huddled to the stove. "It's damned lonesome traveling," he pleaded.

"I never asked you to come here. I never asked you to kill Old Willie."

"I had a right to," Mat insisted plaintively.

"If you wanted to," Charlie agreed, unmoved.

And there was again silence then, and at its end Mat got slowly to his feet and began to beat the snow off his garments and off his pack traps. He said thoughtfully, "I was glad, finding you here, Charlie."

"You can see yourself you can't stay," Charlie implacably replied.

SO MAT got into his gear, with slow and labored movements. "I might rest up a night," he suggested.

"She'll be back any time."

Mat glanced at the two bunks. "I can roll up on the floor."

"You'd do a lot of talking," Charlie told him.

Mat nodded. "I get a comfort out of talking," he agreed. "Ain't had anybody to listen for a long time now."

But Charlie showed no yielding, and Mat saw he would not yield. So a little later he went out through the cabin door and found a little wind was blowing, a little whispering, jeering wind which struck at his warmed cheeks with stabbing fingers and slashed at them with knives of driven snow. He stuck his feet into the loops of his snowshoes and looked down at the cabin door for a last glimpse of Charlie.

But Charlie Day had shut the door; so Mat turned patiently away.

It was late afternoon when he left the cabin; dusk was already fallen, but the snowlight guided his footsteps. And at first he went uncertainly, with no definite goal in mind. This cabin had been his goal; in his thoughts for a fortnight past the world had ended here; there was nothing beyond.

But here he could not stay; instead must venture into that world beyond, that world which was nothing. And till now he had been sustained by the knowledge that his infinitely laborious progress was directed to a certain end, but now there was no such knowledge to support him. He was going nowhere; was simply going away from the cabin. There had been no time for a new plan to form in his thoughts. He was purposeless—and alone—and his estate was forlorn as Adam's, fleeing from the flaming sword.

His thoughts kept turning backward to the cabin and to Charlie; to the warm cabin, with its stores of food and its soft bunks and Charlie comfortable there. Another man might have felt anger, but Mat Rullen was broken past resentment. He was in the full grip of overpowering loneliness and melancholy sorrow; his faltering footsteps lagged; it was only the habit of progress which kept him from halting, slumping down in the snow, submitting himself to be trodden by the galloping hoofs of the wind-driven snow. So he moved on, a derelict, adrift, lacking either home port or destination; and about him lay the great wilderness, calm in its own concerns, and the wind that blew disregarded him, brushed him carelessly; and the hurrying snow drifting on the wind stumbled and jostled past him, scurrying on. The trees over his head whispered pleasantly together like old women gossiping.

He came to a little corner under a bank where there was some shelter from the wind; and he made camp there, moving automatically. Kicked aside the snow with his rackets till he could tread down a more solid area; then removed the snowshoes and completed his excavation. Almost within reach of his hand two or three young pines, dead from overcrowding, stood ready for his fire. He broke a handful of twigs and started the little blaze and huddled over

(*Continued on page 44*)

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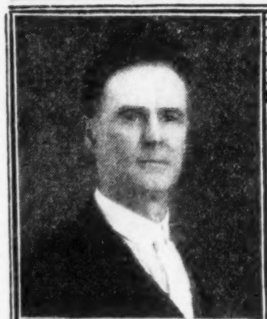

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Solitude

Continued from page 43

it, melting snow to boil his tea. The provisions in his pack were low. He thought he should have begged matches and salt and tea; these at least Charlie might have spared. For more substantial food he would have to trust his rifle, watch a chance on the morrow.

He ate a little, and broke some green boughs from a low-growing spruce and bedded them against the snow blanket about his fire and so lay down, seeking what measure of warmth he could find. Overhead the interlacing branches whispered; between them he could see the far, impersonal glances of the stars; past him flowed the wind. The pale light of his fire seemed to escape him, to radiate far through the night, through the branches into the bitter current of the outer airs, over the banked snow into the forest. There was nothing to keep it here where it would comfort him; the room in which he slept was the universe; his bedfellows were the trees in their ranks for miles, the mountains on the horizon's rim, the infinitely distant stars. He was no more than a mote fallen from a sunbeam, a speck of dust waiting to be obliterated or swept away.

He drew his head within his blankets and tried thus to secure a counterfeit of privacy; to build for himself a small world in which though he might be alone he would still be of some consequence. But snow dusted against his cheek and the cold night wind burned him bitterly and the trees still whispered above his bed and the far stars pierced him with their gaze. He huddled closer, pressing the blanket against his eyes, and a stupor crept over him, a stupor that was no more than the noisome counterpart of sleep.

This man, this Mat Rullen, woke from his miserable slumber and dragged the blanket off his face and opened his eyes to see a figure revealed in the light of the fire—the figure of a woman, of the woman called Moll.

He rubbed at his face with his hands, and he watched while the woman busied herself. She put fresh boughs upon the fire till it crackled warmly. He saw beyond her a light hand sledge, upon which there was a load. Food, perhaps; blankets; the necessities of existence.

She did not speak, but he at last found words. "That you, Moll?" he asked.

She nodded. "Charlie told me," she explained briefly. "Don't you bother now."

"Where's Charlie?" he asked.

"He can get along," she replied.

She had, he saw, a kettle boiling; presently held toward him the scalding tea and bade him drink. "You'll sleep better," she said.

"What did you come for?" he asked.

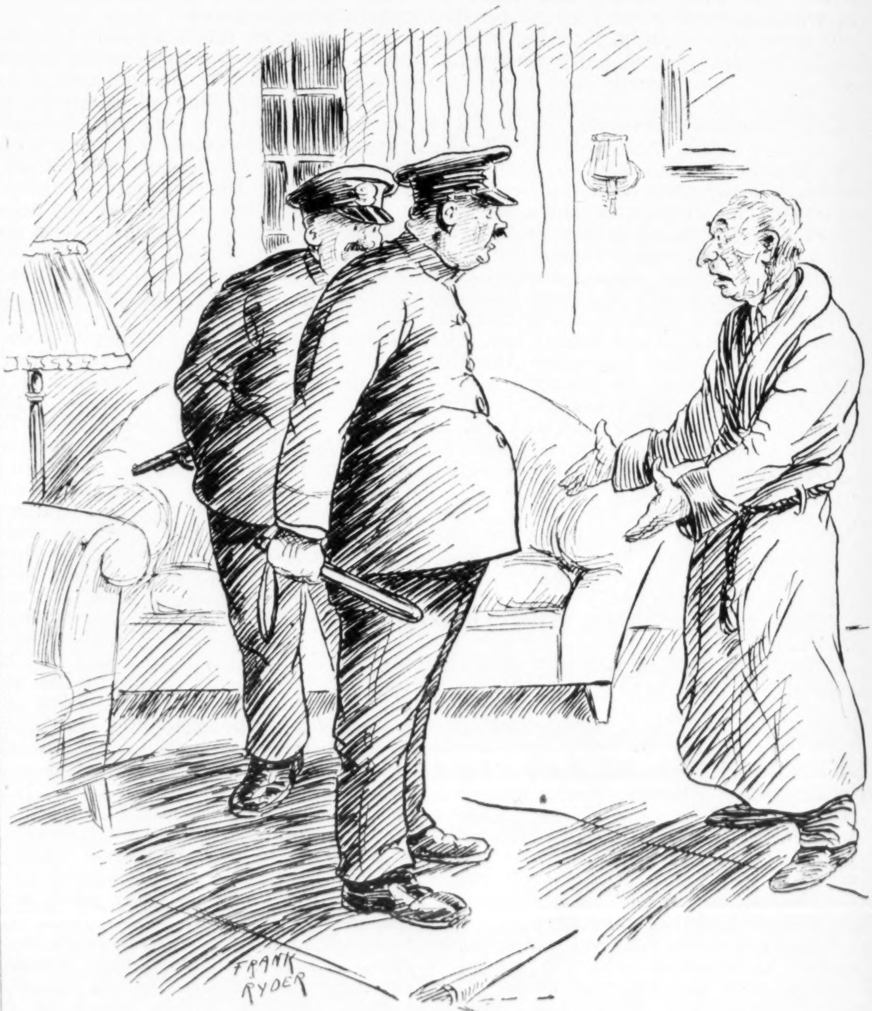
"I'm coming to take care of you," she replied.

The tea ran through him like revivifying fire. It raced through his veins in a scorching flood; he welcomed the agonizing pain. Peace stole through him.

HE WAS surprised to discover a curious phenomenon. The radiance and the heat of the fire no longer escaped into the illimitable universe. It was reflected from the lowest branches of the trees over his head; it rebounded from the banked snow; it clotted about the little fire itself. He could bathe his hands in it. The stirring wind went past them overhead, but it did not dip into the hollow where they were. He found that he could not even see the stars.

Moll took a fur robe from the sledge. She spread it over him and beside him, and she lay down and took him in her arms. He nested against her warm body. Her coming had driven out the world; it was as though she brought with her a habitation, a haven, a home. And in this home the man was no longer lonely.

He slept in her arms, safely and secure.



House Owner (after burglar's visit): "They carried off my wife!"
Astonished Cop: "Didn't they take anything valuable?"

One of Those Chips

Continued from page 8

could offer to match Pride Wayne's eyes. Through the gardens of many estates hardier flowers blossomed gayly. Here and there an early lilac bush spent the first of its intoxicating perfume on the May air.

"It's lovely," sighed Pride Wayne.

"The valves are pretty noisy, though," Jack Forrester commented.

"Silly," she chided. "I meant the drive, not the motor."

"Oh, that—it's heavenly, for some reason or other," he murmured, and was sorry he had said it, for she did not speak until they were back at the agency.

"I'll take the car," she announced. "Can I write a check inside, and will you attend to the license for me? I'll send for the car to-morrow."

These matters arranged, he escorted her to the door.

"What are you going to do about learning to drive?" he inquired.

"I shall have to get someone to teach me, I suppose."

"If I might offer—"

"No, thanks, Mr. Forrester," she refused primly.

It might have salved the hurt some for Jack Forrester to have known that Pride Wayne already was expert at driving automobiles; it might have made him wonder why she had professed ignorance when he suggested a demonstration.

Bill Ford met him as he turned from the door.

"I sold the Spurred Roadster for five-fifty," Jack informed him. "Here's the check."

"Don't let her take possession until we put the check through," Bill Ford commanded. "The girl may be all right for all I know, but her dad, Peter Wayne, is bad medicine in this town," he went on. "I'd just as soon play safe with that family."

"She is to send for the car to-morrow. I wish you'd let her have it whether the check has gone through or not," Jack protested. "I'm sure it will be all right, but if it isn't I'll give you my check for it."

"Your check, hey, Jack," Bill Ford repeated, and whistled. "All right, sonny, if you're so earnest about it. She can take the car whenever she wants to."

PETER WAYNE was a fine old benevolent, well-meaning scoundrel of the type now vanishing into the void reserved for our pre-Bull Moose relics. His were none of the precise, businesslike methods of the latter-day sharper. He loved the rolling sonorities of his verbal bait at least as well as he did the final pluckings of his victims; more perhaps, for the man had a craftsman's pride in his work.

He was just above middle height, inclining to stoutness. His hair and his luxuriant mustache were white, his face was full and florid, which the slightest excitement roused to purple. Alcoholically speaking, his complexion was the last of the Bourbons.

Pride was his only child. Her mother, Peter Wayne's second wife, had surrendered the ghost with a fixed, sad smile three years before, when her daughter was seventeen, leaving her a comfortable two-story house in the East Norwalk section, fronting the water, and a good slice of undeveloped property outside the city, toward Darien. The house was newly decorated since Mrs. Wayne's death with first and second mortgages, inspired by Peter's perennial need for money and Pride's willingness to sign any papers her father placed before her. It was from the last of these transactions that Pride had received the thousand dollars with part of which she had bought the Spurred Roadster six months before.

Because of the meeting resulting in that purchase, Jack Forrester was seated now in the glass-inclosed porch of her home, on a mild Saturday afternoon in early November. He listened as attentively to Peter Wayne's oration as one might who was all ears for the light step which would announce Pride's descent from her room.

"It is my mature opinion, my dear Forrester, that you will never have occasion to regret the consummation of our realty transaction yesterday. It should prove the foundation of your fortune," Peter Wayne was saying pompously. "Only this forenoon a gentleman of eminence in our fair and flourishing city offered me fifteen thousand dollars for the site. Already, you see, you have profited three thousand dollars."

"If you'll sick the eminent gentleman onto me I'll take the three thousand profit and split with you," Jack responded dryly.

THE fine old white head shook in protest. The Bourbon complexion deepened to royal purple.

"How like impetuous youth, Forrester, rushing headlong to seize the momentary advantage," he chided. "But I shall not allow you to forfeit future fortune for a small immediate gain. Even though it be to my own disadvantage, financially, I shall not give you the name of the prospective buyer."

"Suit yourself," Jack retorted abruptly, and sprang from the wicker chair as he heard the first tap of that descending step for which he had been listening so attentively. "I'm off."

The Spurred Roadster clattered into motion, and Pride sent it groaning out of the smooth highway into the rutted dirt road leading to the country club. The trees which had run red with autumn's magic a few weeks before were now brown or gaunt and bare. The wind of the passing car fretted the topmost layers of the dead leaves on the roadside.

The graceful buildings of the country club came in sight, a lovely color symphony of green above cream.

"Let's not get our clubs, Jack," Pride proposed. "I don't feel up to playing to-day. I'd rather roam off somewhere and talk."

They found a sheltered spot deep enough in the rough so that only the most expert golfer might slice his drive to them.

"You bought that property on the Darien Road, didn't you, Jack?" Pride asked hesitantly when they were seated on the rug he had carried from the car. "How much did you pay for it?"

"I never discuss business after banking hours," Jack evaded.

"Twelve thousand," Pride said, her lovely, curving lips aquiver. "I made Dad tell me. He was very proud of himself."

"Yes!"

Pride sprang suddenly to her feet.

"But, oh, Jack, don't you know he cheated you?" she cried, in tremulous tones. "The property wasn't worth three thousand. Only a month ago Dad tried to get a two-thousand-dollar mortgage on it, and the banks wouldn't let him have it. It was my property, you know. He told me he could sell it, so I signed a paper transferring it to him. But I had no idea he was going to sell it to you or to anyone for so much money. I supposed he might get a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars for it. Oh, Jack, he cheated you."

She began to cry softly, and Jack Forrester busied himself with the pleasant task of comforting her.

"There! There!" he said when her sobbing subsided. "Little boys who play in swamps must expect to get their feet wet once in a while. Besides, I hope to make some money out of it, anyway."

Pride brightened momentarily, then her face clouded again. "How?" she asked in a flat voice.

"Cut it up into building lots," Jack informed her vaguely. "Marvelous home proposition. Shore-front property. 'Why Make the Landlord Rich?' You know the sort of thing."

"You poor silly! The railroad runs

(Continued on page 46)

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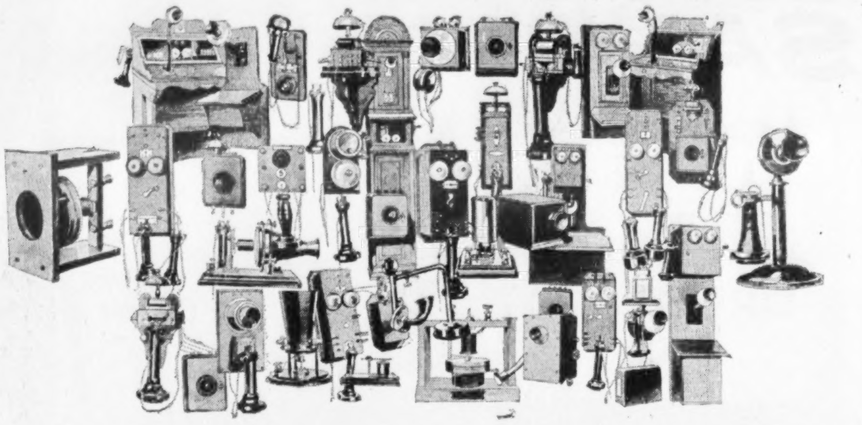

An Account of Stewardship

FIFTY years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed; the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

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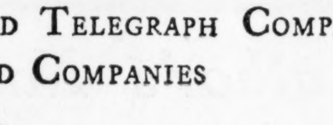

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One of Those Chips

Continued from page 45

right behind that property, making all sorts of noises, and the town sewerage outlet feeds right into the water there, and there are big gasoline storage tanks near it. You couldn't get gas or electricity without spending a fortune. And you'd have to build miles of streets. Don't you suppose Dad looked into all that years ago? The land is worthless."

"I expect to make some money from it," Jack assured her.

Pride was kicking at the rug with a bewitchingly impotent toe. She spoke abruptly, after a contemplative silence.

"I'm going to make Dad give you your money back," she announced. "I told him so this morning."

"With all respect to your dear parent, making him give anyone his money back is my notion of a fair day's work," Jack observed. "Anyway, I don't want it."

"I can do it," came the firm assertion. "I told him this morning if he did not return your money to you by Monday I'd see a lawyer and bring suit against him for an accounting of Mother's estate. He was the sole executor."

JACK caught her hands in his, with a courtliness for once not a burlesque of the ancient manner. He looked gravely into her eyes, sparkling with imminent tears, and his face was bright.

"You'd hale your father into court because of me?" he demanded huskily.

"I won't tolerate Dad's cheating anyone except me," said Pride faintly.

"Oh!" Jack murmured, in such disappointment that Pride raised her eyes to his again and said, "But especially not you, Jack," and then, suddenly shy of the exultant joy she saw before her, she dropped her own glance to where that fragile toe had resumed its impotent prodding of the rug. The toe stiffened to rigidity as Jack's arms swept around her. When their long kiss was over, salted by two blinked tears, he commanded, "Come on," and led her in silence to the drive where waited the Spurred Roadster. This time he took the wheel.

"Where are we going?" Pride inquired contentedly from the depths of the coonskin coat he had wrapped about her against the chill of the late fall afternoon.

"In the quaint little town of Greenwich, nestling in the Connecticut hills, as the movies say, lives a one-time schoolmate of mine," said Jack.

There was no speech between them as the car wound through the town's traffic and swerved out of it to the concrete smoothness of the Boston Post Road.

"What about this schoolmate of yours?" Pride asked presently.

"He fell upon evil days. He is, at present, the young and popular minister of a fashionable congregation in Greenwich."

"Oh!" said Pride.

"Knowing him as I once did, I believe he can persuade the town clerk to issue a special license."

"Oh!" said Pride again.

"Besides, I am sentimental enough to wish to have an old schoolmate officiate at our wedding."

"Ours?" asked Pride, ever so faintly.

"Ours," echoed Jack firmly, to hide the queer sinking about his heart which was not caused by his narrow escapes from disaster at the wheels and brakes of week-end drivers.

"Oh, well," sighed Pride.

The Rev. Mr. Pairfeyther proved to be all Jack Forrester had predicted. Dutifully, of course, he tried to dissuade Jack from such hurried embarking on the marital sea, but this being hopeless, as he expected it would be, the reverend young gentleman worked wonders of red-tape cutting in the quaint little town of Greenwich. His gardener and a fluttering spinster housekeeper were efficient if undecorative witnesses of the ensuing ceremony.

"I think maybe I'd better telephone Dad now," Pride said. "He might be worried."

But for half an hour, at five-minute intervals, the operator reported monotonously, "Doan' answer." At first they agreed it was better to drive back to East Norwalk and make personal announcement of their new state before starting on their honeymoon tour.

They found the house in darkness. A lounging figure under a street lamp straightened and approached as they dismounted from the car.

"You folks live here?" the man inquired. "I'm looking for Mr. Peter Wayne."

"If you'll wait a moment," suggested Pride graciously. But though she called and called, no answer came within the house, and at last she had to inform the visitor, "My father is not at home."

"Could I see him to-morrow?"

"Call about noon," said Jack impatiently.

They made thorough search of the house, but Peter Wayne was not discovered. Under the telephone, in the foyer, Pride found an envelope addressed grandiloquently to "My Daughter."

"I have paid off the mortgages on your little home," the letter read, "at an expenditure in total of eight thousand dollars and I have deposited a further one thousand dollars to your credit, although I must protest, my dear Pride, against your unfilial persistence in maintaining an account with a bank which has been so notoriously prejudiced in the past against your father. In these circumstances you will perceive that it is manifestly impossible for me to refund to young Mr. Forrester the twelve thousand dollars upon which you insisted so undutifully this morning. I have, therefore, betaken myself to other and friendlier climes, from which I do not propose returning until you have recovered that happier attitude toward me which it was my great comfort to enjoy in the past. The thousand dollars should suffice for your needs until I shall have repaired our failing fortunes. If young Mr. Forrester were not so obviously an incompetent in affairs of business I should advise that you take advantage of my absence to marry him, since he seems wholly devoted to you and is, moreover, an agreeable and personable young gentleman. With dutiful regards, believe me to be, your devoted, if sorrowing, father."

THEY had forgotten about the caller the night before, so that his return promptly at noon on that gay Sunday proved an irritating intrusion upon the happiness they found in such a commonplace rite as washing the breakfast dishes.

"Mr. Wayne at home now?" the man asked.

"He's out of town," Pride informed him. "I'm sorry, but I didn't know last night or I might have saved you this trouble."

"It's very important that I get in touch with him," said the man worriedly.

"Perhaps I can help you," Pride suggested. "I'm Mr. Wayne's daughter. My name"—she hesitated—"my name is Mrs. Forrester."

The caller weighed his next words for some time. "I wanted to see Mr. Wayne about the property he owns out on the Darien Road." He passed over his card. Pride handed it to Jack, with significant arching of eyebrows:

RODNEY GREY, Realtor, South Norwalk

"I own that property now, Mr. Grey," said Jack.

"Fortunate, indeed, Mr. Forrester," the visitor boomed. "I think I have a buyer for you. He might go twenty thousand."

"He might go a lot more too," observed Jack quietly, while Pride gasped inwardly at the sum mentioned.

The realtor smiled. "He offers

twenty thousand against my advice, I may say frankly. That sum is out of all proportion to the worth of the property."

"Anyone who buys through a dealer is concealing his identity for a reason, and that reason is to get the property cheap."

"I'm doing the buying."

"Not from me," Jack announced, still smiling. "If anyone buys from me, it will be your principal. And tell him, when he comes, to bring a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars."

"Don't be crazy," the realtor advised, forgetting his professional urbanity.

"One can only do one's best," purred Jack. "Don't bother calling again, Mr. Grey."

"Twenty-five thousand," the realtor offered tentatively.

"I do hope you had alcohol put in your radiator this morning, Mr. Grey. It's getting quite cold outside."

Mr. Grey rose, took his adieux quite formally, and left in great dignity and no little bewilderment. Pride was puzzled too, and she said so.

"I told you I was going to make money out of that property," Jack responded, which wasn't altogether satisfactory, but then a bride of one day does not make too many inquiries from her husband on a gay Sunday in November.

PRIDE was greatly flustered on Thursday evening of their first week of matrimony when Jack came home from the Mayton Eight agency. Her welcome was the briefest of kisses. She blurted nervously, "There's a gentleman in the living-room to see you, dear. He says—he's—your father!"

"Likely he is, then," smiled Jack, "otherwise he would hasten to disclaim the guilt."

He put a reassuring arm about his wife's waist and led her into the living-room. He could feel her trembling as they walked.

"So I am robbed of the pleasure of breaking the gladsome tidings."

"You are," Miles Forrester answered grimly. "The news was in all the New York papers this morning. Some bright young reporter in Greenwich recognized your name when the minister filed the license yesterday."

"Ah!" said Jack.

"It's much better than I expected," the senior Forrester admitted. "I feared the worst, and I have been very agreeably surprised. When I read it I could have killed that detective for losing track of you."

"Good old Tony," murmured his son, adding, "Your daughter's name is Pride, by the way."

"So I discovered during our pleasant chat," said the father, most cordial of tone. "I told her she seemed to be about the only sensible thing you had ever done. That brings me to the other reason for my call. I thought I could combine business with duty by taking that property off your hands."

"Did you bring the check for one hundred thousand?"

"Give you fifty thousand," Miles Forrester offered, "and call twenty-five of it a wedding present."

Jack chuckled with the irritating confidence of one sure of his ground.

"Let me present a hypothetical case to you, my astute parent," he proposed. "Suppose you were a bright and promising young man, suddenly thrown on the world by a harsh and momentarily tyrannical parent. And suppose you had a piece of property that parent needed very badly—"

"I don't need it at all," interjected Miles Forrester emphatically.

"Don't shout, Father. Remember, you always lose when you shout," Jack advised. "Suppose, continuing, this property had every advantage for a factory site, including a railroad in its back yard, so that a freight spur would cost next to nothing to construct, and deep water up to the shore line, so that coal and raw materials could be shipped by water at low cost.

"Suppose, in the course of your last interview with the tyrannical parent before mentioned, he had read to you a list of your shortcomings, but had also inadvertently let you see a report which described exactly the ideal factory site on McKinley Point which you subsequently bought—what would you do?"

"That damned report. I'd forgotten it," said Miles Forrester.

"Make the check payable to Pride Wayne Forrester," Jack advised. "The property really is hers." He turned to his wife. "You can give me twenty-four thousand, dear," he said to the bewildered Pride. "My own twelve thousand and its duplicate, which is a mere formality to fulfill to the letter a certain agreement about doubling any capital invested."

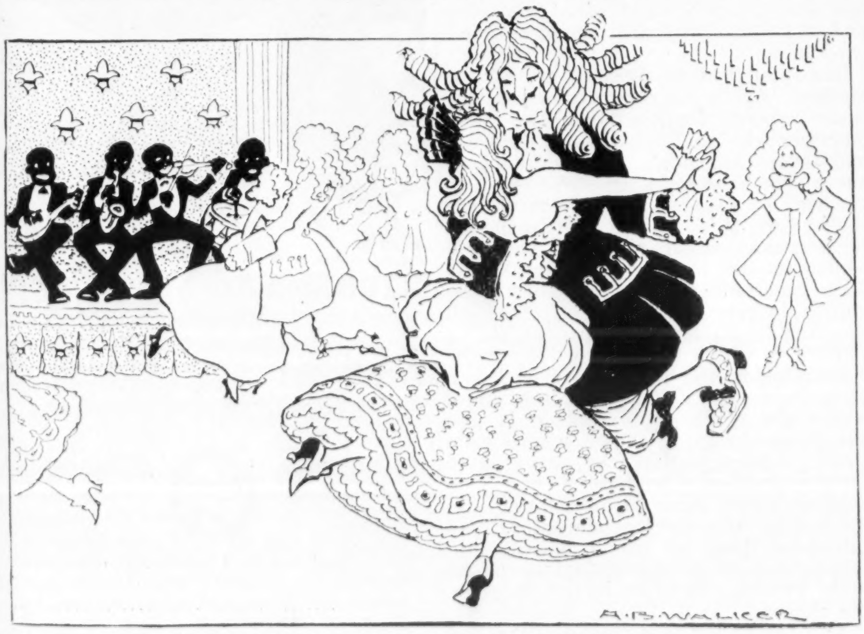
"You win," Miles Forrester grunted good-humoredly. "I suppose it will be all right now if I kiss my daughter."

THEY left the house together and walked slowly to the street, where one of the Forrester cars purred at their approach. Before they crossed the sidewalk a taxicab drew up and from it descended a portly man of above middle height.

"Pride," he called, advancing to them. "I read to-day of your great happiness, my child, and I could no longer remain estranged, even mildly, in this hour. So I hurried to embrace you."

Pride put her arms around the genial old scoundrel and hugged him, and Wayne patted Jack on the shoulder as he turned to Miles Forrester and boomed:

"Most striking resemblance, indeed. He's one of those chips, sir, one of those chips!"



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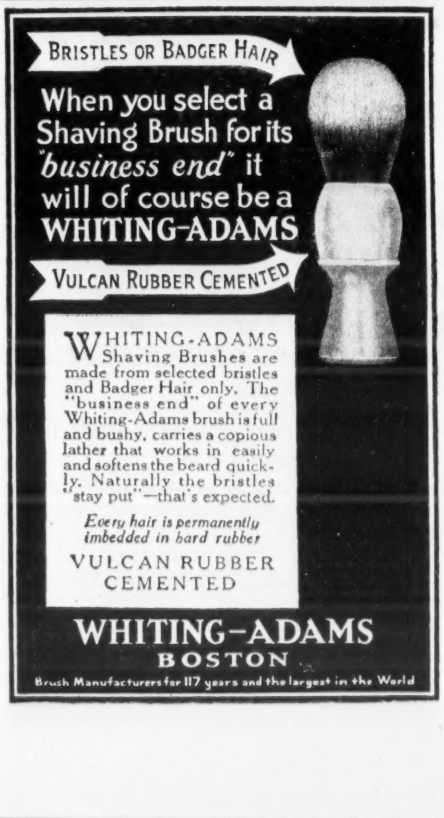

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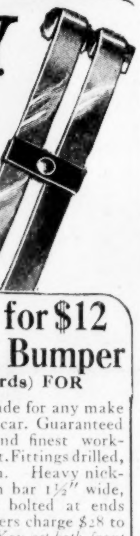

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The Spice of Life

Continued from page 14

upon a welcome chair in the dark. So Louise ran over and stayed. She was beginning to feel a little guilty on any day when she did not run over to Mrs. Breck's. And Breck went off with the picture company to the location where his new stunt was to be performed.

It seemed Mother had something the matter with her that the doctors said might cause her to die before long. Breck was not enough interested to ask the name of it. He was not much interested when Louise said she would have to be with Mother a good deal, and began to be as good as her word. Instead of repining, Breck went off up to Frisco and got a job jumping from a railway engine into a motor car, while both were running somewhere near the sixty-mile mark. There was a mild recreation in that. It made him feel better for a week. And Louise took up her abode with Mother.

Somebody had to take care of Mother. And Louise had given up any expectation that it would be anybody else than Louise. Her appeals to her husband rarely roused him even to reply. She did not in the least understand him; but she began to be so afraid of that strange, lack-luster look that he would turn upon her when she spoke of mere everyday life affairs like food and clothes and money and hospitals and mothers that she had stopped talking of them. Money he would sometimes give her. He would shove it over the table at her after he had enjoyed a dinner at home. And she had so far made it do. She hoarded it.

Then one day Breck just disappeared from her horizon entirely. She had been with Mother during his Frisco trip, and had seen him once since he came home. But one night she went to the apartment where they had been living and found a For Rent sign on the door. Inquiry of the landlord who lived downstairs elicited the information that Breck had paid the rent and given up the place, and that he had gone away without leaving an address.

OF COURSE Louise was angry, and outraged, and despairing. She was human. But she thought about Mother. She went back to the older woman without the faintest notion of what she was going to do, whether stand by the sick mother of her recreant husband, or leave her to charity and look out for herself. She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her, in the way of clothes and things that even a wife needs. But Mother was still worse off. She needed the same things that Louise did, and many besides. She needed extra things to eat, and extra care, and medicines and doctors, and fresh bed-linen, and things like that. And she was so helpless! So Louise asked around if anybody knew where she could get something to do. And she took what she could get, which was just what that sort of work always is. And Louise began to do it.

Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got into first-page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere up in the sky above Manhattan but within reach of cameras, as usual. The account was in Los Angeles papers, and it said that Breck was one of the most daring individuals known to modern times. Brave, it said. And Louise laid the paper away and went back to her scrubbing. She wrote a letter and sent it in care of the company the papers said had hired Breck in New York. But no answer came. So she went on taking in the little washings and mendings. A man wanted to marry her. She told him she was married. And went on taking care of Mother.

Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless and peevish. She found fault with Louise, and blamed Louise for everything she could blame her for, and for everything else. She demanded more things. Sometimes it seemed to Louise that she couldn't endure it; but when she thought of rebelling she wondered who was going to endure it in her place. Perhaps Mrs. Breck didn't deserve such devotion, but she would be a pitiable figure without it. Louise could see that altogether too plainly to run away from her.

TIME went by—and then more time. The thing became a habit—no more comfortable for that, only a little less noticeable. Of course Louise wrote more letters to New York—and then she read a rumor that Breck had gone to Italy with a picture company. She stopped writing. But she kept on working for Mother early and late, morning after morning, night after night, while the dry season melted into the rainy one, and the rains dried out dry again; when she had to tack mosquito netting into the windows in order to let the invalid get a little sleep, and when she had to lug coal by the basket from the yards in order to get the invalid warm enough to sleep.

And then suddenly, one day, Mother was worse. She was far worse. Louise had to stop the work she was doing and stay at the bedside. There was no money coming in for several days while Mother seemed to be dying. And then, all at once, in the paper appeared a statement, with a picture of him, that Breck was back in Los Angeles and working for the Megatherium Film Company, who were about to make a thrilling spectacle involving a runaway train down a mountainside, in which Breck was to be on board the train. The story had to do with a man on a mountain top who wanted to take a message to the town in the valley below before some crooks who were plotting against it could get there; so he chose to run down the slope in a string of gravel-cars. They were going to use a string—not because he needed more than one to ride on, but because it would look better in the picture—though the paper did not say so.

Louise wrote him a letter in care of the new company. Then she continued to stay beside his mother. She was dying, Breck's mother was—Louise said so in her letter. And that was nearly all she said. But Breck did not come the next day nor the next. Nor the next. Nor the next. And money was out, in the little house where Louise waited.

So one night she went out and stood on the corner of the avenue nearest the street they lived in, and begged. She put her apron over her head and covered her face as well as she could, as if she was afraid somebody might recognize her. But nobody did. She got thirty-two cents, in about an hour and a half; and then a policeman asked her sharply who and what she was and she ran away fast enough to escape him.

The money was no use, so far as Mother was concerned, however, because about four o'clock the next morning she died. After the doctor had taken charge, and Louise had been out and sold everything she owned, in one way or another, except the clothes she had on, to pay what was necessary for any sort of burial at all, she happened to see the paper. Breck had done something that was first-page stuff this time, obviously. It was all over the first page—because the string of cars on which he had come down the mountainside the day before had run away in earnest, and had hit a curve where the track couldn't hold it and had jumped into a chasm where even steel gondolas couldn't be expected to jump unscathed. And Breck had been holding on to some cleats bolted into the bottom of a steel gondola. He had calculated that he would be safe so, calculating on as many factors as he could foresee. Only he hadn't foreseen the chasm.

And the paper said that a letter had been found in his room at the hotel,

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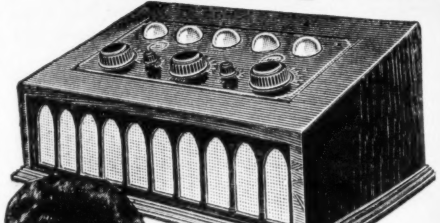

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which said that his mother was very ill—dying, that money was needed very much, and that Breck had faced the last great risk of his life with the necessity of earning money for his mother before him, and the necessity of doing it while she was dying, with a smile on his face and a glint of high courage in his eyes—all for the entertainment of the fans of ten thousand theatres, who would see and never know the heartbreak and sorrow and final tragedy that were back of the picture. The paper said it was one of the bravest things that had ever been done in the cause of pictures, and even a braver thing in the cause of human affection.

LOUISE wondered at first why nobody from the studio or the newspapers had been here to the home of Breck's mother. Then she read that there was no address on the letter and that no inquiry during the evening and night had served to discover the mother's whereabouts. So she went in and watched while the undertaker carried the body of Breck's mother away to his place. Then she went and telephoned to the newspaper, telling them that address, then went back to the house where she had stayed with Mother and got the newspaper. It was about the only thing she owned in the place.

As she went out on the steps, thinking she would better go now, somewhere, she paused to look again at the first page. She found the place where it spoke about Breck's mother. Under this was a statement to this effect:

"It is not known whether Breck had a wife living. He was married some years ago, but his wife is believed to have left him. He never spoke of her, and it is supposed to have been one of the griefs he carried silently with him while he was dazzling the world with his marvelous feats of courage. How little the gaping world knows of the griefs, or the struggles, or the high qualities of those who feed its insatiable appetite for sensation!"

That last phrase arrested Louise Breck's inner gaze. Appetite for sensation! Abruptly she seemed to understand something she hadn't understood before.

Suddenly she laughed. She laughed aloud and harshly. And laughed again—and choked. And a neighbor who had been with her half an hour before by Mother's bedside came up the steps now and confronted her, amazed. She didn't notice the choking.

"Well!" she said. "You don't act like you cared much! I sort o' thought you had more feelin's!"

But Louise paid no attention to her. She just walked down the steps, and went away—somewhere.

Are Women Losing Their Hold?

Continued from page 6

forced to bury himself in the privacy of a fishing trip, while people everywhere sang this mocking ditty:

Susan B.
Anthony, she
Took quite a fall out of Grover C.

It is with some reluctance that I admit into this article names of women who prospered on account of their direct feminine influence over men. Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots do not fall altogether in that category; had they been hunchbacks, they would still have been alarmingly shrewd and subtle enemies to Rome and to England. Catherine the Great, more scornful of morality than either of them, had enough genius to insure her fame. She filled the desert Crimea province with mushroom towns and universities and palaces and conservatories; for growing pomegranates and pineapples; it was a land boom beside which Florida to-day seems impoverished and weak.

Du Barry, de Montespan, de Maintenon—glittering ladies who went sleigh riding in midsummer on roads thickly sprinkled with sugar to imitate snow—who wrung vast sums from the treasury: Du Barry alone is estimated to have cost France nearly $7,000,000 in gold and jewels—who forced great councils of state to be held in their apartments—it is hardly necessary to say that they have no successors to-day. Men lock themselves away from interruptions nowadays; a man's office is his castle. The Empress Eugénie, finding a sentry posted with a musket to keep her out of the room in which Napoleon III was holding the most important council of his reign, dashed the man aside with the grim comment: "We shall see."

You cannot escape the conclusion that women are losing the hold which enabled them to do things like that. Or will you say that woman's place is not to rule, but to nourish—to win fame and power at second hand through her sons?

That is a comfortable theory, and it is cherished by all people who sentimentalize about women. Bruce Barton expressed it in Collier's the other day: "The driving need of women," he says, "for self-expression *through other lives* is the mainspring of the universe. It fills the shrines with young matrons praying that the pains of motherhood may be visited upon them. Women have kept the fires burning and sacrificed for the children while primitive men loafed and drank and fought. Women have given devotedly and have not asked for fame or wealth or comfort, but only affection in return."

Will Queen Elizabeth fit into this theory? Will Joan of Arc fit into it—whose whole career hinged on the fact that she left home, accepted no man's affection, dreamed of no children, dedicated herself to her country's freedom?

Did Charlotte Corday pray for the pains of motherhood? Yet she was contemptuous of pain. After stabbing the bloody Marat she surrendered herself and went smiling to the guillotine.

What of Mme. de Staël, whom Napoleon feared so much that he banished her lest she push him off his throne? What of Josephine Beauharnais, who gave Napoleon his first upward pull into society that was worth dominating?

What of Julia Ward Howe, a devoted wife and mother, who felt compelled by blazing patriotism to get up in the middle of the night and write her immortal "Battle Hymn"?

Or take one last list of women—the list published by the New York Times three years ago as containing "twelve women who have achieved greatness, as greatness goes in our modern American life." One of them, Miss Amy Lowell, has since died:

Geraldine Farrar
Carrie Chapman Catt
Molla Mallory
Alice Paul
Ida Tarbell
Jane Addams
Edith Wharton
Amy Lowell
Minnie Maddern Fiske
M. Carey Thomas
Mary Pickford
Agnes Repplier

It is an amazing commentary on Mr. Barton's motherhood theory that not one woman in this list has had any children.

And if you seek an explanation of the dearth of really important women in our world, is it not due to the fact that America is so comfortable for women? America is the cradle of washing machines and automobiles and electric motors; and in proportion as they make women comfortable, so do they lull any woman's fierce ambition, born of poverty and discomfort, to rise up and excel and to win the rewards of high attainment.

We swaddle our womenfolk in comforts, we fill their homes with mechanical slaves, we are rightfully proud of our ability to free them from work and to unshackle them from their homes with automobiles. Is it any wonder that the feminine sex during these halcyon days is slipping into mediocrity?

But somewhere—on a tiny farm perhaps, like Joan of Arc, or in a jail like Elizabeth—there is some young girl who has inside her the spark of genius and the seed of discontent.

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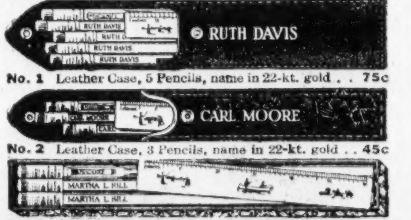

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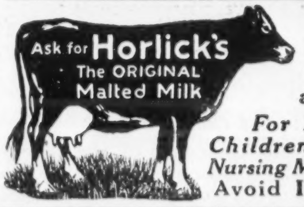

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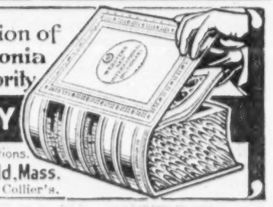

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

If writing to Santa Claus no longer thrills, try out your ideas here. You'll get a kick out of that

Another Piece of String

To the Editor of Collier's:

WHEN I was a small boy I remember hearing my older brother read a story concerning the elder Bennett, founder of the New York Herald. Mr. Bennett advertised for an office boy, and a small swarm of "Young America" responded. Only two of the most promising lads were selected for the final test. Mr. Bennett had two packages of books, neatly wrapped and tied. He requested one of the boys to open the first package and pass over the contents. The boy untied the string and handed the books over to Mr. Bennett, leaving string and wrapping paper intact.

The second boy was called, and when asked to open the other package, he jerked out his knife, made one swipe at that string, and handed the contents to Mr. Bennett in a jiffy. He got the job!

Mr. Bennett contended that the time and labor saved were worth more than the string. This may have been all "bunk," but it made an impression on my brother.

From Mr. Bok's recent editorial in Collier's, "He Kicked It Into the Gutter," the boy that untied the string and saved it would have been Mr. Bok's choice.

My brother followed in Mr. Bennett's footsteps, and now he has time and money to burn. I took the same course Mr. Bok now advocates, and I have on hand the finest assortment of strings you ever saw—and that's about all I have got.

W. G. Cox,
Burlington, N. C.

City Chaps, Clamp Down

To the Editor of Collier's:

When, oh when, will those "wise birds" traveling out of New York begin to realize that they are the "yokelry" instead of the inhabitants of smaller cities? Most of these "*boids*" lack polish, are crude, rude and boisterous. As visitors they thrive upon unjust criticism, caustic comments and are forever using a hammer.

It's a constant repetition of "New York has this and New York has that," and hope that I can get out of this "burg" in a hurry, because it is too darn dead. They then endeavor to impress you with an artificial air of superiority, otherwise defined as "high-hatting." At the end of the trip, when they get back to the "*big*" city, they continue to hammer the smaller towns, all because they can't see any further than the nose and lack the first rudiments of tact and diplomacy.

M. L. B., Birmingham, Ala.

Your Homework for To-night

To the Editor of Collier's:

With all the innocence of the schoolboy who raises a hand and snaps his finger during the question hour asking for honest information, I am passing you the burden on my mind and asking you to give us a definition of Communism. I refer to what the papers are so full of as coming out of the new Russia, threatening the peace of China, Germany, and especially the institutions of our own enlightened U. S. A. I am asking for a clear statement of fact, not propaganda.

H. V., Detroit, Mich.

The Color of Sunsets

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a recent issue of Collier's there appears an interesting article by Edwin E. Slosson concerning the so-called "green ray" sometimes observed at sunrise and sunset.

Dr. Slosson's facts regarding the general behavior of light are undoubtedly correct; but his statements concerning refraction, and the conclusions he draws are decidely faulty.

It is true, as he points out, that there is a progressively greater degree of refrangibility in the various colors (or wave lengths of light); the red being refracted or bent least and the blue-violet most. Yet he says "the last to vanish are the shortest rays;" namely, the blue rays—which would produce a normally blue or violet-blue sunset. Such a sunset, I venture to say, remains to be recorded in the annals of scientific observation.

The most superficial thinking will make clear the fact that the blue, being bent most sharply, will be the first color to be hidden by the curve of the earth and that the sunset should, therefore, pass through successive color stages in the normal order of the spectrum—that is: green, yellow, orange and red, with their proper intermediates. This is, of course, the usual order in a sunset, subject to local cloud and weather conditions in which are often seen a bewildering range of color effects, but in which blue is always least conspicuous, if indeed it is present at all.

Carl L. Oswald,
Knoxville, Tenn.

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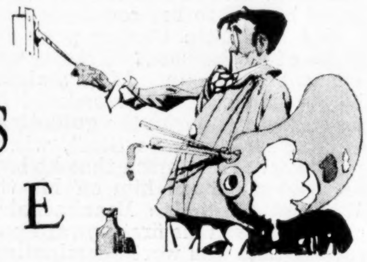

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Wrong Again! A Woman Wrote It

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read your story "Bluff" with increasing disgust—not criticizing the writer for his style, but criticizing the archaic idea that a woman should be handed everything on a silver platter.

The theme is that he should try for higher paying employment (which he seemed to feel would be uncongenial), so that she would not have to wash dishes. If she did not care for dishwashing or housekeeping, what would hinder *her* from working in a newspaper office?

How long will it be before the dead notion is buried, the notion which should have gone out with bustles; namely, that a woman's best ideal is to be a Married Prostitute?

G. E. B., Colorado Springs, Col.

It's Too Short for a Sonnet

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have a new doggerel machine which ought to interest you. I put into it all the little blurbs you have been using as invitations to Collier's readers to write for the What's on Your Mind page, and this is what came out:

Say it with sonnets
Or say it with prose.
Say it with a smile
Or an upturned nose.
Say something witty, grave or sage.
Say it on Collier's Letter Page.

Sandy McClarin, Buffalo, N. Y.

You Should Have Seen *His* Eye

To the Editor of Collier's:

The letter of C. J. Freank of Toronto, regarding insults offered to the British flag by American tourists, reminds me of how sore my knuckles were after I heard a Canadian call our flag a "damned rag that doesn't mean anything but graft."

There is just one thing to be learned by contemplating such incidents and that is that both Canada and the United States have a good many citizens who do not deserve citizenship.

My Canadian apologized handsomely. Perhaps the "damn Yank" would do the same if persuaded by the same arguments.

E. E. Harriman,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Belated Credit

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your issue of October 31, 1925, you printed a story by Lawrence Perry, "Bull Pup and Tiger Cub," in which a verse appears accredited to the hero of the story. The author was my mother, Lilla T. Elder, the wife of Samuel J. Elder, Yale '73, and a Boston lawyer.

Margaret M. Elder,
Cambridge, Mass.

The Closing Crack

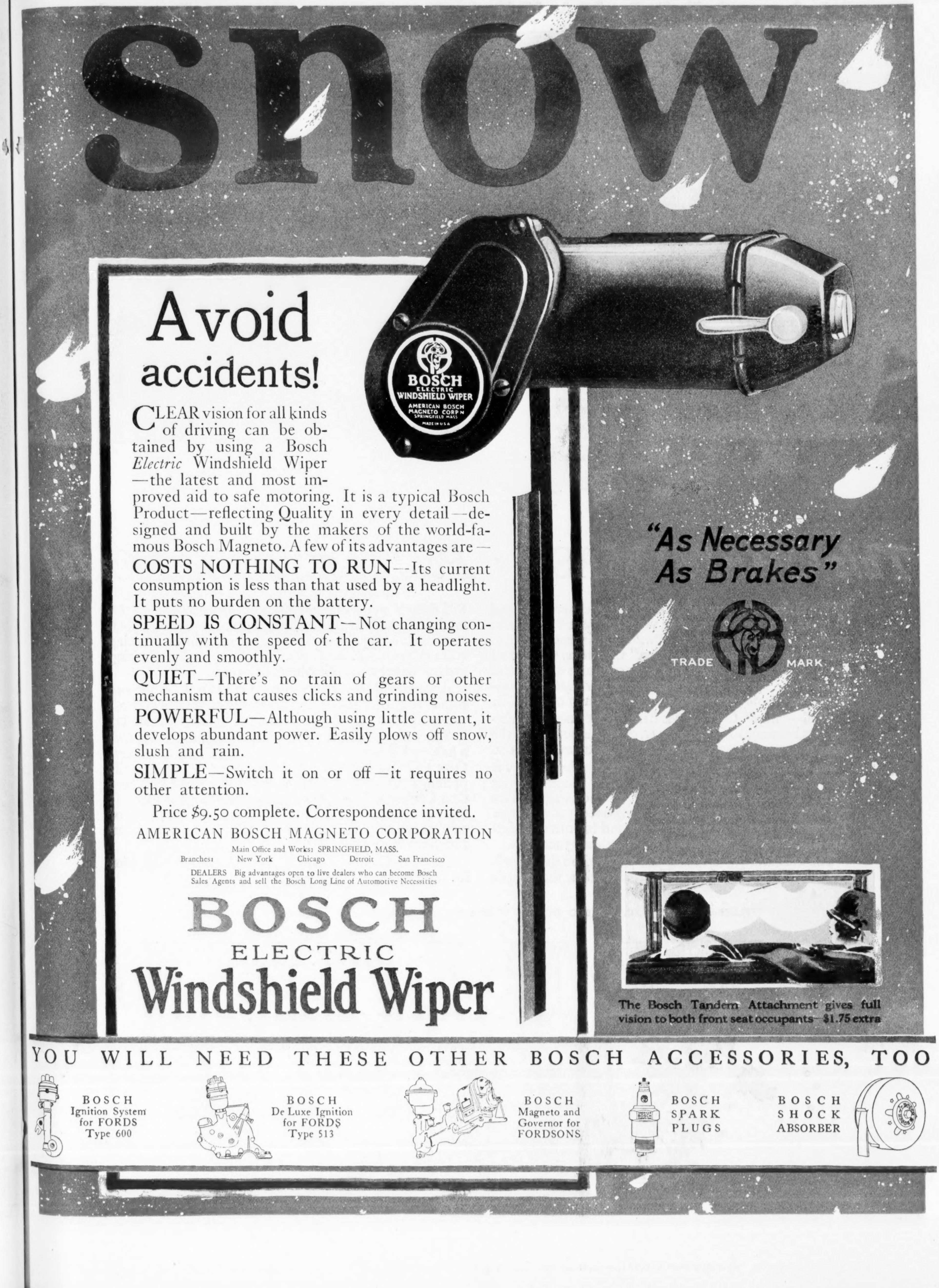
To the Editor of Collier's:

If you will allow me space to take one parting crack at that guy Coryell, who replied to my suggestion that we change from the eagle to the chicken for our national emblem, I will consider the incident closed.

If it is the law of nature for the strong to devour the weak, that is just what we should try to get away from.

As for the U. S. Army appearing ridiculous with a dove for an emblem; if we had such emblems and ideas we would need neither an army nor a navy. President Coolidge said it when he remarked that no nation had ever been able to make itself secure by creating a large military establishment.

W. G. Nelson.



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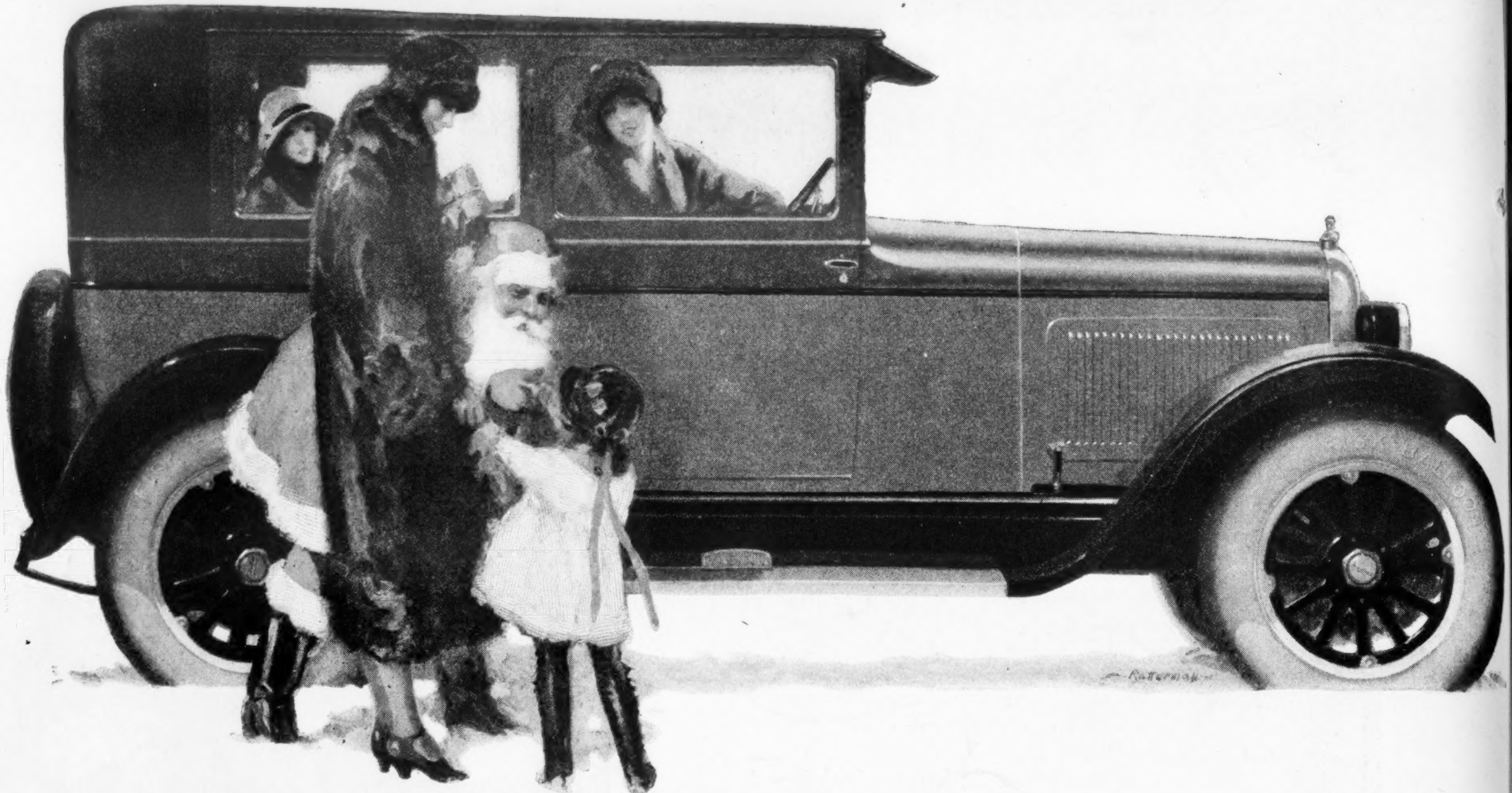

This CHRISTMAS ‚‚ *Pool the Family Funds!*

YEAR after year, as regularly as Christmases have come and gone, you have registered a vow that "*next*" Christmas you would turn over a new leaf—"next" Christmas you would exercise better judgment—"next" Christmas you would so plan your own and the family's expenditures that you and yours would receive something more truly *acceptable*, something more *lasting*, something more inherently *worth while*.

Well—"next" Christmas is here. That "next" Christmas has become *this* Christmas. *Now* is the time—*now* is the occasion—*now* is your opportunity to crystallize your vow.

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